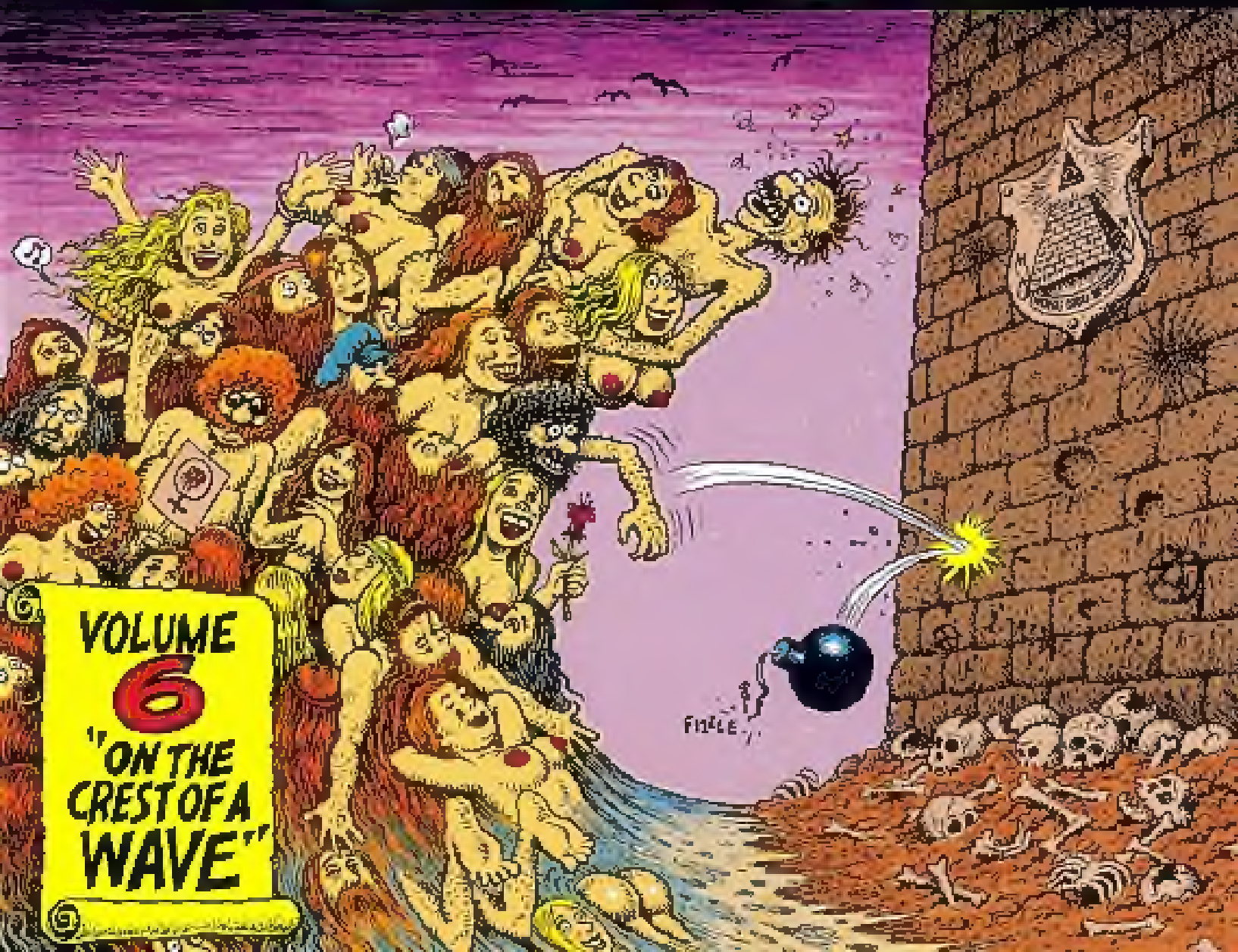
The Complete Crumb Comics



VOLUME 6

"ON THE CREST OF A WAVE"

"I guess I ought to be talking about my artwork in these introductions, but how th' hell can I talk about my own work?? What can I say about it? My pissant little fame had made my life so completely crazy by this time. Circa 1970 was such a weird time anyway. . . I was only able to keep up the cartooning through sheer momentum. Most of my energy was now focused on dealing with the endless procession of hustlers and hangers-on, and getting rid of all this pent-up sex-rage. The comics definitely suffered . . . I was hacking it out, let's face it. I was too young when it all happened . . . but, see, look, what do *I* know about it? How can I make any qualitative judgments about my own work . . . I can't go around saying some piece of work of mine is great, or another piece is crap—ultimately, it's not up to me. Besides, how can I say it's less than great stuff and expect you, dear reader, to buy the book?

"I'd rather brag about all the fun times I had with different women, kvetch about the craziness they put me through. Kathy was the craziest! Oh, what an unbelievable female she was! What a hellcat! In November, '69 I went with S. Clay Wilson and this sculptor Bob Bogan to an art opening in San Francisco. The art was of no interest to me, but there, standing and looking at a piece of art on the wall was this *girl—BOYOING!*—my heart went right up into my throat at the sight of her—she was of average height, cute face with big lips, and, oh my God, such a radical forward pelvic tilt, such a *shelf* in the back as you rarely see on a white woman—the *ass* boldly thrust out behind, like two *basketballs*, the legs, standing apart, far in the rear of the upper body; the whole thing so totally cute and appealing. I was transfixed!

"Bogan, standing next to me, saw the expression on my face and said, 'Hey, I know her—I'll introduce you.' God love 'im. She, too, was a sculptor, a student at the art institute. That night, over a romantic dinner by candlelight, I broached a subject that had been on my mind. 'So, uh, your ass looks like it would be strong.' Fame had made me cocky, bold . . . a jerk in some ways . . . 'Oh, it's pretty strong, all right,' Kathy replied in a friendly, enthusiastic manner. A real meeting of the minds . . . That was the beginning of a five-year-long beautiful thing. And it was true: That ass was *incredibly* strong! I spent hours sitting on top of it while she casually flexed it up and down . . . it was an amazing sensation, being bounced on Kathy's ass! I also spanked it, pounded it, practiced karate on it . . . that butt needed vigorous attention! Oh, we had fun . . .

"Our relationship was a public spectacle. We had

Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 6

ON THE CREST OF A WAVE

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Fiore and Robert Boyd

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SAN FRANCISCO, EARLY 1970S:
R. CRUMB WITH KATHY AND LELA...
I WAS IN HEAVEN 'CAUSE NOW THAT
I WAS FAMOUS CUTE GIRLS LIKED ME!
(PHOTO BY AL DANDREN)

KATHY SHOWING OFF HER STRENGTH IN FRONT OF A STUPID MURAL I WAS WORKING ON AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MISSION REBELS ON SOUTH VAN NESS AVENUE. I USED THE WRONG KIND OF PAINT, THE MURAL DETERIORATED, AND HAS SINCE BEEN PAINTED OVER.

KATHY FLEXING HER POWERFUL ARM MUSCLES ON THE ROOF OF MY CABIN IN POTTER VALLEY.
(PHOTO BY LELA)

SHE USED TO PUT YOGURT, AMONG OTHER THINGS, ON HER FACE AS SOME KIND OF BEAUTY TREATMENT. PHOTO TAKEN BY LELA AT THEIR HOUSE ON BRAZIL ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

INTRODUCTION

BY R. CRUMB

AUGUST 30TH, 1969... IT'S MY 26TH BIRTHDAY... THERE I AM KNOCKING ON THE DOOR OF A LITTLE SUMMER CABIN IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, HEART POUNDING WITH ANTICIPATION. THE DOOR OPENS... "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BOB." HER VOICE IS HUSKY, HER BREATHING HEAVY. SHE STANDS IN THE DOORWAY GIVING ME A GOOD LOOK. MY EYES ARE POPPING OUT THROUGH MY GLASSES. SHE'S THE PERFECT BAD GIRL OF MY CATHOLIC-BOY DREAMS: HER VOLUPTUOUS BODY GLORIOUSLY DISPLAYED IN A SHINY, TIGHT, BLACK LOW-CUT MINI-DRESS, A WIDE BLACK LEATHER BELT AROUND HER WAIST, DARK, SEAMED TIGHTS, HIGH LACE-UP BLACK BOOTS, BLACK "CHOKER" COLLAR AROUND HER PALE WHITE NECK, THE WHOLE IMAGE FINISHED OFF WITH A VINTAGE NAZI SWASTIKA EMBLEM DANGLING IN THE CLEAVAGE OF HER HEAVING CHEST.... MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT... GARSH, I JUST HAD TO LAUGH AND SHAKE MY HEAD. IT'D ONLY BEEN, LIKE, A *YEAR* AGO THAT I WAS ONE OF LIFE'S LOSERS, UNDESERVING OF A SECOND GLANCE. I COULDN'T SHAKE THE HEAVY SENSE OF *IRONY*... I HAD SUCH MIXED EMOTIONS AS I STOOD THERE GAWKING AND GIGGLING... ON THE OTHER HAND, IT WAS KINDA TOUCHING IN A FUNNY WAY THAT THIS GIRL HAD GONE TO SUCH LENGTHS TO — TO *PACKAGE* HERSELF THIS WAY, JUST FOR *ME*... AND THEN AGAIN, IT WAS A LITTLE EMBARRASSING... SHE LIKED TO THINK OF HERSELF AS SO ULTRA *HIP* AND *COOL* AND ALL THAT, BUT THIS WAS ACTUALLY SORT OF CORNY, EXCESSIVE... STILL, MOSTLY WHAT I WAS FEELING WAS, "OBOY, OBOY! I'M GONNA GET TO RAVAGE THIS LUSCIOUS GIRL!"

HER HEAVY-LIDDED, OPEN-MOUTHED PLAYBOY FOLD-OUT EXPRESSION FELL AWAY AND SHE LAUGHED TOO, SEEING MY AWKWARD REACTION TO HER TABLEAU... I WAS *UNCOOLNESS* PERSONIFIED, THE COMPLETE ANTITHESIS OF THE ROMANTIC HIPPIE BOYS WITH FLOWING LOCKS SHE USUALLY HUNG OUT WITH, THE BEAUTIFUL DUDES IN FAMOUS BANDS, BEFITTING TO SUCH A DESIRABLE, HIP CHICK AS HERSELF. OH, SHE WAS FULL OF HERSELF, THAT LARK. SHE STRUTTED DOWN THE STREET WITH HER PERT LITTLE NOSE IN THE AIR... JESUS, WHAT A— 'S FUNNY HOW SHE WENT FOR ME... IT NEVER CEASED TO BEWILDER ME. I WAS ALWAYS GAPING AT HER AND SAYING, "YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!" ONE DAY SHE'D HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS AND SAID, "SO I'M BEAUTIFUL, SO WHAT?!" SHE WAS VEXED WITH ME BY THAT TIME. SHE WANTED ME TO MAKE THE BIG COMMITMENT... I COULDN'T CONCEIVE OF SPENDING MY *LIFE* WITH THIS ARROGANT FEMALE, NO MATTER HOW PERFECT SHE LOOKED. I BELIEVE SHE WAS AS AMAZED AS I WAS THAT SHE GOT TO LIKING ME SO MUCH, ABOVE AND BEYOND MY CELEBRITY STATUS. I THINK IT HAD TO DO WITH MY ECCENTRICITY, MY ODDNESS. SHE COULDN'T NAIL ME DOWN LIKE ALL THOSE BORING, PREDICTABLE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS HIPPIE GUYS SHE KNEW. I WAS A LITTLE *LESS* EASY TO MANIPULATE, MAYBE. ALSO, SHE COULD RELAX AROUND ME, DROP THE "ARENT-WE-THE-HIPPEST-OF-THE-HIP" POSTURE TO A DEGREE.. I MADE FUN OF IT. I WAS AN OUTSIDER IN A WAY SHE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE. PLUS, THE SEX CHEMISTRY BETWEEN US WAS VOLATILE. SHE WAS THE PRISTINE, STUCK-UP CHEER LEADER (SHE REALLY HAD BEEN ONE); I WAS THE WEIRDO CREEP VIOLATING HER, HAVING MY WAY WITH HER IN ALL SORTS OF BIZARRE POSITIONS... SHE LIKED THAT STUFF. ONCE SHE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH HER SEXIEST LOOK, HER WIDE SENSUOUS MOUTH IN A PETULENT POUT, AND ASKED ME, "BOB, WHY DO YOU LIKE TO DEGRADE ME?" I JUST SHRUGGED, GIGGLING NERVOUSLY, AND PROCEEDED TO CHEW ON HER PLUMP LOWER LIP... I USED TO CHEW ON IT ALOT, BITE IT AND STUFF.... SHE ALWAYS CALLED ME "BOB"... "OH, BOB," SHE'D SAY IN THE HEAT OF PASSION.

"LARK" WAS THE NAME SHE GAVE HERSELF (REAL NAME: HELEN). IT WAS TRINA ROBBINS I HAD TO THANK FOR BRINGING LARK AND ME TOGETHER. YES, THE SAME TRINA WHO TODAY HATES MY GUTS AND THINKS I'M ONE OF THE LOWEST MALE PIGS WHO EVER PICKED UP A PEN. IN FACT, *THE* LOWEST! BUT BACK THEN I HADN'T YET DRAWN MY VILEST MISOGYNISTIC SCRAWLS, AND I WAS, AFTER ALL, A BIG HERO OF TH' COUNTER CULTURE, AND SHE WAS A HIP, PRE-FEMINIST CHICK RUNNING A SMALL BOUTIQUE IN THE EAST VILLAGE, WAS JUST BEGINNING TO DRAW COMICS HERSELF, AND WAS KIM DEITCH'S "OLD LADY" SO IT WAS HER DUTY, AS SHE SAW IT (MAYBE KIM HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT— I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM SOMETIME), TO FIX R. CRUMB UP WITH ONE OF HER HOTTEST GIRLFRIENDS. SHE ARRANGED EVERYTHING. HEY, BELATED THANKS, TRINA... STILL TO THIS DAY I LOVE YA FOR IT, EVEN IF YOU DO HATE MY GUTS...

I DON'T HAVE ANY PHOTOS OF LARK... I WISH I DID... OH MY MY, SHE *WAS* "SO BEAUTIFUL." LATER SHE MOVED TO A COMMUNE ON THE WEST COAST AND TURNED THE PLACE UPSIDE DOWN, HAVING SEX WITH ALL THE MEN, ANTAGONIZING THE WOMEN, BREAKING UP RELATIONSHIPS... THE LAST I HEARD SHE WAS LIVING IN A REMOTE PART OF CANADA WITH SOME GUY. THAT WAS IN THE MID SEVENTIES...

THE NEXT ONE I GOT INVOLVED WITH WAS KATHY — I GUESS I OUGHT TO BE TALKING ABOUT MY ARTWORK IN THESE INTRODUCTIONS. BUT HOW TH'HELL CAN I TALK ABOUT MY OWN WORK ?? WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT IT? MY PISSANT LITTLE FAME HAD MADE MY LIFE SO COMPLETELY CRAZY BY THIS TIME, CIRCA 1970 WAS SUCH A WEIRD TIME ANYWAY... I WAS ONLY ABLE TO KEEP UP THE CARTOONING THROUGH SHEER MOMENTUM. MOST OF MY ENERGY WAS NOW FOCUSED ON DEALING WITH THE ENDLESS PROCESSION OF HUSTLERS AND HANGERS-ON, AND GETTING RID OF ALL THIS PENT-UP SEX-RAGE. THE COMICS DEFINITELY SUFFERED... I WAS HACKING IT OUT, LET'S FACE IT. I WAS TOO YOUNG WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED... BUT SEE, LOOK, WHAT DO *I* KNOW ABOUT IT? HOW CAN I MAKE ANY QUALITATIVE JUDGEMENTS ABOUT MY OWN WORK... I CAN'T GO AROUND SAYING SOME PIECE OF WORK OF MINE IS GREAT, OR ANOTHER PIECE IS CRAP— ULTIMATELY, IT'S NOT UP TO ME. BESIDES, HOW CAN I SAY IT'S LESS THAN GREAT STUFF AND EXPECT YOU, DEAR READER, TO BUY THE BOOK ?!

I'D RATHER BRAG ABOUT ALL THE FUN TIMES I HAD WITH DIFFERENT WOMEN, KVETCH ABOUT THE CRAZINESS THEY PUT ME THROUGH. THIS KATHY WAS THE CRAZIEST! OH, WHAT AN UNBELIEVABLE FEMALE SHE WAS! WHAT A HELL-CAT! IN NOVEMBER, '69 I WENT WITH S. CLAY WILSON AND THIS SCULPTOR BOB BOGAN TO AN ART OPENING IN SAN FRANCISCO. THE ART WAS OF NO INTEREST TO ME, BUT THERE, STANDING AND LOOKING AT A PIECE OF ART ON THE WALL WAS THIS *GIRL*— BOYOYNG!— MY HEART WENT RIGHT UP INTO MY THROAT AT THE SIGHT OF HER— SHE WAS OF AVERAGE HEIGHT, CUTE FACE WITH BIG LIPS, AND, OH MY GOD, SUCH A RADICAL FORWARD PELVIC TILT, SUCH A *SHELF* IN THE BACK AS YOU RARELY SEE ON A WHITE WOMAN— THE *ASS* BOLDLY THRUST OUT BEHIND, LIKE TWO *BASKETBALLS*, THE LEGS, STANDING APART, FAR IN THE REAR OF THE UPPER BODY; THE WHOLE THING SO TOTALLY CUTE AND APPEALING. I WAS TRANSFIXED!

BOGAN, STANDING NEXT TO ME, SAW THE EXPRESSION ON MY FACE AND SAID, "HEY, I KNOW HER— I'LL INTRODUCE YOU." GOD LOVE 'IM. SHE, TOO, WAS A SCULPTOR, A STUDENT AT THE ART INSTITUTE. THAT NIGHT, OVER A ROMANTIC DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT, I BROACHED A SUBJECT THAT HAD BEEN ON MY MIND. "SO, UH, YOUR ASS LOOKS LIKE IT WOULD BE STRONG." FAME HAD MADE ME COCKY, BOLD... A JERK IN SOME WAYS... "OH, IT'S PRETTY STRONG ALRIGHT," KATHY REPLIED IN A FRIENDLY, ENTHUSIASTIC MANNER. A REAL MEETING OF THE MINDS... THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A FIVE-YEAR LONG BEAUTIFUL THING. AND IT WAS TRUE: THAT ASS WAS *INCREDIBLY* STRONG! I SPENT HOURS SITTING ON TOP OF IT WHILE SHE CASUALLY FLEXED IT UP AND DOWN... IT WAS AN AMAZING SENSATION, BEING BOUNCED ON KATHY'S ASS! I ALSO SPANKED IT, POUNDED ON IT, PRACTICED KARATE ON IT... THAT BUTT NEEDED VIGOROUS ATTENTION! OH WE HAD FUN. KATHY LIKED TO WALLOW ALL DAY LONG, PLAYING SEX GAMES. SHE WAS WILD, ADVENTUROUS, IMAGINATIVE. OFTEN SHE INITIATED

THINGS WHICH EVEN I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF—ACTIVITIES WHICH SIMPLY POPPED MY BULB! "LIKE WHAT," YOU MIGHT ASK. WELL, I CAN'T REALLY GO INTO THE DETAILS...KATHY IS ALREADY THREATENING TO SUE ME FOR TALKING ABOUT HER IS THIS INTRODUCTION (SHE IS NOW LIVING ON THE EAST COAST, A RESPECTABLE TEACHER AT A PRIVATE ART SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AND STILL A WORKING SCULPTOR).

NEITHER OF US HAD A PRACTICAL BONE IN OUR BODIES. THAT'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THE FIGHTS. WE HAD NOT AN OUNCE OF GOOD SENSE BETWEEN US; A COUPLE OF "CRAZY ARTISTS." WE COULDN'T "GET IT TOGETHER." THIS LED TO BIG TROUBLE...CHAOS, MISUNDERSTANDINGS, BROKEN PROMISES, MUCH WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH. KATHY'S MOTHER WAS JEWISH, FATHER BLACK IRISH...A FORMIDABLE GENETIC HERITAGE...SHE WAS A SPOILED PRINCESS BRAT COUPLED WITH A HOTLY PASSIONATE, QUICK-TEMPERED CELT. ONE TIME I MADE SOME DIG AT HER AND SHE HAULED OFF AND SLUGGED ME SO HARD I SPONTANEOUSLY BURST INTO TEARS, BLUBBERING, "WHUDDJA DO *THAT* FOR??" IT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING. SHE WAS A STRONG GIRL WITH POWERFUL ARMS. SHE ENJOYED SHOWING OFF HER BICEPS AT PARTIES, AND I SUPPOSE THEY CAME IN HANDY IN HER SCULPTING WORK. SHE ALSO KICKED ME IN THE SHINS ONCE WITH HER THICK-SOLED BOOTS ON THAT I'D BOUGHT FOR HER. I STILL HAVE THE DENT IN MY SHINBONE TO THIS DAY. BUT THEN I BUSTED A CHAIR ON HER ONCE, THE MOST VIOLENT ACT OF MY ADULTHOOD. THE CHAIR WAS IN SPLINTERS, BUT SHE KEPT COMING AT ME, SEEMINGLY UNPERTURBED. I BASHED HER REPEATEDLY WITH THE DISINTEGRATING CHAIR BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN GASHING MY OWN FOREHEAD AND GETTING SO MUCH OF MY OWN BLOOD ON MY GLASSES THAT I WAS BLINDED.

WE HAD PUBLIC FIGHTS IN THE STREETS IN FRONT OF CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS. ONCE WE WERE QUARRELING IN HER CAR. AT THE NEXT STOPLIGHT I OPENED THE DOOR, JUMPED OUT, AND BEGAN WALKING AWAY. KATHY LEFT THE CAR STANDING THERE AND CHASED AFTER ME, GRABBING ME BY MY CLOTHES. WE STRUGGLED AS I TRIED TO PULL AWAY FROM HER, ATTRACTING A SMALL AUDIENCE. TWO YOUNG WOMEN CAME FORWARD SHOUTING, "IS THIS MAN ATTACKING YOU? SHOULD WE GO FOR THE POLICE?" I HAD JUST BEEN PLAYING MUSIC ON THE STREET THAT DAY WITH THE "CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS," AND HAD POCKETS FULL OF CHANGE. I PULLED OUT HANDFULS OF COINS AND THREW THEM UP IN THE AIR. THE CROWD WENT SCURRYING AFTER THE MONEY AS WE STOOD THERE ARGUING,... SEEMS HUMOROUS NOW, BUT AT THE TIME, JESUS, IT WAS DEPRESSING!

OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS A PUBLIC SPECTACLE. WE HAD NO SHAME. I GUESS WE GOT SOME KIND OF EXHIBITIONISTIC KICK OUT OF IT. KATHY WORE THE SHORTEST, MOST PROVOCATIVE OUTFITS IN PUBLIC IN THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES. IT WAS A SIGN OF THE TIMES, OF COURSE. HER UNDERPANTS WERE ALWAYS PEEKING OUT FROM UNDER HER SHORT SKIRTS, CUT-OFFS, ETC. I WAS OUT OF CONTROL, TOO, MAULING HER IN PUBLIC PLACES ALL THE TIME. AT THE SUPERMARKET I WOULD CLIMB ON HER PROTRUDING RUMP AND GO FOR A RIDE WHILE SHE PUSHED THE CART AROUND. SHE'D WHINE, "ROBERT, PEOPLE ARE STARING." I REMEMBER HER TELLING A SHOCKED GROUP OF HER WOMEN FRIENDS, IN DETAIL, THE SICK THINGS I "FORCED" HER TO DO IN OUR SEX PLAY. THEY GLARED AT ME AS I COWERED IN A CORNER, SECRETLY GLOATING...AND SO WAS SHE, THE LITTLE HYPOCRITE!

SHE BECAME PROGRESSIVELY MORE INVOLVED IN THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT THROUGH THE YEARS I WAS TANGLED UP WITH HER. SHE GOT SO SHE COULD SPOUT AN ELOQUENT DIATRIBE ON THE POLITICS OF MALE SUPREMACY, BUT ALL THE CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING WOMEN'S GROUP MEETINGS SEEMED TO HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE MECHANICS OF OUR CRAZY RELATIONSHIP, EXCEPT MAYBE TO ENLARGE HER VOCABULARY OF EPITHETS TO HURL AT MY HEAD WHEN SHE WAS SORE AT ME, AND OUR SEX LIFE JUST GOT BETTER AND BETTER.

ANOTHER BONE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN US WAS THE ART THING. SHE ALWAYS HAD NOTHING BUT THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENTS FOR MY WORK, WHILE I WAS SOMEWHAT FLIPPANT ABOUT HERS. HER WORK WAS UNFATHOMABLE TO ME. THESE OFF-THE-WALL PIECES OF MODERNISTIC SCULPTURE WHICH LEFT ME COMPLETELY BAFFLED. MOST OF HER FRIENDS, MEN *AND* WOMEN, WERE ALSO IN THE FINE ART GAME. WE WENT TO A LOT OF ART OPENINGS AND HUNG OUT WITH THESE PEOPLE, AND I COULD NEVER GRASP WHAT EXACTLY THEY WERE UP TO WITH THEIR ART. AT FIRST I WOULD MAKE SARCASTIC COMMENTS BUT THEY WERE SO HIGHLY OFFENDED, KATHY INCLUDED, THAT AFTER AWHILE I LEARNED TO KEEP MY SMART-ASS WITTICISMS TO MYSELF...I THINK THEY ALL LOOKED UPON ME AS A SOMEWHAT UNCULTIVATED PERSON OF MIDDLE-BROW SENSIBILITIES BUT WITH, PERHAPS, A TOUCH OF ECCENTRIC CREATIVE GENIUS.... HM...SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

YET ANOTHER SORE SPOT BETWEEN KATHY AND ME WAS MY EVER-WANDERING EYE FOR OTHER WOMEN...I WAS ALWAYS CHASING AFTER DIFFERENT ONES, JUMPING ON THEM IN FRONT OF HER (ONE OF THESE INCIDENTS WAS THE INSTIGATION FOR MY DENTED SHINBONE), EVEN HER ROOMMATE, LELA! THESE TWO LIVED TOGETHER FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. LELA WAS A WONDROUSLY ENDOWED BLONDE AMAZON OF RUSSIAN DESCENT, A WILD PARTY GIRL, UP FOR ANYTHING! I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF. KATHY WOULD STAND THERE GLOWERING AT US AS WE "HORSED AROUND," OR STORM OUT OF THE ROOM. SHE WASN'T A GOOD SPORT ABOUT IT AT ALL! WITH KATHY ABSENT WE'D GO AT IT IN EARNEST! THEN LATER WE'D BOTH HAVE TO GO AND CONTRITELY SOOTHE HER HURT FEELINGS. I'D BE EXTRA NICE AND ATTENTIVE FOR AWHILE. OY, THAT LELA! WHAT A SPECIMEN! A COUPLE OF TIMES I TRIED TO GET THEM BOTH TO PARTICIPATE IN A THREESOME, BUT KATHY WOULDN'T GO FOR IT. OH WELL, CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING...

ONCE WE ALL WENT TO THE RUSSIAN RIVER TOGETHER, ME, KATHY, LELA, AND ANOTHER ROOMMATE OF THEIRS, A CUTE WOMAN ARTIST NAMED DOTTY. WE ALL GOT NAKED, CAVORTING IN THE WATER, IN A PRETTY SPOT WE HAD ALL TO OURSELVES. I REMEMBER AT THE TIME THINKING, "HERE I AM, THE ONLY BOY WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, CAREFREE IN THIS EDEN-LIKE PLACE, THE GIRLS SO SWEET AND EAGER TO MAKE ME HAPPY—AHH, THIS IS THE HIGH POINT OF MY YOUTH—A MOMENT I'LL CHERISH WHEN I'M OLD..."

YES, YES, IT WAS LOVELY, BUT FOR EVERY SUCH MOMENT THERE IS A PRICE: WEEKS AND MONTHS OF TEDIUM, AGGRAVATION, LOW-LEVEL MISERY IF YOU'RE LUCKY...ME AND KATHY, WE DROVE EACH OTHER NUTS. AFTER AWHILE, I'D GET A POWERFUL URGE TO FLEE, RUN AWAY. I'D GO RUNNING BACK TO MY CABIN IN POTTER VALLEY, THREE HOURS NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND HOLE UP THERE. SHE KEPT ME COMING AND GOING. AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS I'D DEVELOPE A SICK OBSESSIVE CRAVING FOR HER, LIKE A DEPRIVED JUNKIE. MY REASONING POWERS WERE SCRAMBLED INTO MUSH. LIKE A MINDLESS ZOMBIE I WOULD RETURN TO HER FOR ANOTHER GO 'ROUND. WHEN I SAW HER I'D BE OVERCOME WITH SUCH VIOLENT ANIMAL LUST I'D BE CLAWING AT HER...PULLING AT HER CLOTHES. OH, WHAT SHE DID TO ME... IT'S CRIMINAL! GUESS I'VE CALMED DOWN A LITTLE SINCE THEN...HAVE A SLIGHTLY BETTER CONTROL OVER MY LIBIDO...MAYBE IT'S JUST A MATTER OF GETTING OLDER...

HOW'D I EVER GET ANY WORK DONE?? I LOOK AT ALL THE COMICS I CRANKED OUT THEN AND WONDER HOW I DID IT...PLUS, I WAS RUNNING ALL OVER THE GODDAMN COUNTRY. MOST OF "BIG ASS COMICS" #1 WAS DRAWN IN L.A., "MOTOR CITY" #1 IN DETROIT. I SPENT TIME IN CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK. FAME OPENED DOORS FOR ME EVERYWHERE! I COULD EASE RIGHT INTO THE LOCAL HIPPIE SCENE IN BIG COLLEGE TOWNS LIKE ANN ARBOR, MADISON, ETC. I DREW COMICS IN ALL THESE PLACES, AND MET GIRLS, AND HAD LOOSE SEX...I GOT THE CLAP, I GOT CRABS...LUCKY FOR OUR GENERATION THERE WAS NO AIDS YET. MOST OF THIS CASUAL SEX WASN'T ALL THAT TERRIFIC BUT YOU HAD TO GIVE IT A TRY... EXPERIMENT, LIVE AND LEARN, TAKE A CHANCE...I DON'T REGRET ANY OF IT. THE ONLY ONES I REGRET ARE THE FABULOUS OPPORTUNITIES I FOOLISHLY PASSED UP...WONDROUS GIRLS I COULD'VE HAD SEX WITH BUT FOR LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, CHUTZPAH... OH, I LET SOME GORGEOUS CREATURES SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS IN THOSE DAYS...AHGH!

NOW I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT STUFF...I JUST WANT TO STAY IN MY ROOM...IT'S TOO HARD-ASS OUT THERE ANYMORE. THERE'S ALOT OF FEAR; IT'S TOO SCARY TO "HANG LOOSE" THESE DAYS. I FEEL SORRY FOR THESE KIDS TODAY. TIMES ARE TOUGH.

— R. CRUMB
WINTERS, SEPT., 1990

THREE PHOTOS TAKEN IN POTTER VALLEY, CALIF. KATHY DRESSED IN TYPICAL OUTFIT OF THE PERIOD. KID IN RIGHT-HAND PHOTO IS JESSE. THE LITTLE BASTARD USED TO TRY TO GET HER OFF ALONE AND MAKE HER PLAY "MOTORCYCLE" WITH HIM.

KATHY WORKING ON HER ART — GLUING DRIED LIMA BEANS TO LARGE PIECES OF COWHIDE. THIS WAS JUST BEFORE HER BONES AND BLOOD PERIOD.

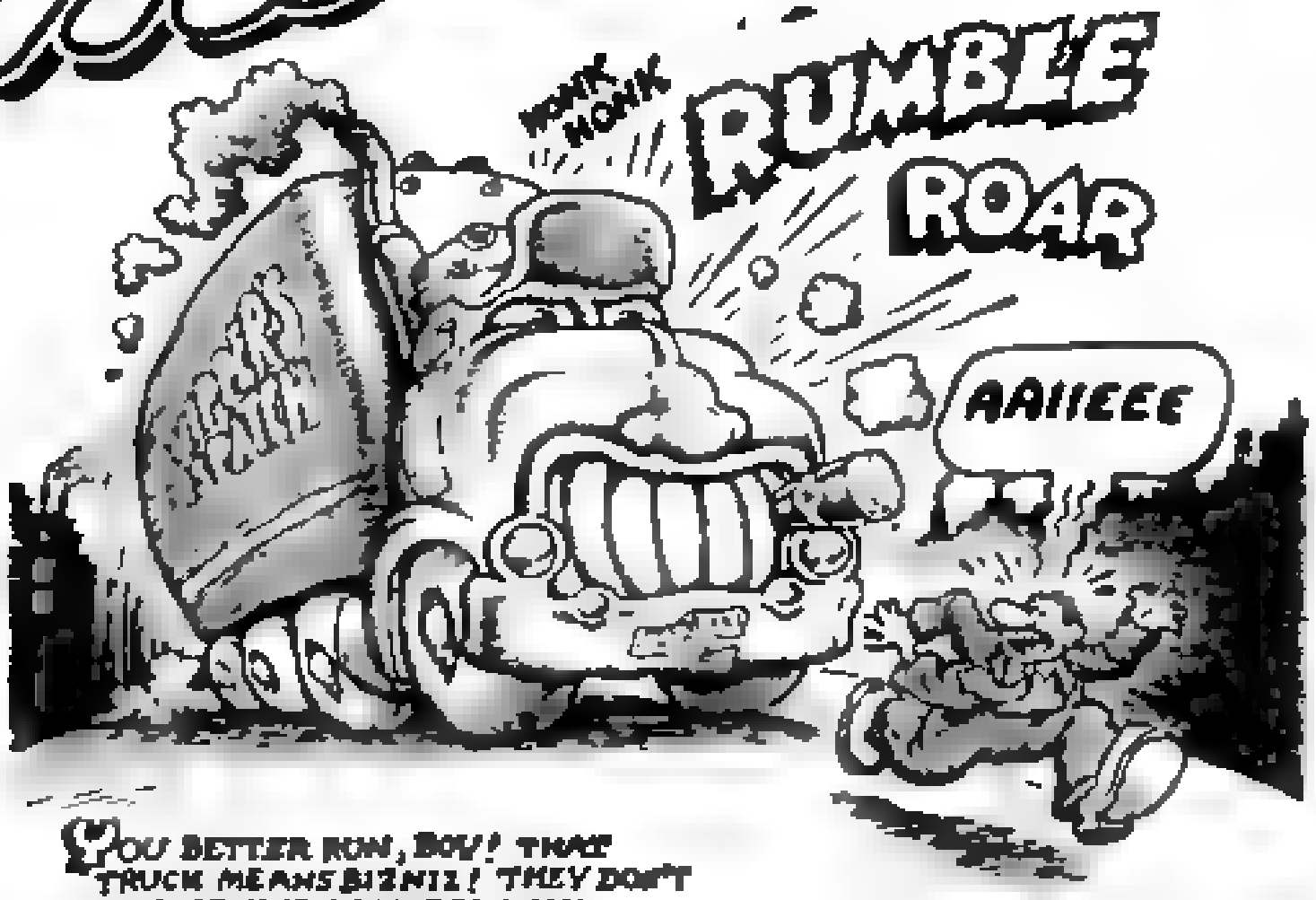
I WAS SO COCKY THEN! ME AND KATHY IN SAN JOSE, TAKEN BY AL DRYDEN FOR HIS MAGAZINE, "PROMETHEAN ENTHUSIASTS." (1973)

KATHY CIRCA 1975 (PHOTO BY LISA)

SMELLY
OLD CAT
JEEZ-Z
FUCK!
TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL
I'M HUNGRY. GUESS I'LL DO OUT AN SPEND MY LAST CHANGE ON SOME FOOD.
PIZZA
THIS WILL DO
SHOT!!
UNK!
MMM GOOD!
HEY SMELLY!
UH OH
HI YA MIC
OUCH!
HOW'S TIM ASS?
OF BLACK PETE!

WAH

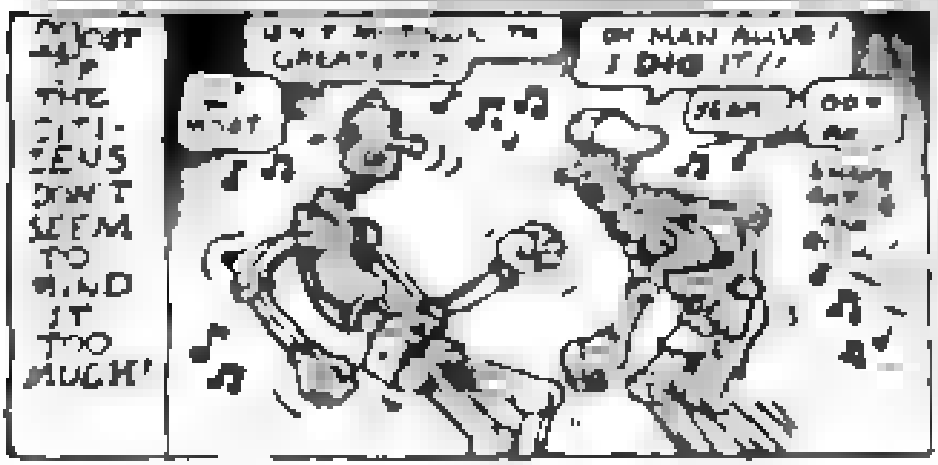
Why Oh Why Oh Why the Hell Did I Come to Motor City?

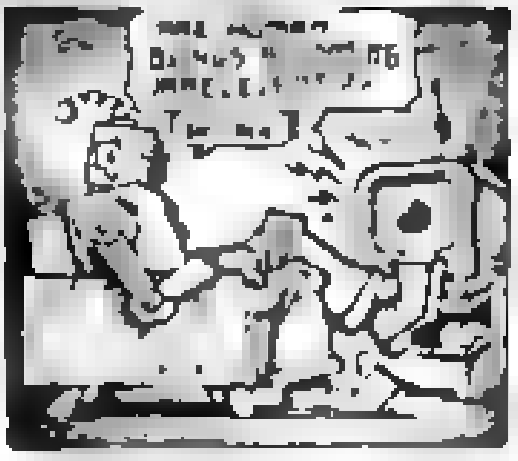


YOU BETTER RUN, BOY! THAT TRUCK MEANS BIZNIZ! THEY DON'T FOOL AROUND IN MOTOWN!!!

WHAT'S ONE MAN TO THE
KING OF MOTOR CITY?
SORRY! IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HIGH-SCHOOL DIPLOMA, WE CAN'T USE YOU!
HURRY UP, STUPID!

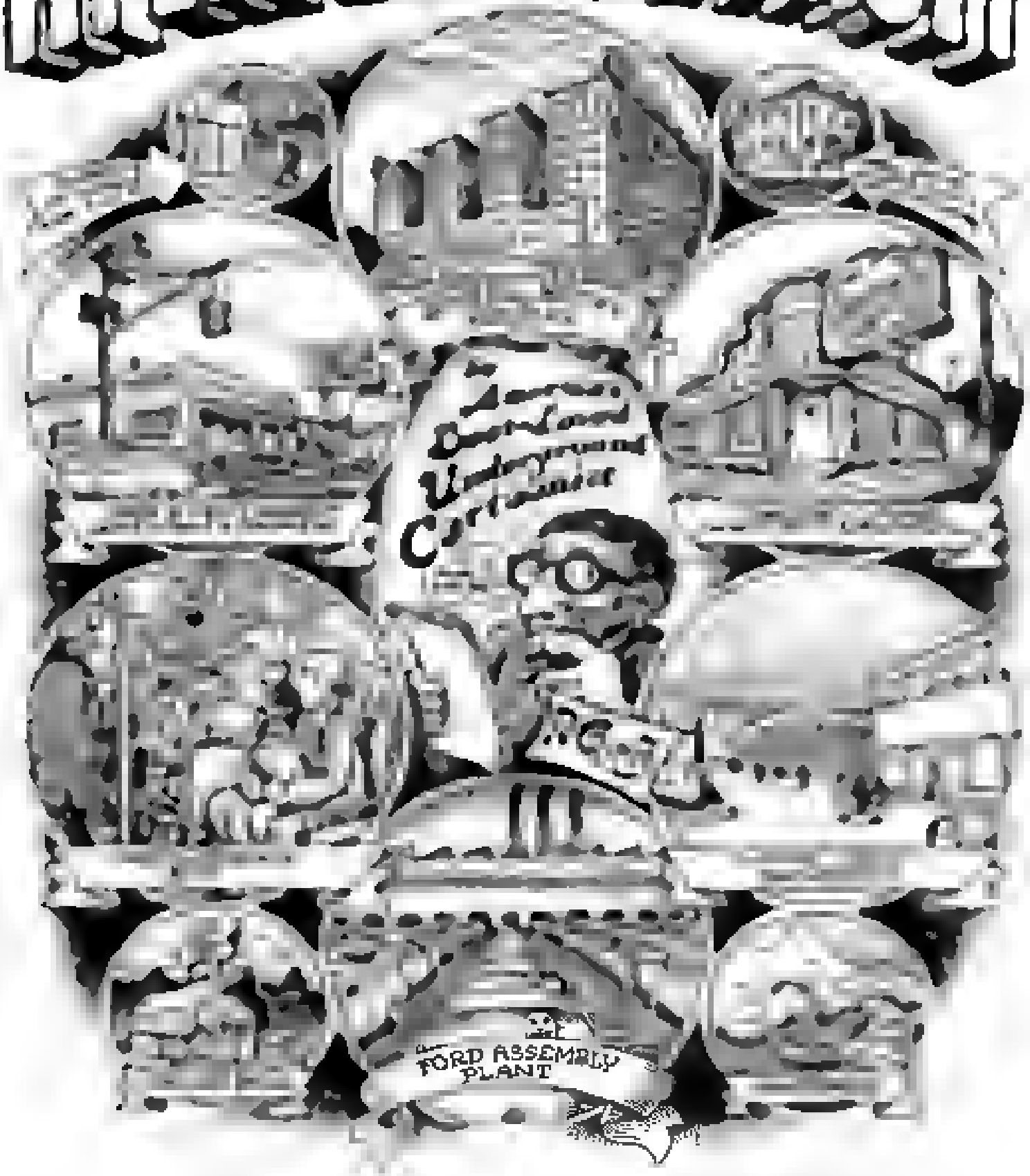
I DON'T WANNA WORK IN MOTOR CITY NO MORE
I QUIT!


THE CITIZENS DON'T SEEM TO MIND IT TOO MUCH!
OH MAN ALIVE! I DID IT!!
WHAT



GRAAH!

HIFLITES OF DETROIT



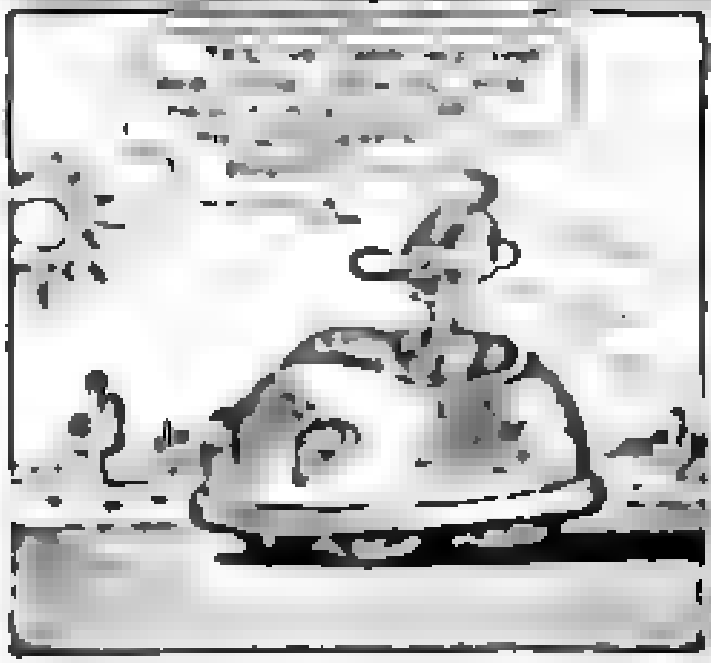
LIKE TO RIDE? THEN CLIMB ABOARD THE

BIG ASS

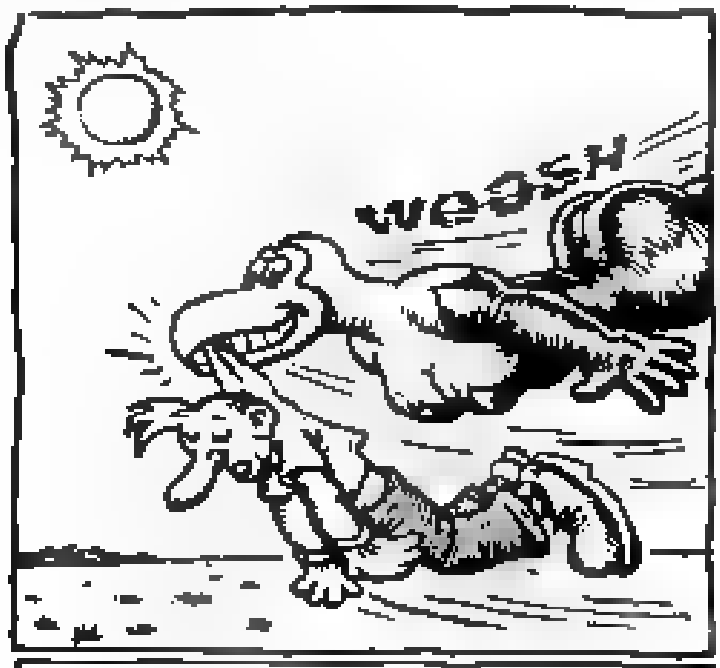
Hey all you castoffs of the degenerate Bourgeoisie! Come on, all you whiney, snivelling brats of the affluent middle class!! Hop right up there!! Let that Holy Mother Big Ass carry you back Home!!

EGGS ACKLEY

VULTURE DEMONESSES



BUT-
SPUT
PLOT
FOOT
THWEEE
EGGS ACKLEY
ASK HIM ABOUT AN EGG!!
OUT OF GAS!
EGGS ACKLEY
WANTS TO SELL YOU AN EGG NOW!!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WALK! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!! OH WELL.
EGGS
SUN JACKER
JEEZ!! I BEEN WALKIN FOR HOURS AN I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTIN' ANY CLOSER TO THAT CITY.
SUN SURE IS HOT!!
I'M GETTING SO TIRED I.. I
PLOP


WOOSH

WHAT THE — WHERE AM I ??
BLINK BLINK

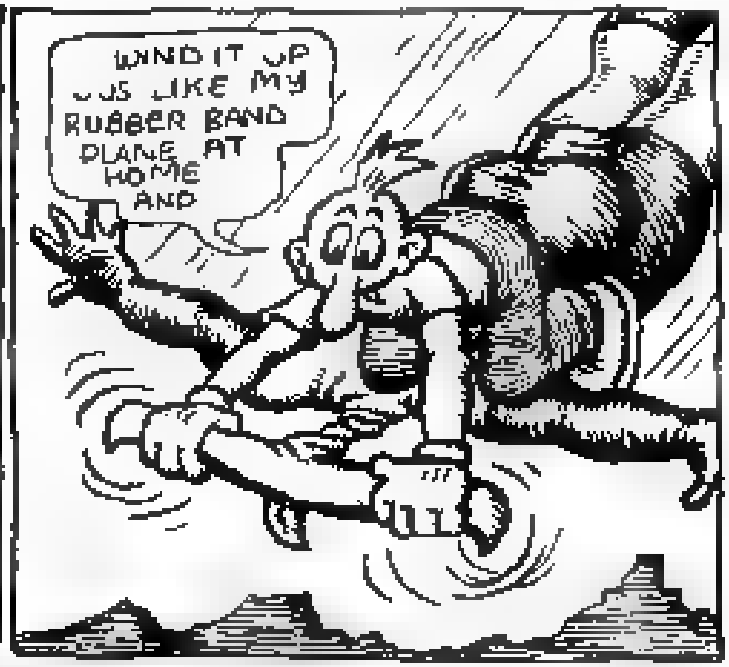
YIPE!! I'M BEING CARRIED OFF BY A VULTURE!!

GURGLE!
SCRUNCH
SNAP
I HATE TO PUT YOU OUT LIKE THIS, LADY, BUT IT'S YOUR NECK OR MINE!! GRRRR!

OMIGOD!! WHAT'VE I DONE!! WE AR GOING TO CRASH!!

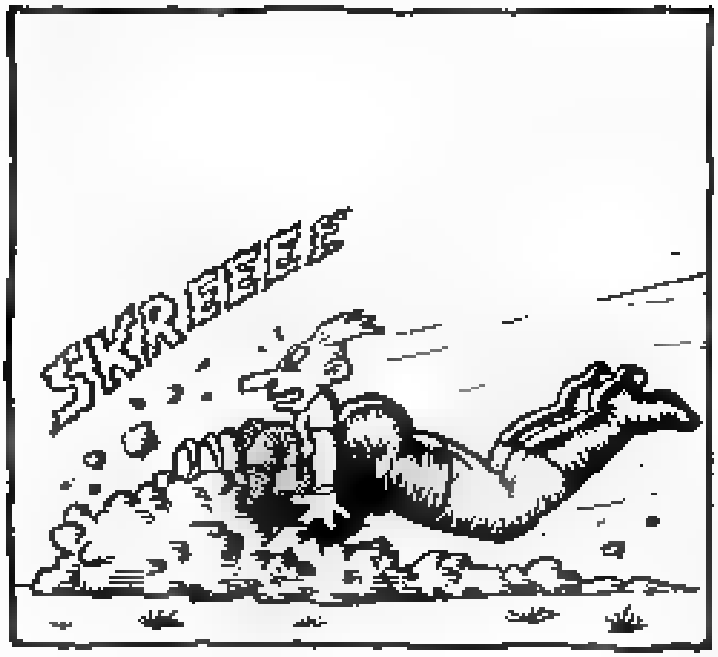
AN THESE THINGS DON'T CARRY PARACHUTES FOR EMERGENCIES LIKE THIS!! I'M DOOMED UNLESS--

UNLESS I CAN GET 'ER FLYIN' AGAIN'' HER HEAD WILL BE TH PROP-ELLOR!!


WIND IT UP JUS LIKE MY RUBBER BAND PLANE AT HOME AND

LET IT GO!!
SUCCESS!! AN' NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON!!

NOW TO SEE IF I CAN BRING ER IN FOR A LANDING!!

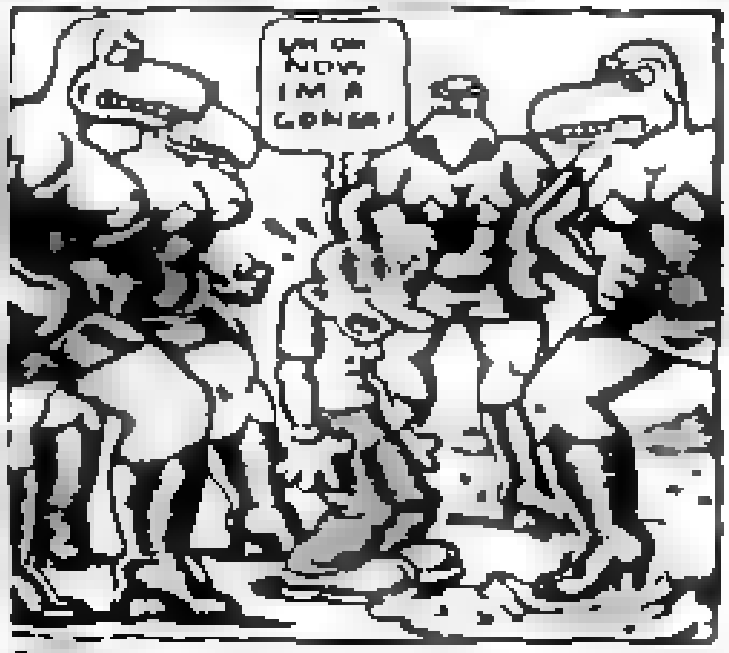

SKREEEE

WHEW!! NOT BAD FOR MY FIRST FLYIN' LESSON IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!!

HEY! THERE'S MY EGGS WHAT LUCK!!

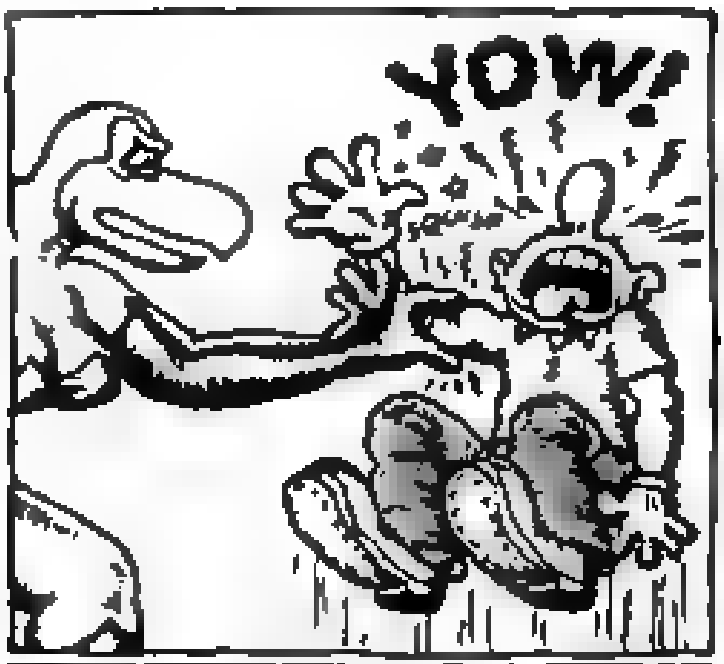
HI LITTLE EGGSIES! COME TO PAPA!!

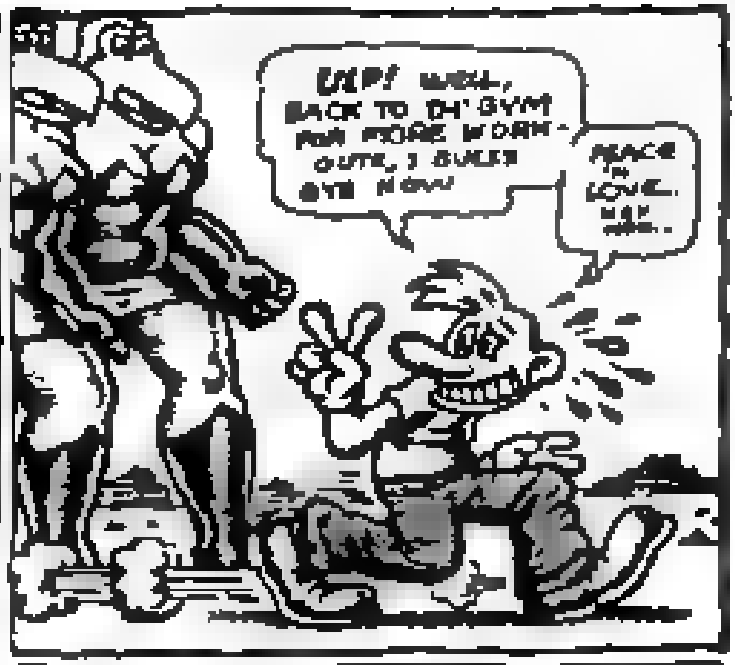
CRUNCH


OH NO! NOW I'M A GONER!

MAYBE IF I ACT COOL CALM N COLLECTED I MIGHT SCARE 'EM OFF
?
HI GIRLS!! OH LOOKS LIKE ME N YER FRIEND THERE GOT INTO A LITTLE SCRAP! OH WELL

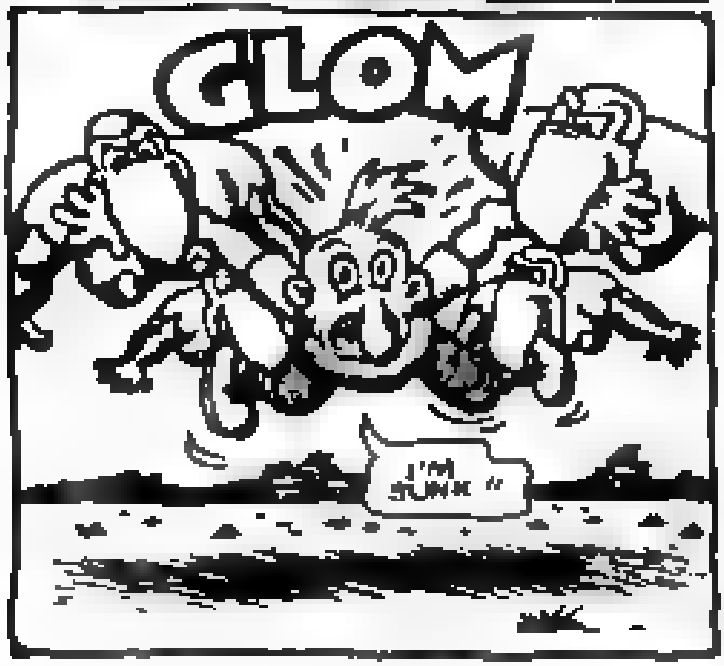
I WON OF COURSE!! BEING SUPER POWERFUL, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER BUT A FIGHT WITH ME!!


YOW!


UUP! WELL, BACK TO DH' GYM FOR MORE WORK-OUTS, I GUESS BYE NOW
PEACE IN LOVE, MAN...

SQUAWK SQUEEAWK GRAAK HWAAK!

HELP HELP CALL OUT TH CIVIL DEFENSE!! AIR RAID!! BLITZKREIG!!

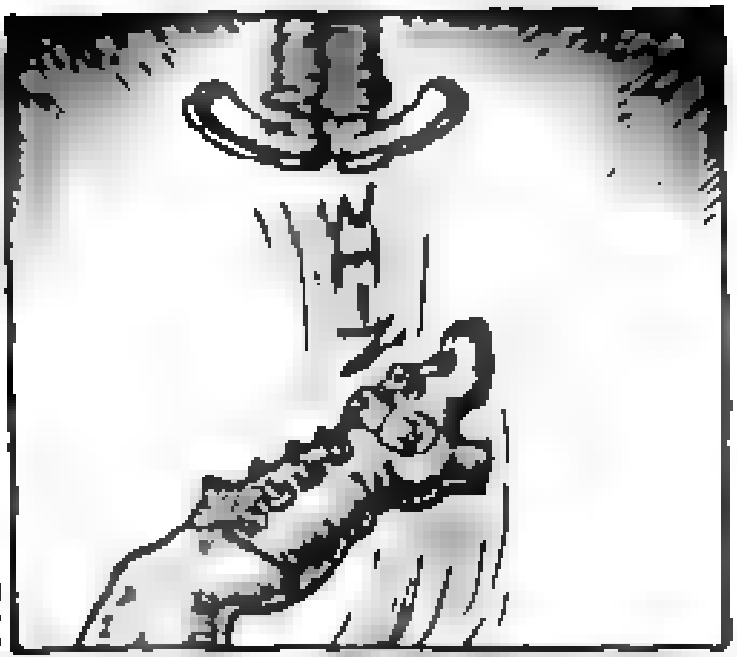

GLOM
I'M SUNK!!

THEY'RE TAKING ME TO THAT CITY I SAW BEFORE!!

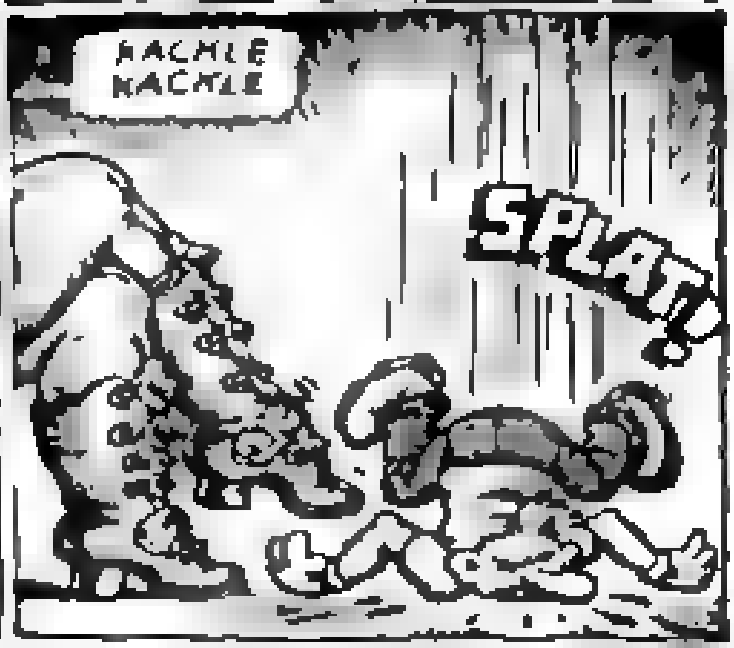
AWRK SKRAWK SQUAA-AAWRK!

HOL-LIE SHIT!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!



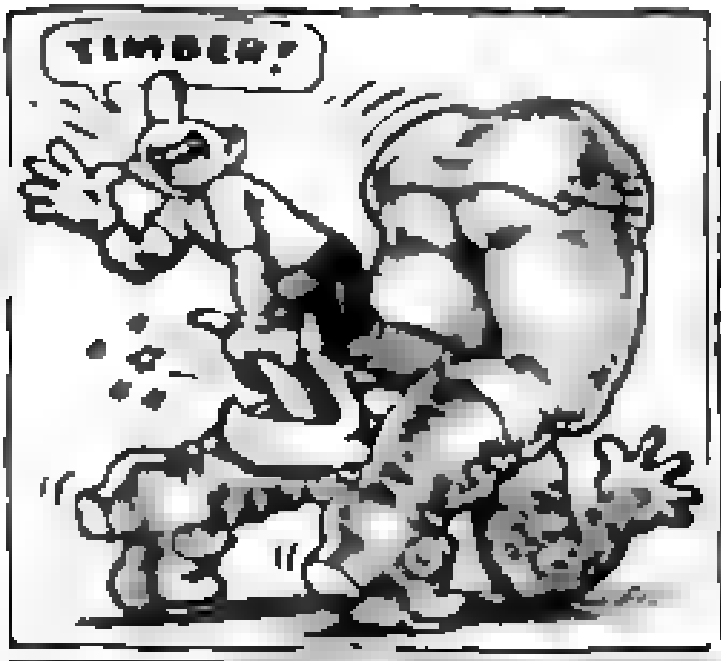
BONK

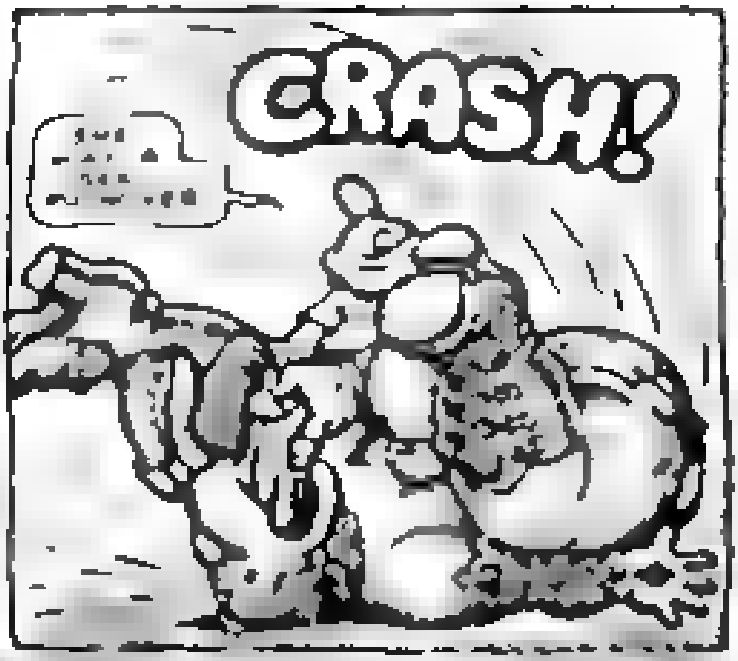

HACKLE HACKLE
SPLAT!

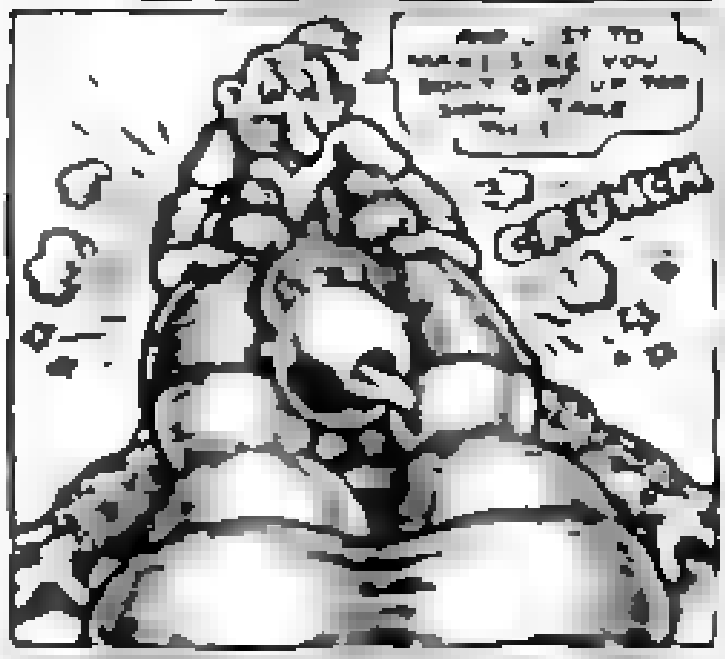
CLUNK

HACKLE HACKLE

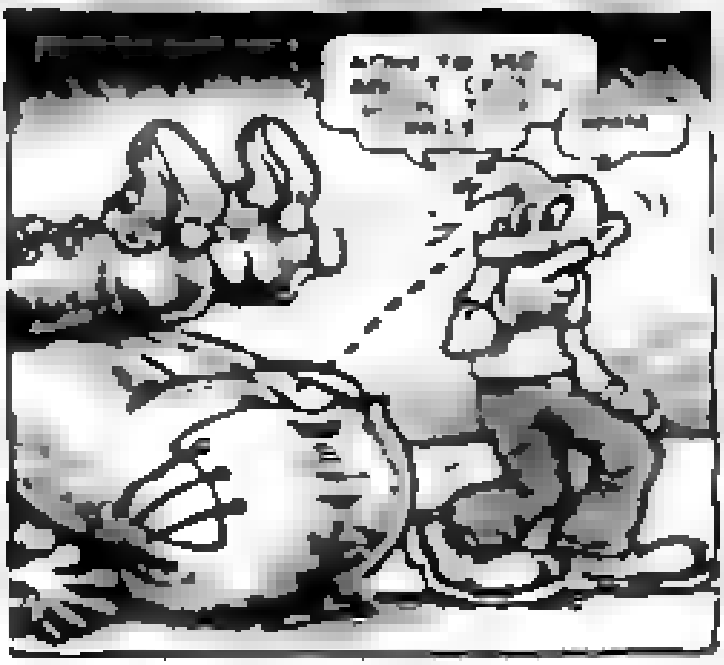
GRAAK SQUAWK AA-AK SHAAG
HOW MANY I NEED?
?
TWO?
GAAA
SQUINCH
ONE
COME ON, RIGHT THIS WAY, YER ROYAL HIGHNESS!!
GLAHH OLG!
NOW WE GO THROUGH HERE!

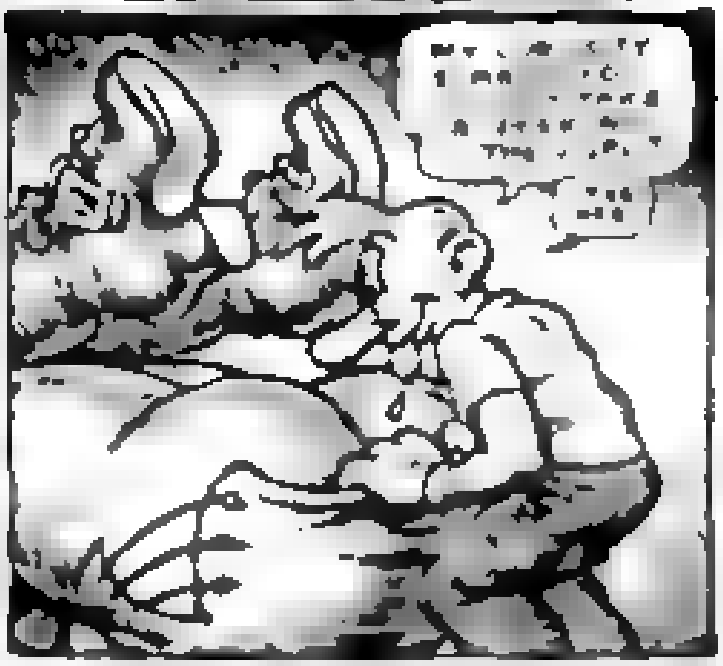

TIMBER!


CRASH!


GRUNCH

THE WINNER!
YA-AY-A



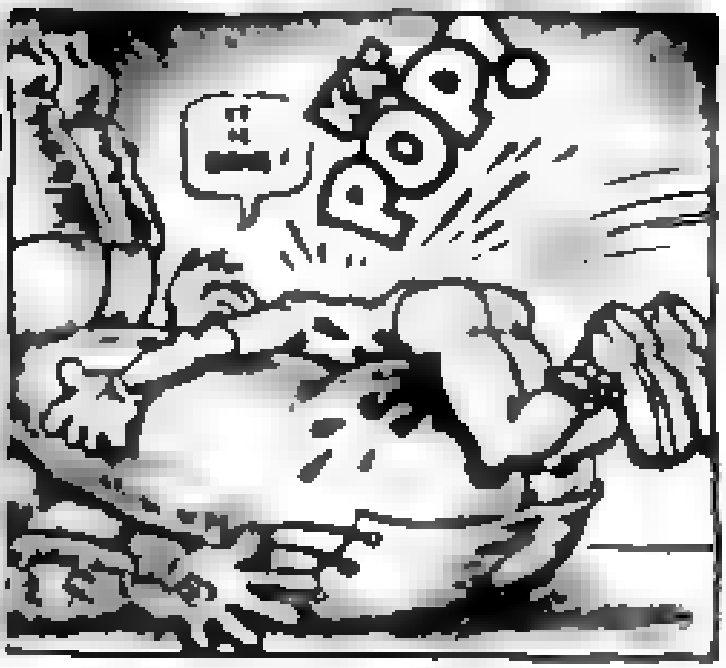


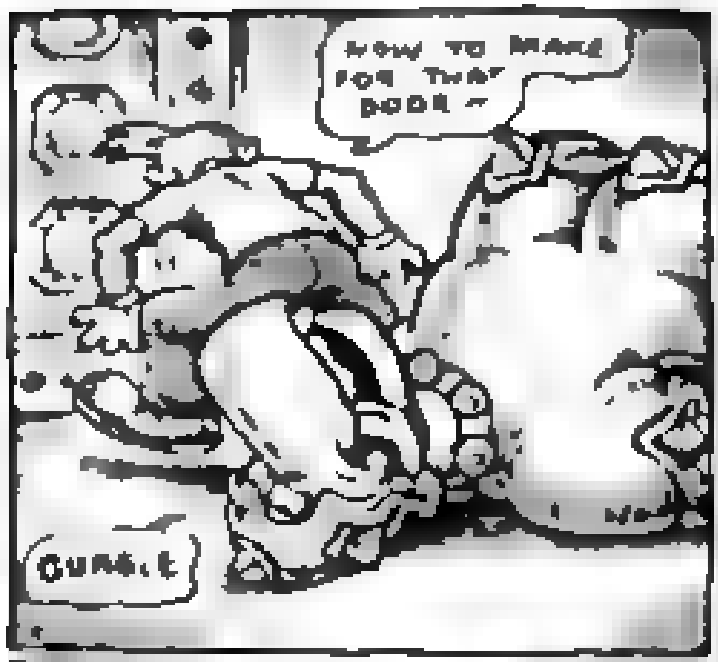
AMAZING!

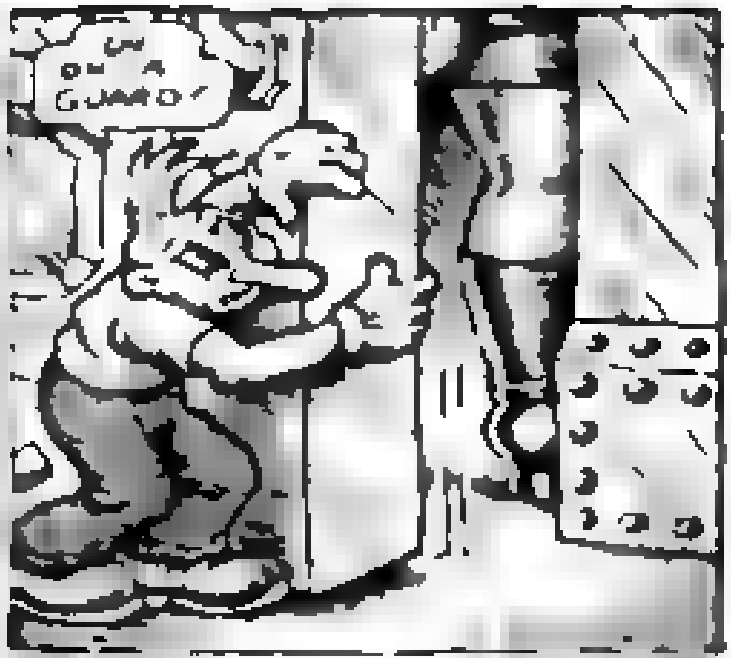
I'M OK BUT RIGHT NOW -
YAH-HOO!!

UNH, UNH, UNH UNH UNH
UNH
CRAZIZ HURT ME BEAR

CHARGE!

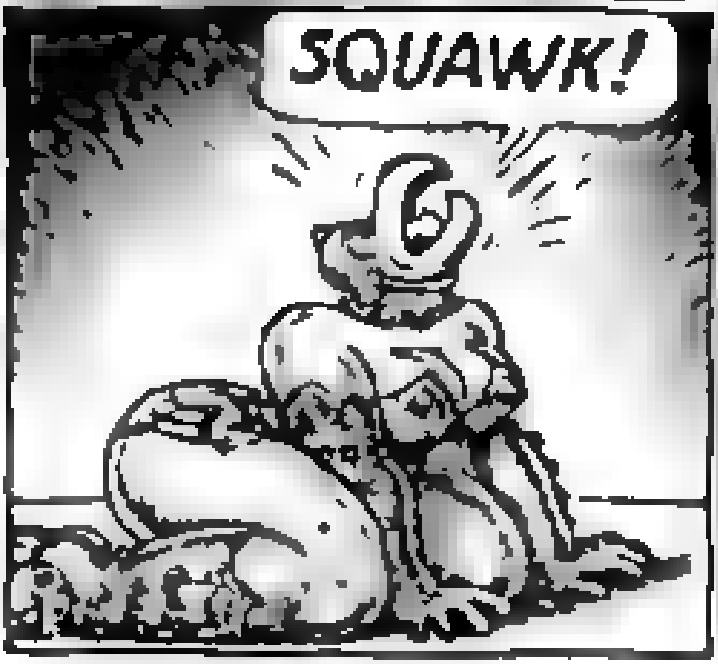

POP!


NOW TO MAKE FOR THAT DOOR ~
GURGLE

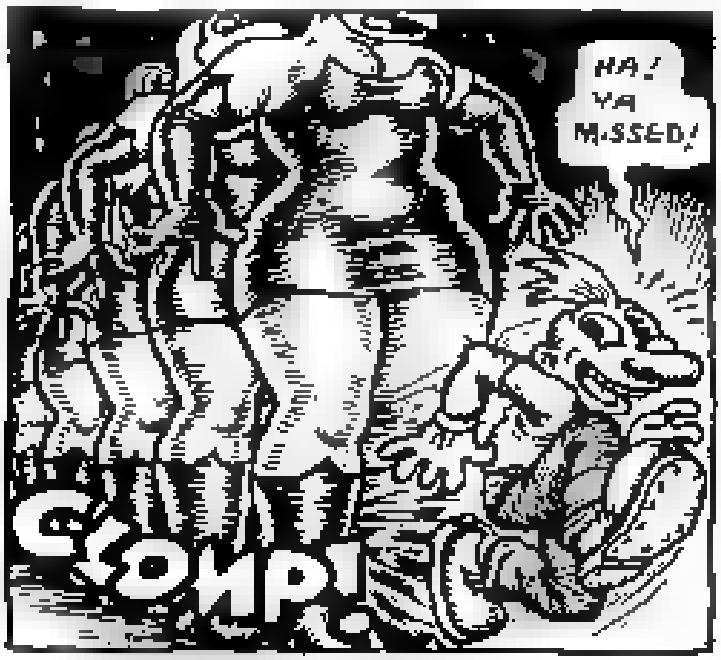

OH A GUARD!

IN FACT HOLY SHIT ~ A WHOLE LINE OF GUARDS ~~

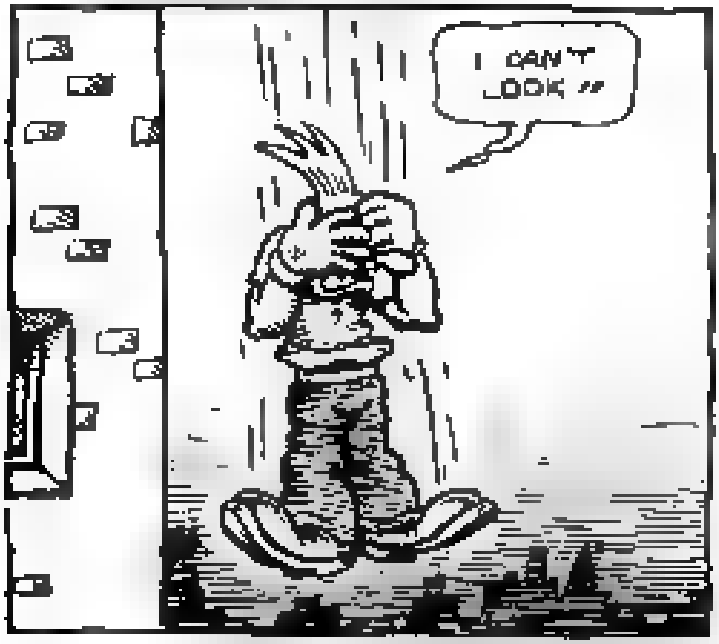
BUT I SEE LIGHT AT THE OTHER END MAYBE I CAN SNEAK BETWEEN THEIR LEGS IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE ~

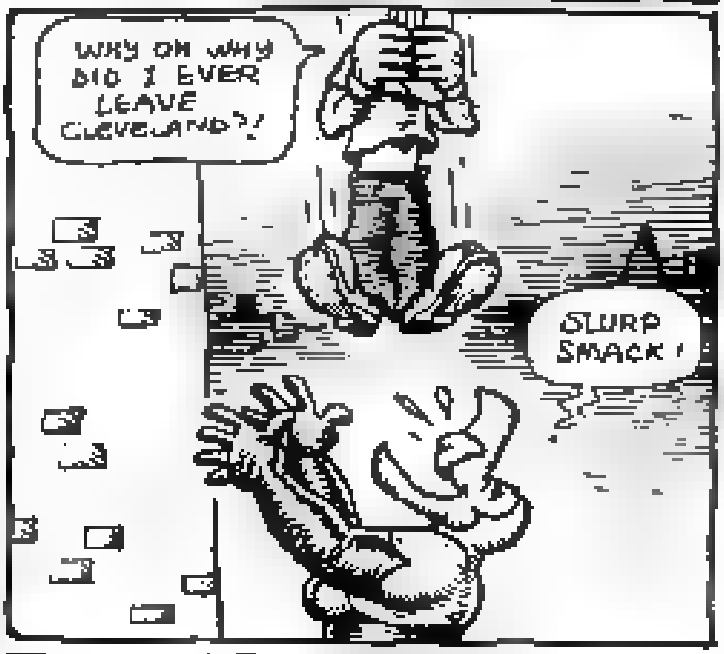

SQUAWK!

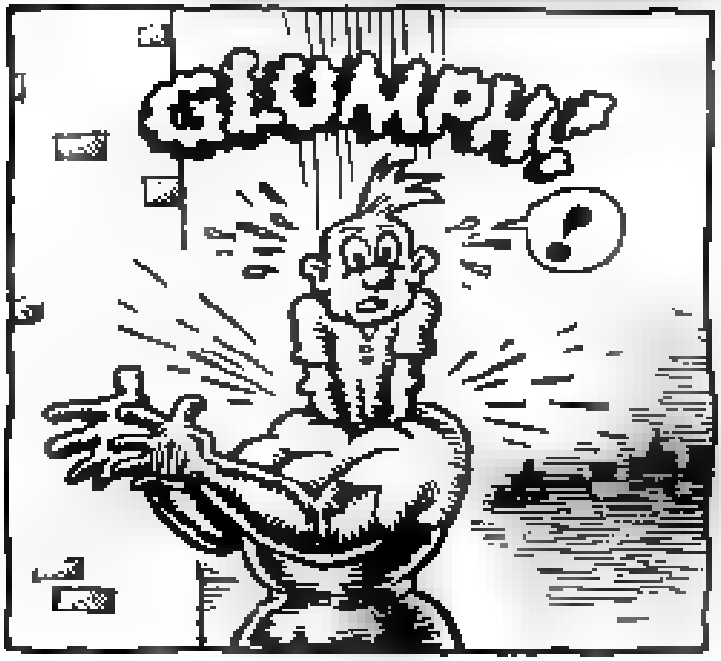
GRA-AK ERK SKREEEK AWK

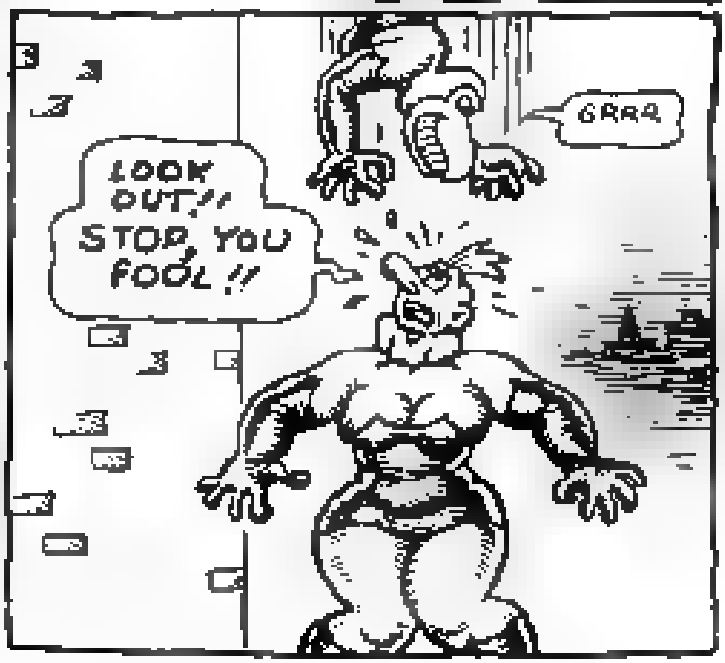

HA! YA MISSED!
GOMP!

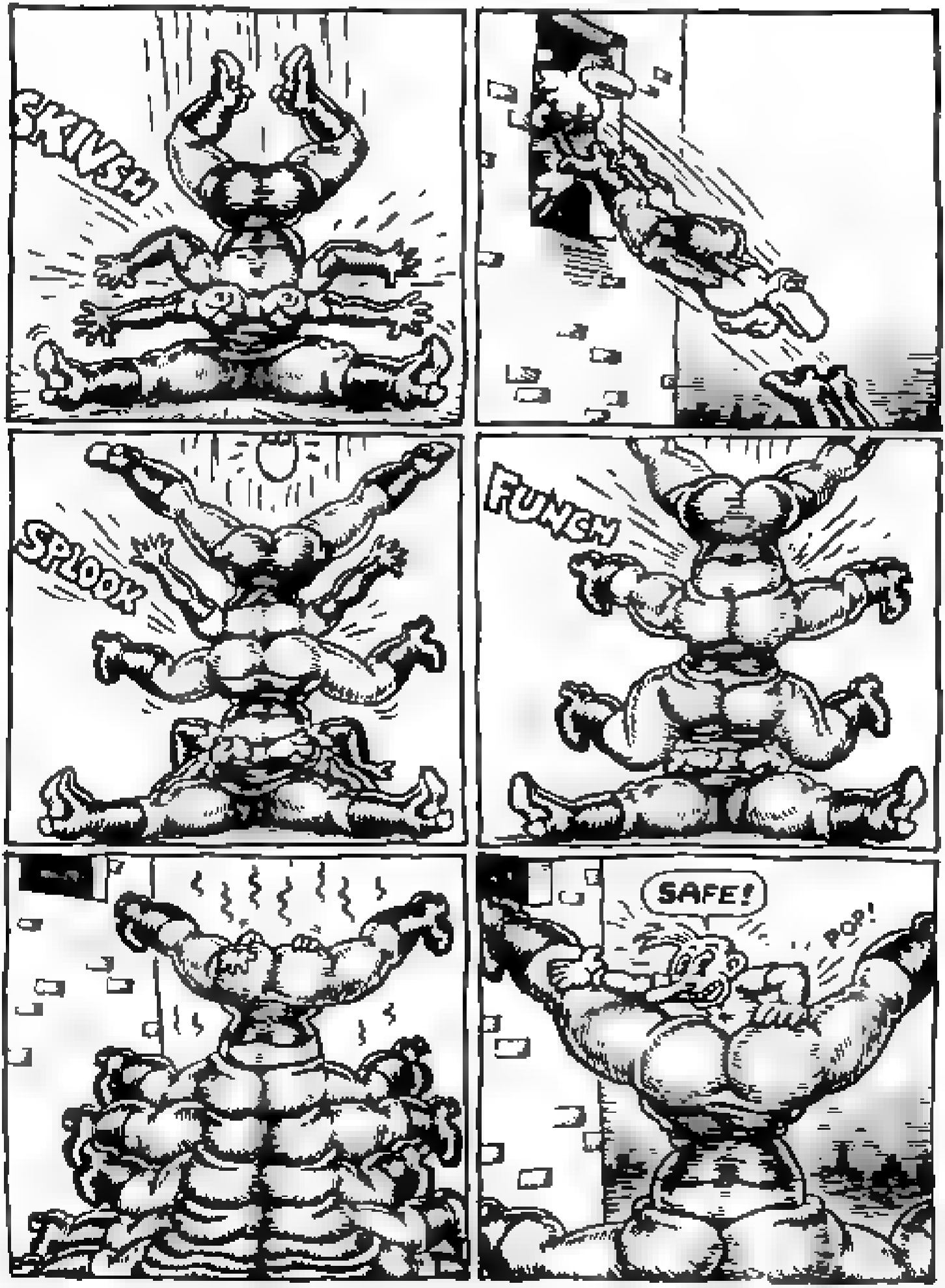
I'M FREE...
OOPS!!


I CAN'T LOOK!!

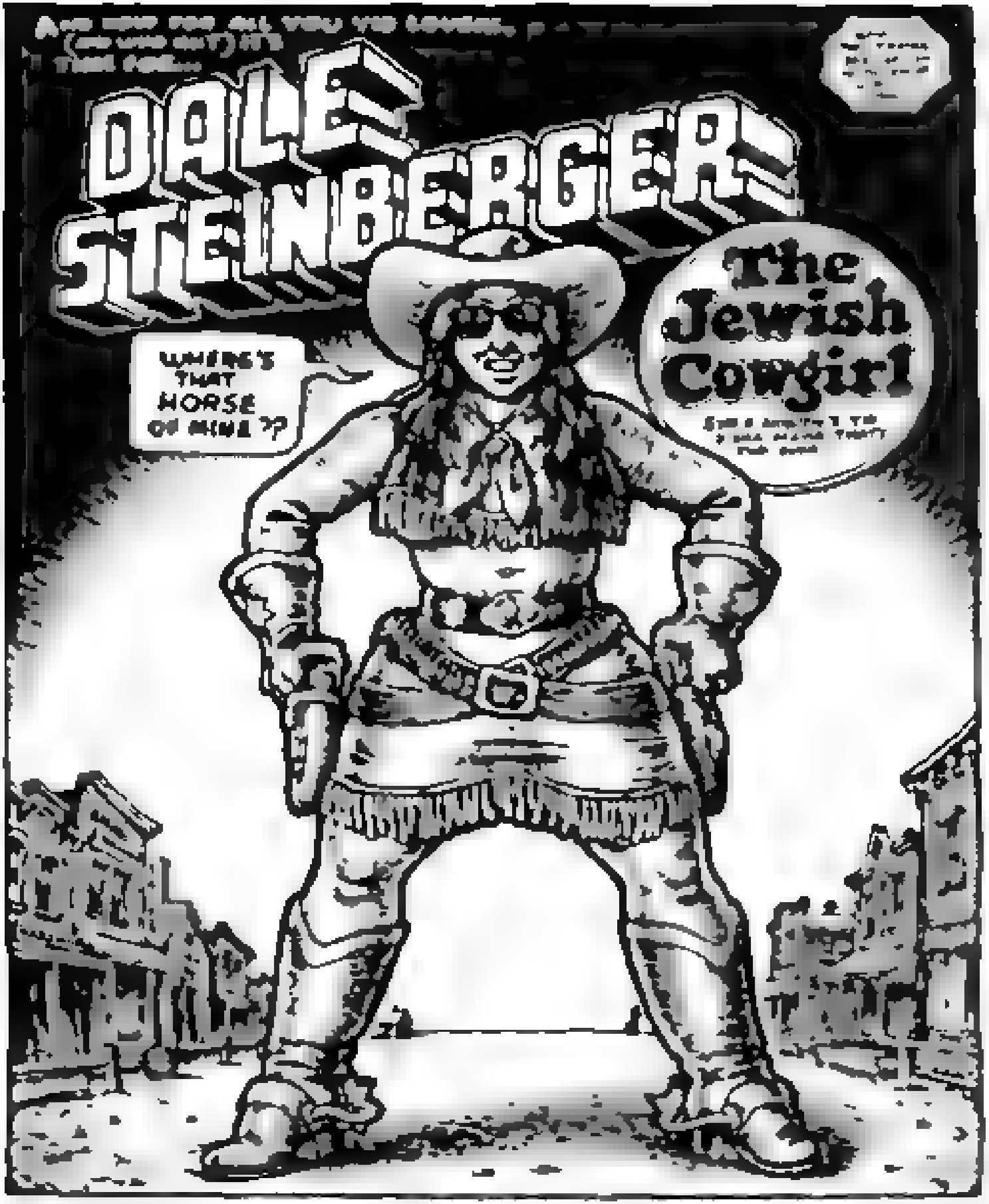

WHY OH WHY DID I EVER LEAVE CLEVELAND?!
SLURP SMACK!


GLUMPH!
!


GRRR
LOOK OUT!! STOP, YOU FOOL!!


SKIVES
SPLOOK
RUNES
SAFE!
POP!

?
WHAT ??
OH VEV!
THE END



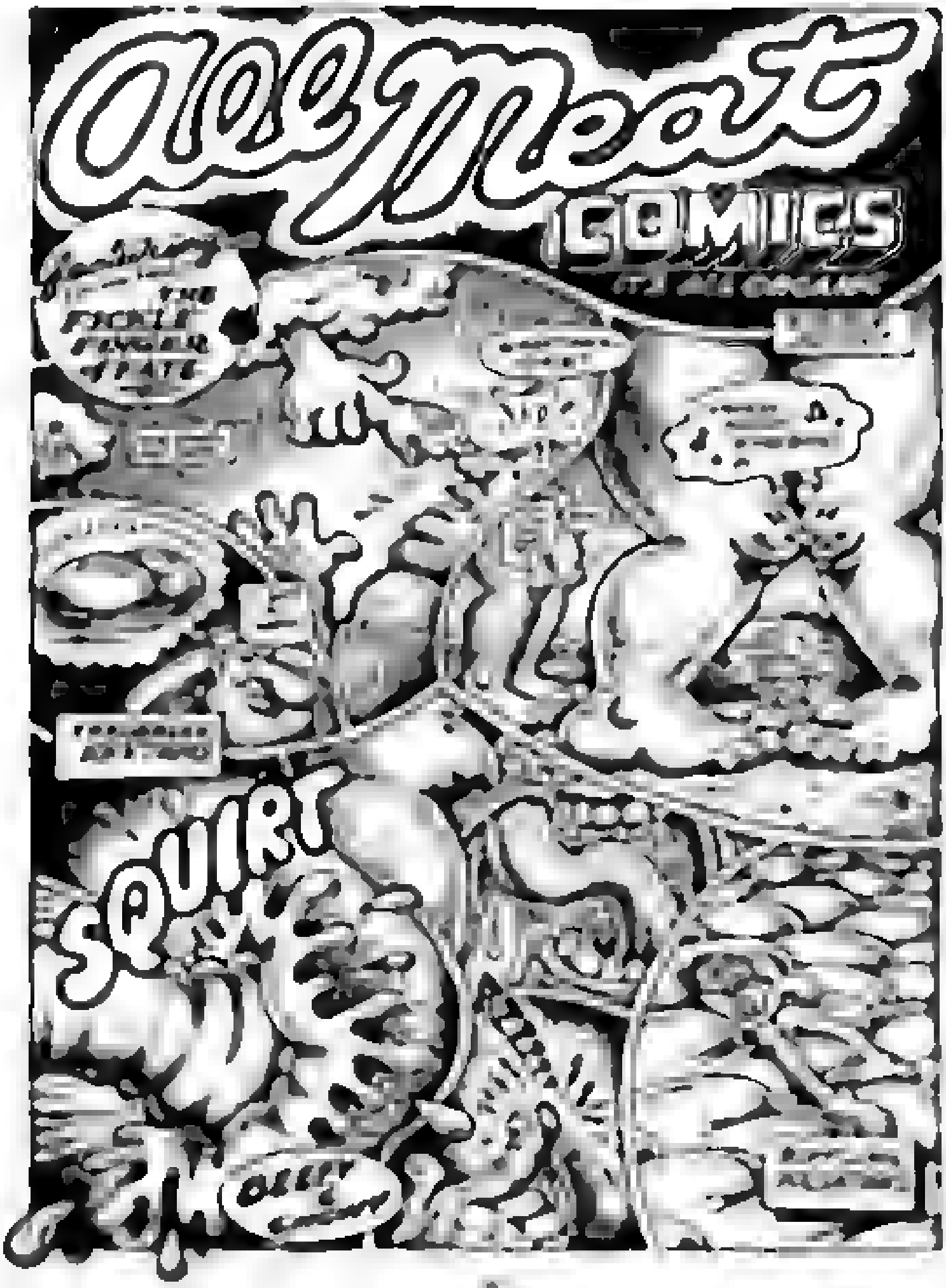
DALE HAS BEEN HAVING A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM LATELY WITH HER HORSE! THE MISERABLE BEAST HAS BECOME UNCOOPERATIVE, SULLEN AND ILL-MANNERED OF RECENT DAYS. NOTHING AGGRAVATES A COWGIRL MORE THAN HAVING TO KEEP HER HORSE IN LINE!

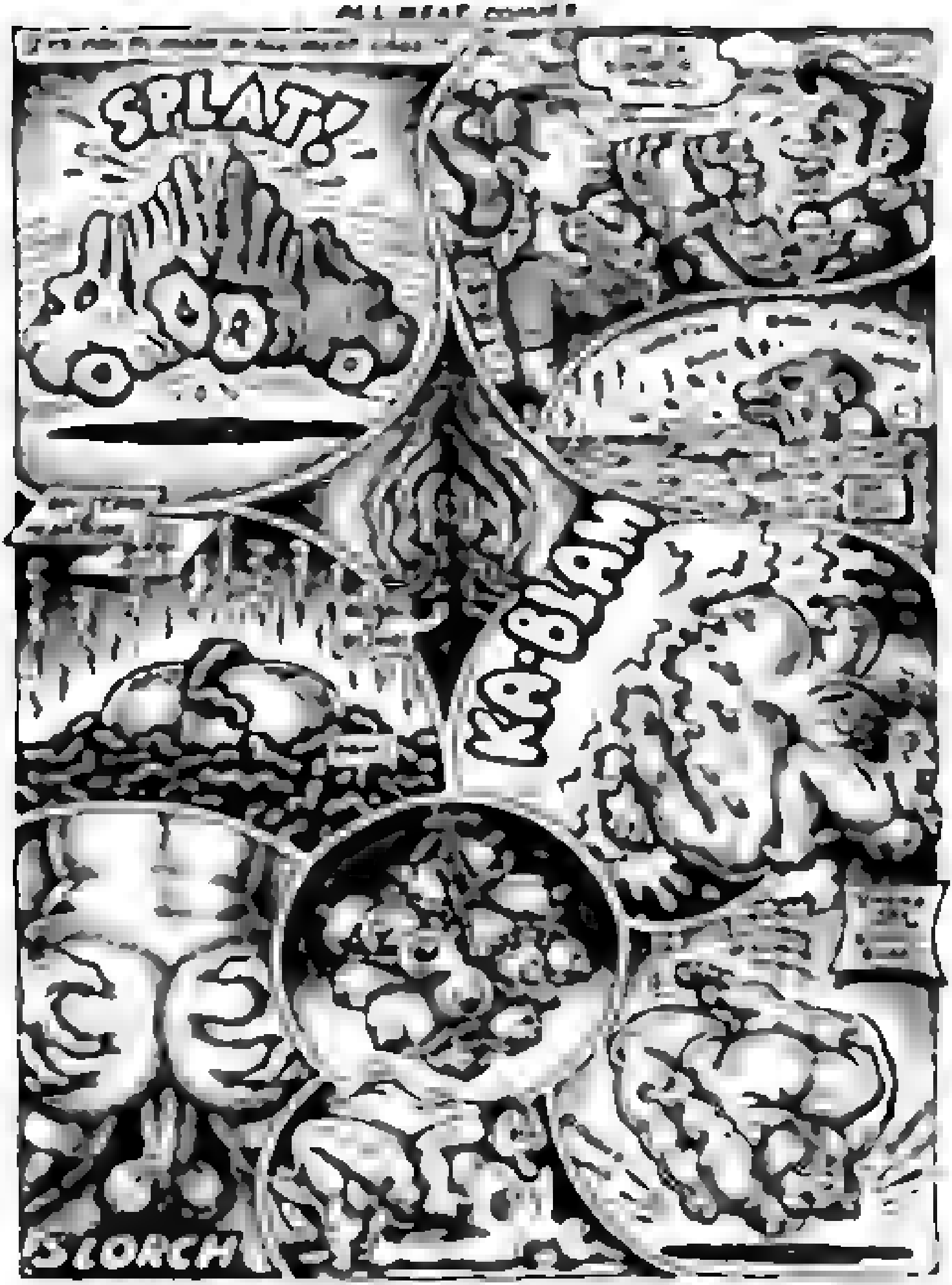
MEANWHILE, AT A LOCAL BAR ROOM ...
SO I TOLE HIM, I SEZ, LILLY, GET OFF MY BACK YA GODDAMN BITCH, AN RIDE AN' TREB O' THIS JAKE OLD RODEO !!
AN THEN I THROW 'ER AN' SHE LANDS HEAD FIRST IN A MUD PUDDLE! HAW HAW !!
BLAM BLAM
ULP!
JUST AS I THOUGHT- DRUNK AGAIN!! YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING IDIOT!
HEY DALE!! DEY'S ANOODA MULE KICKIN' IN MO' STALL!! HEE HEE
YOU SHUT-UP, JOCKEY BOY!! I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR WISE CRACKS!!
WAZ M' ANYTHIN' YO SAY!
BE A NICE BOY AN' DON'T GIVE ME NO BACK TALK! JUST GET ON AN RIDE YOUR COWGIRL!!
GIDYAP! LATER AN I MILK YO TITS!!

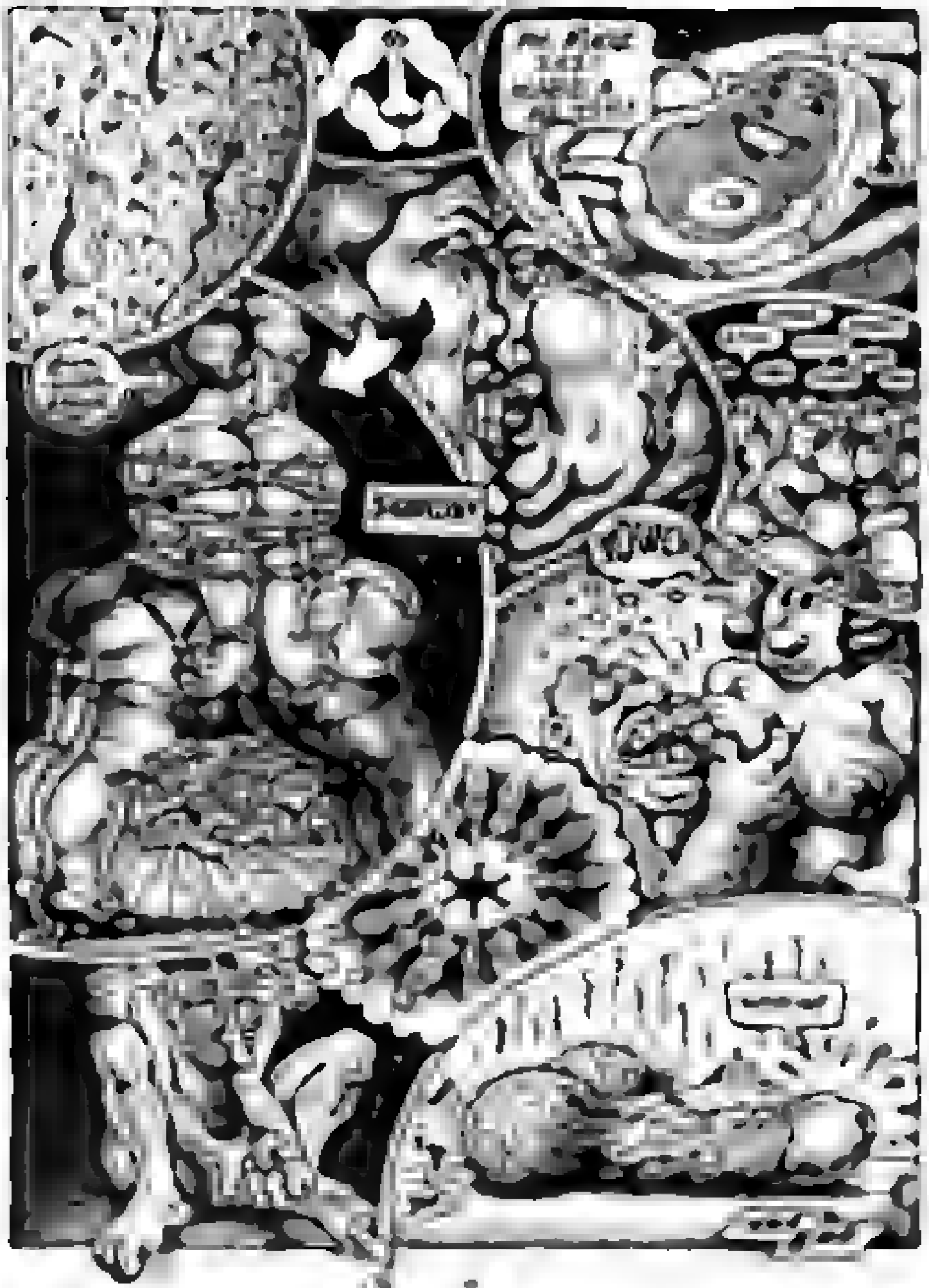
WAIT A MINUTE!
THERE'S A BAD GUY! GOTTA TAKE CARE OF!
ONCE AGAIN, FEMALE CUNNING TRIUMPHS OVER MALE BRUTISM!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
FUCKIN' USURERS!
POW

START SAVIN' YER PRAYERS, DALE. RUNTSTEIN' THIS IS A SHOWDOWN!
IT'S GLORIA NORD, THE ROLLER SKATIN' CHAMP AND GUN-SLINGER FROM OUT OF DEE MOINES, IOWA!
WOTTA BEAUTY AN' A CUTIE!
TH NAME IS STEINBERGER YOU SIMPLE MINDED CORNFED EX DRUM MAJORETTE! A BETTER WATCH YOUR MANNERS!
I'M THE FASTEST THING ON EIGHT WHEELS AN I HEAR YOU BEEN BAD MOUTHIN ME ALL OVER TH WEST!
THAT'S A FACT, YOU BRAINLESS HONKY FASCIST HOME-COMING QUEEN BULL DYKE! DRAW!!
HEY! HOL' ON HERE! GIMME DEM GUNS, YOU TWO, BE' JUM BUDDY GITS HURT!!
NOW AN WANT'S YOU TWO BROADS TO JES COOL IT WHILE AN EXPLAIN TO YO HOW WE IS GONNA WORK ALL OF OUT TO EVVRBUDDY'S SATISFACTION YOU DIG?
AND SO, AS THE EVENING SUN GOES DOWN AND THE NIGHT WIND HOWLS ACCROSS THE PRAIRIE.
ORR! DAS RIGHT _ NOW DALE YO SET ON GLORIA'S FACE WHILST AN SLIPS IT TO HER SWEET POOZLE"
OOOHH THIS IS FUN!
END

BIG BABY
THE INFANT TERRIBLE!!
THIS KID IS REALLY ONE ENRAGED INFANT!
I'M SO MAD!
WAH! SCREECH! WHINE! WHOOP!
DRIVEL SNIVEL
DROP OUT!
WHY DON'T THEY DROP OUT?!
YOU'RE RIGHT, AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, THEY'LL FIGURE IT OUT...
I HATE THEM ALL!
STUPID SHITS
WELL WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT - THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN...
I'M NOT MYSELF...
ONCE AGAIN IT IS PROVEN... I'M JUST A BIG STUPID BABY!
SOB
NOW MY WHOLE BODY IS INFLAMED!
VOW
CRYING WITHOUT HELP!
FUCK IT!
BURNED OUT...


Meat
COMICS
SQUIRT


SPLAT!
KA-BLAM
STORCH



MRS. QUIVER
SHE SHIVERS & SHAKES JUST LIKE JELLY ON A PLATE

ARTSY FARTSY
FOR EXAMPLE

A REVOLUTIONARY "FIRST!"

WE DARE TO SHOW "DOING IT" RIGHT ON THE FRONT PAGE!!!

JOE BLOW

JOE

LOIS

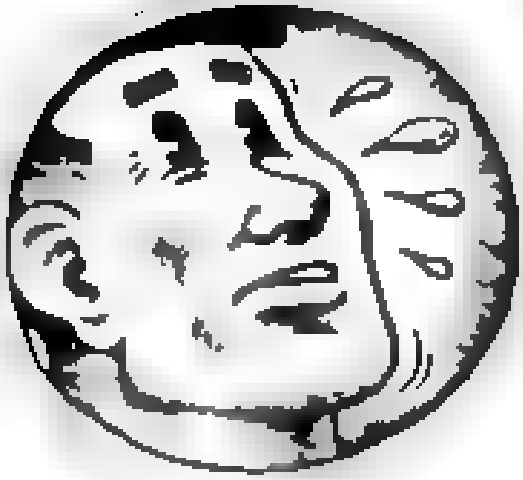
JOE JR. & "SIS"

HEY JOE! ARE YOU PRETENDING TO WATCH T.V. EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT ON??

YEP!

I WONDER IF SIS IS DOING HER HOMEWORK.
I'LL GO CHECK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SIS?
UH ER . UH



HMM

A SIMPLE PILL CALLED "COMPOZ"!

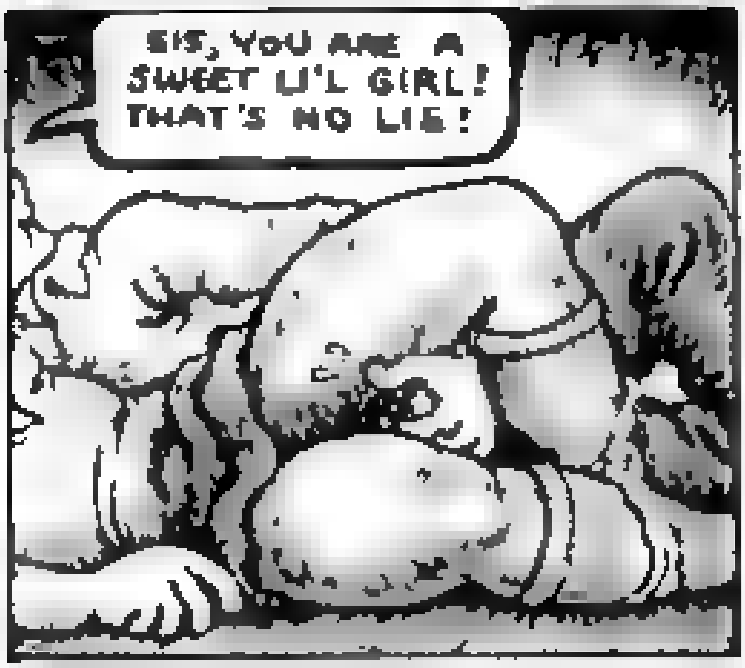
. AND I'M A NEW MAN!

ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, SIS!

SIS, I WANT YOU FRONT AND CENTER RIGHT THIS MINUTE!!

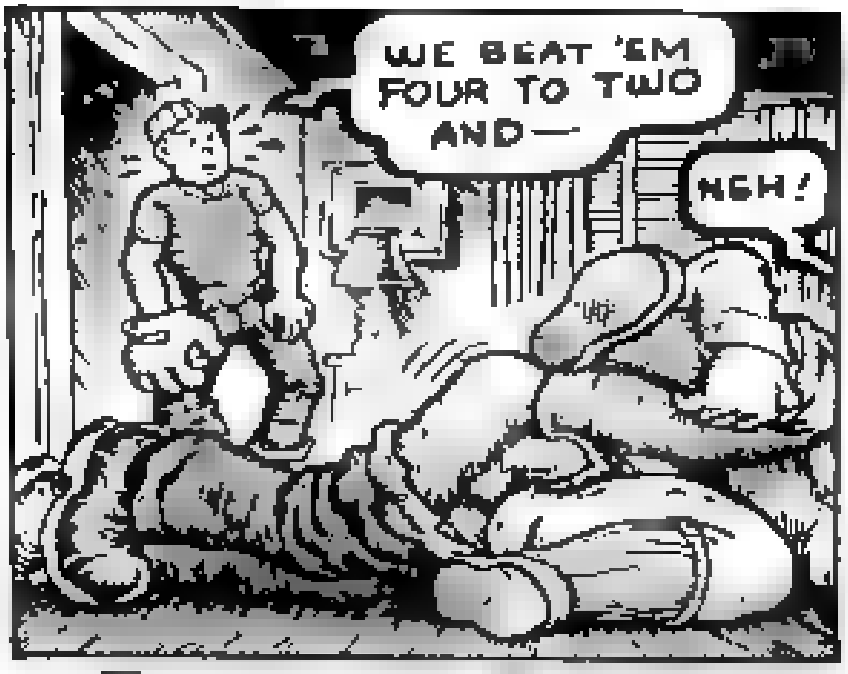
WHAT IS IT POPSY??
DONT PLAY DUM WITH ME, SIS!

THAT'S IT! PRETEND IT'S CANDY!
YUMMY NUMS!
PAT
PAT

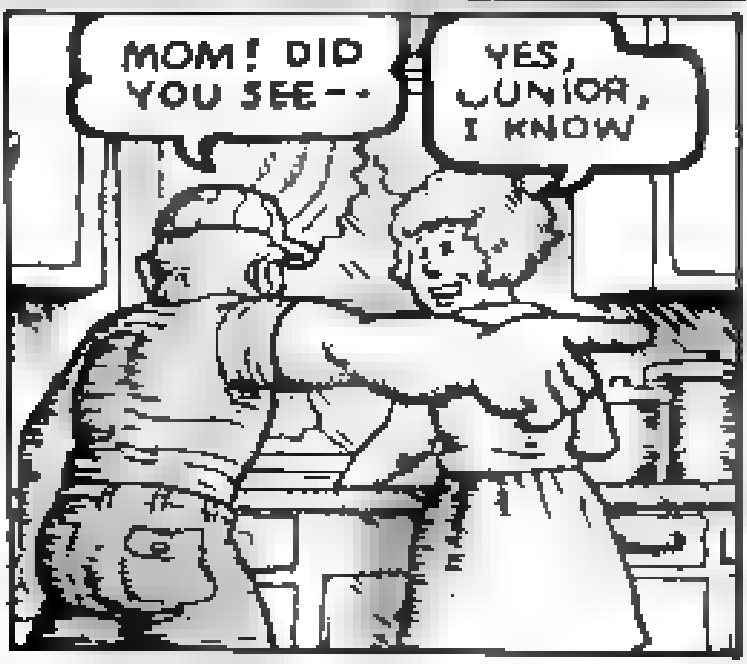

SIS, YOU ARE A SWEET LI'L GIRL! THAT'S NO LIE!

OH GOD . MMM . PANT GRUNT KNH SIS YOU. .

HEY DAD! OUR TEAM WON THE GAME!!


WE BEAT 'EM FOUR TO TWO AND—
NGH!

HOLY COW!


MOM! DID YOU SEE--
YES, JUNIOR, I KNOW

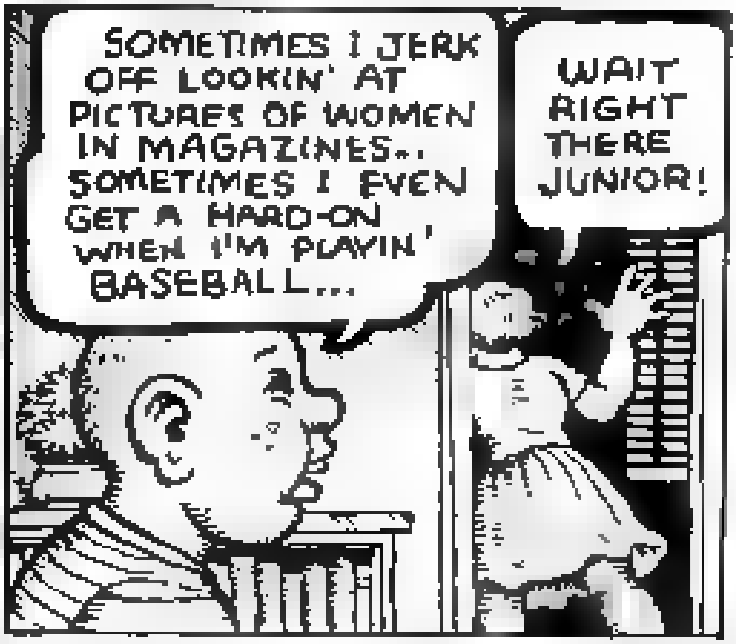
DON'T BE UPSET--

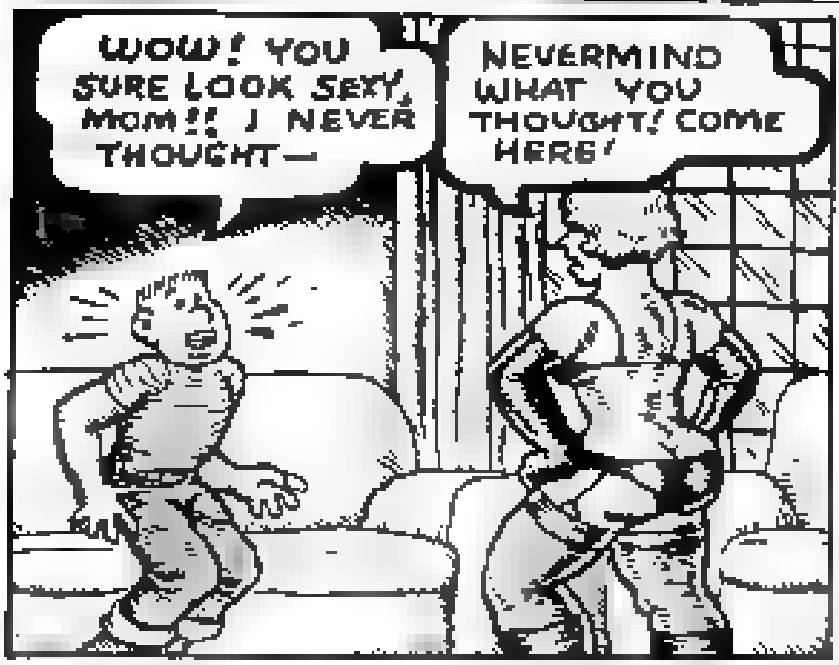
BUT MOM ,I DON'T UNDER-STAND!!
WELL, JUNIOR, LET ME ASK YOU THIS . DO YOU EVER JERK OFF?

AW GEE... WHAT A THING TO ASK A GUY!!
ANSWER ME!

SOMETIMES IN THE BATHROOM AND IN [redacted] AT NIGHT...
HM... THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED... WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT?

UM...I THINK ABOUT GIRLS I KNOW IN SCHOOL ...ESPECIALLY CAROL DUMZOWSKI! SHE'S GOT BIG TITS. .ONCE I GAVE HER A FEEL JOB...


SOMETIMES I JERK OFF LOOKIN' AT PICTURES OF WOMEN IN MAGAZINES.. SOMETIMES I EVEN GET A HARD-ON WHEN I'M PLAYIN' BASEBALL...
WAIT RIGHT THERE JUNIOR!

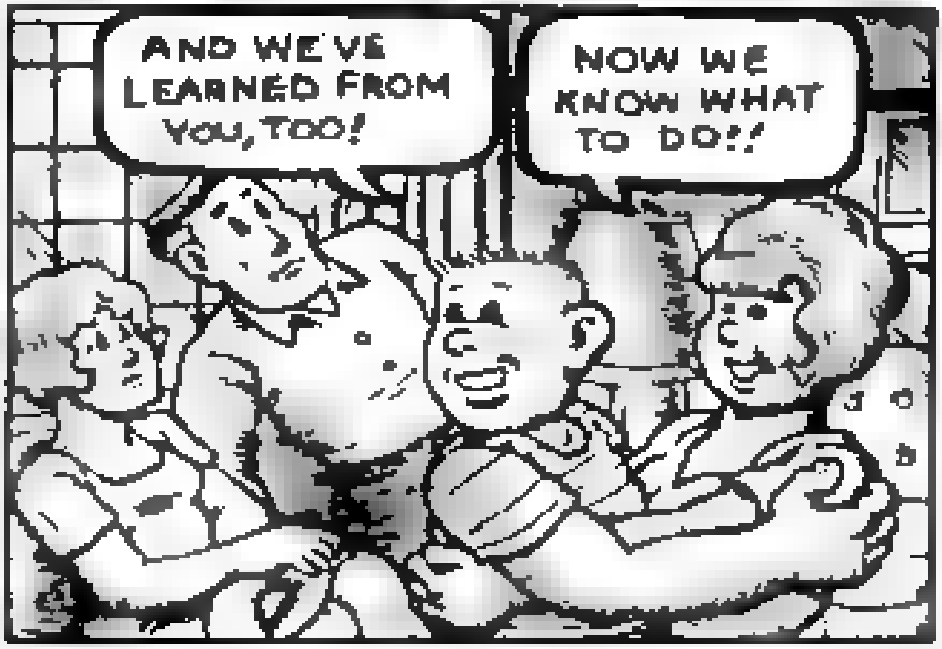

WOW! YOU SURE LOOK SEXY, MOM!! I NEVER THOUGHT—
NEVERMIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT! COME HERE!

GEE.. YOU MUST BE THE GREATEST MOM A GUY EVER HAD!!!

LATER
HI LOIS! SIS 'N' ME HAVE JUST HAD THE GREATEST TIME!
SO HAVE JUNIOR AND I!

PEOPLE SHOULD GET TOGETHER WITH THEIR KIDS MORE OFTEN!
THAT'S TRUE, HONEY!

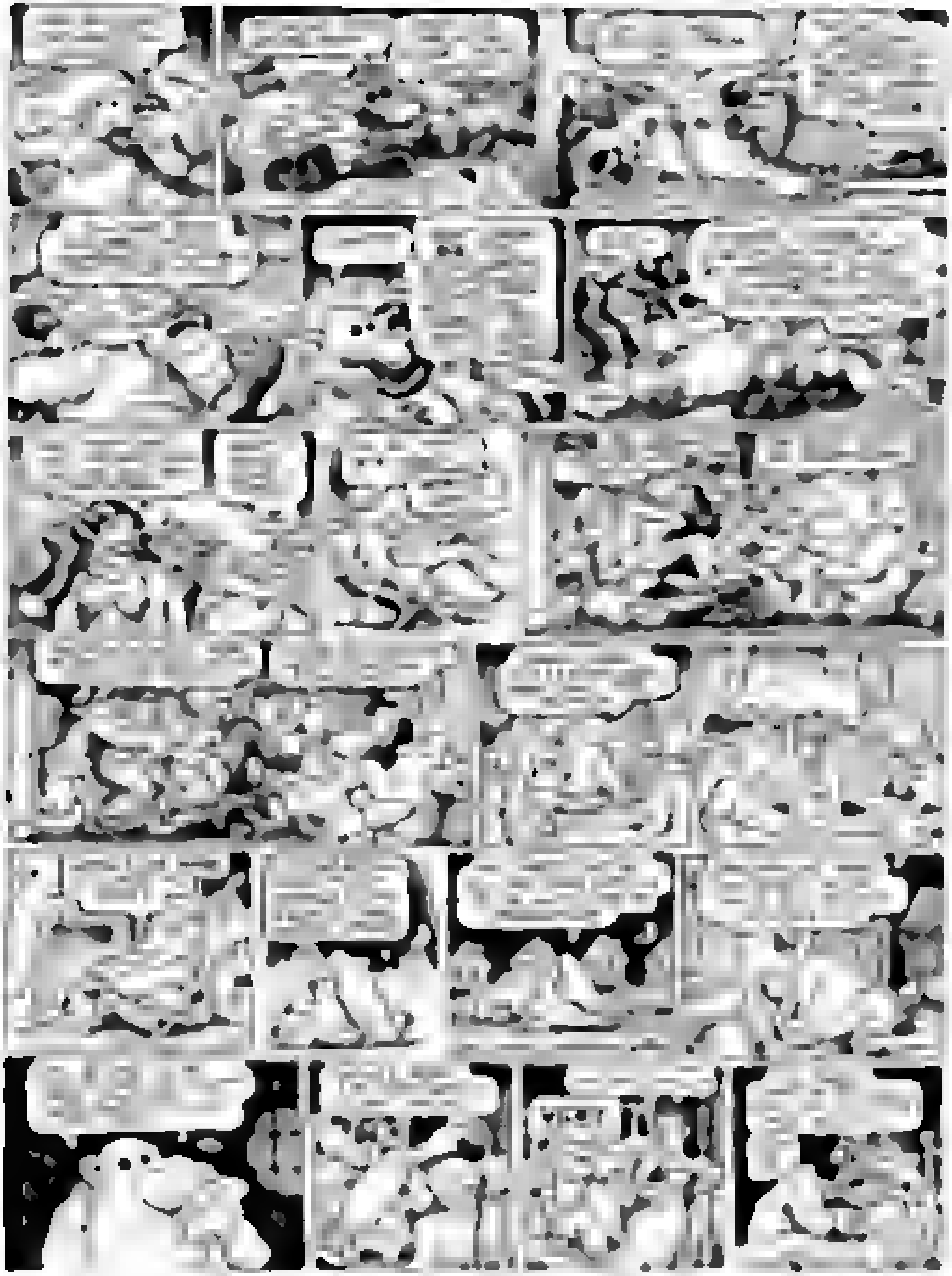
I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH FUN YOU COULD HAVE WITH YOUR CHILDREN!

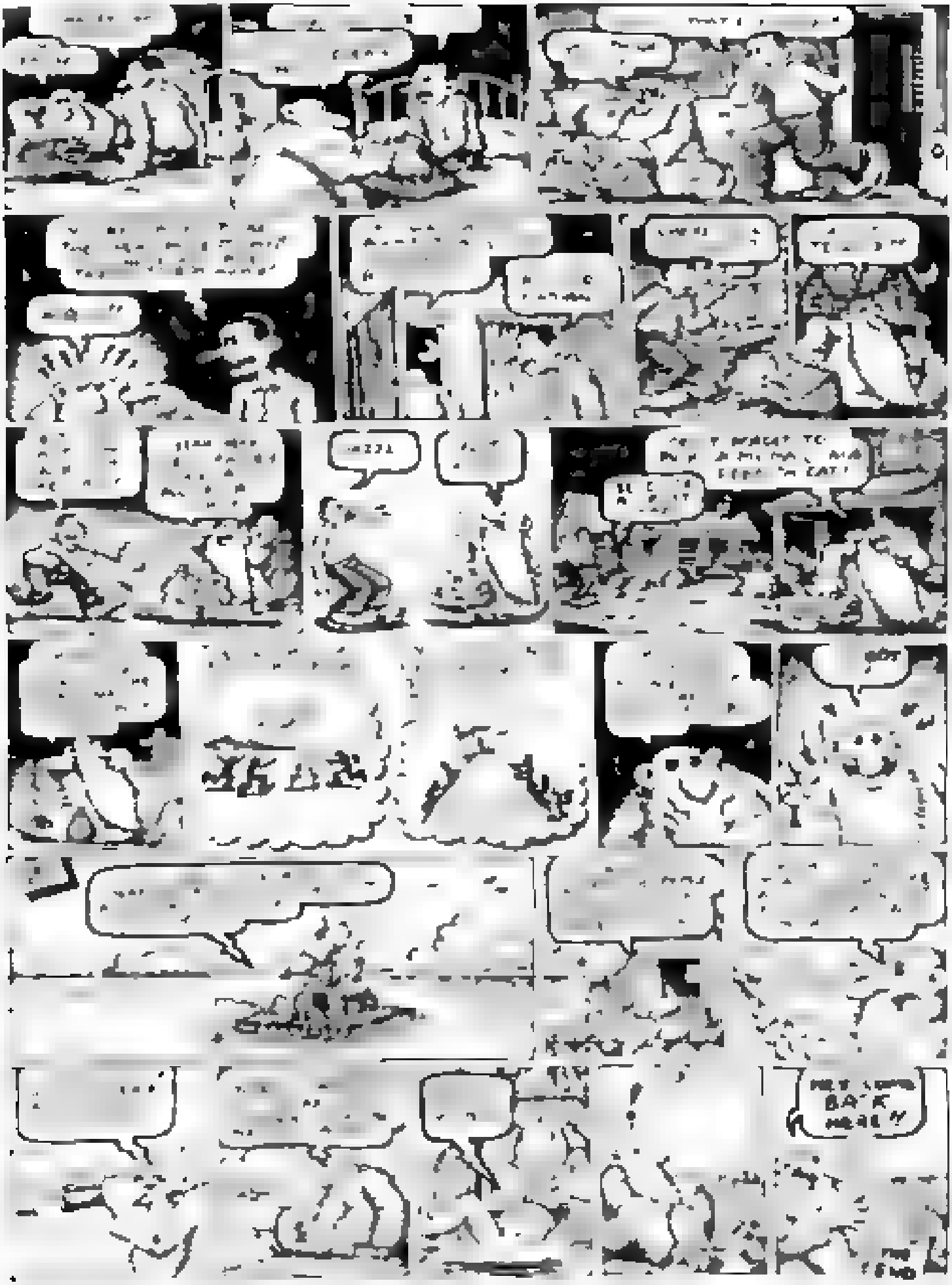

AND WE'VE LEARNED FROM YOU, TOO!
NOW WE KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

TEE HEE!
GIGGLE!
THERE THEY GO OFF TO MAKE EVEN MORE NEW DISCOVERIES!

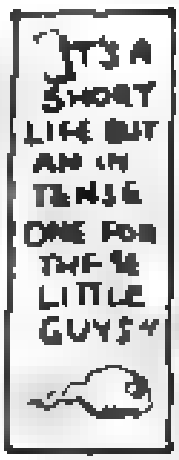
AND TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD!!
YES, YOUTH HOLDS THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE!
THE END

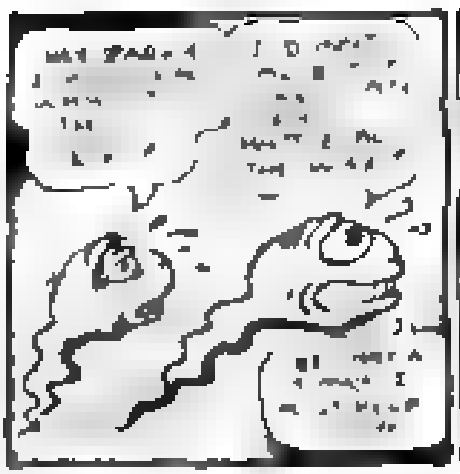
Mr. Natural Takes a Vacation

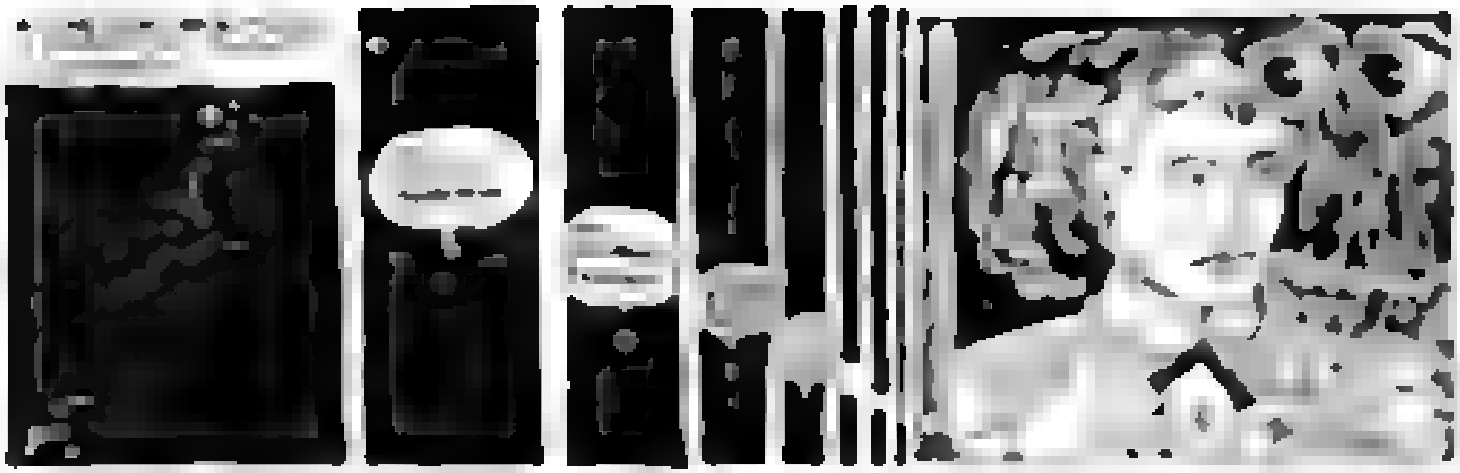




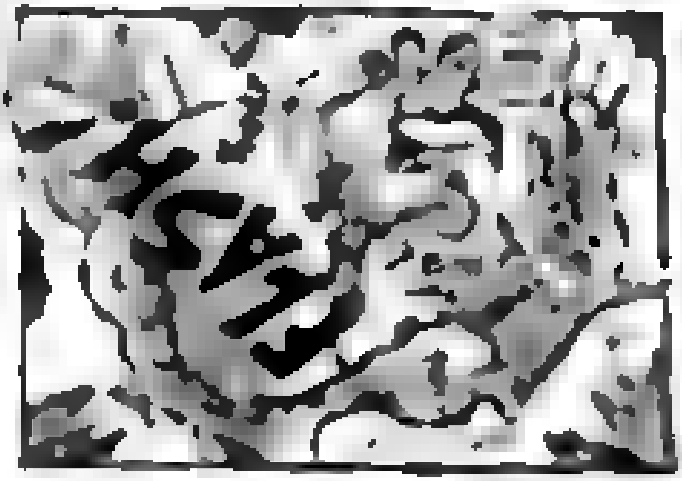
HORNY HARRIET

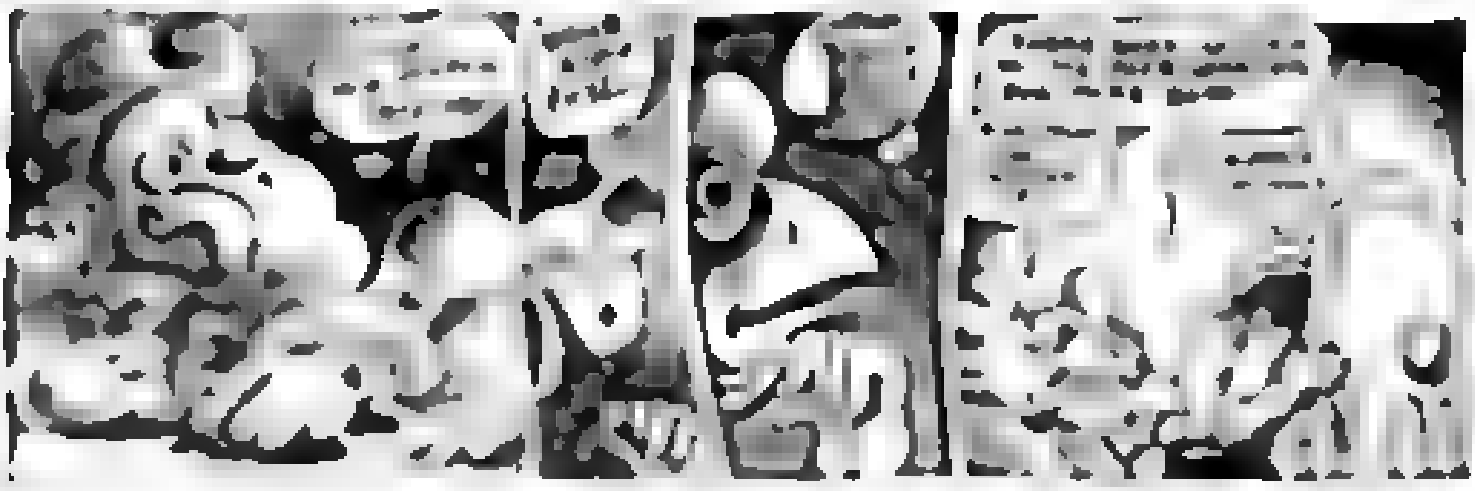






CHUM
POW

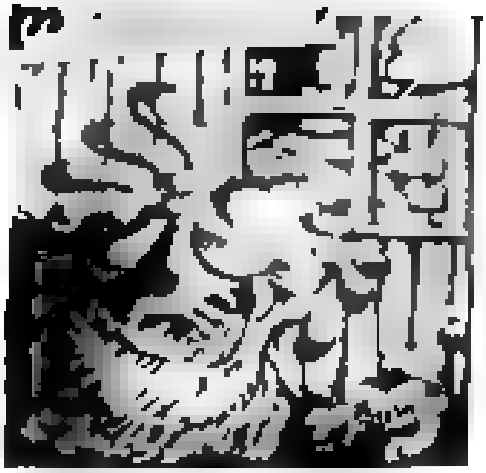


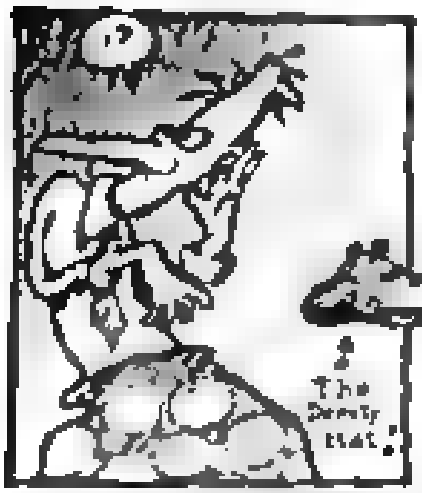


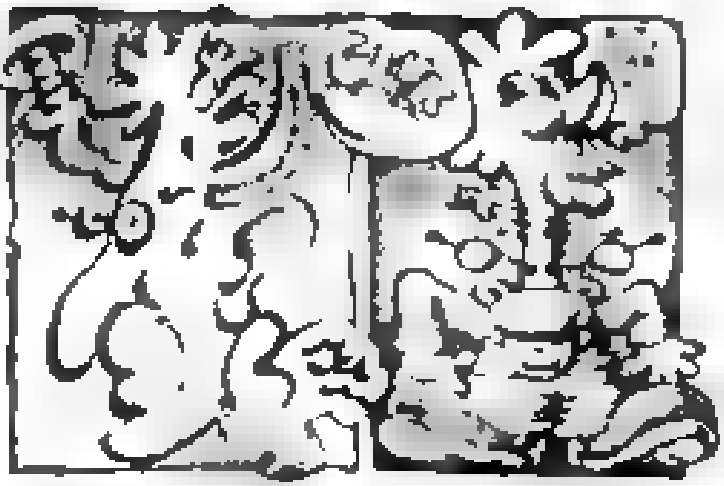
YOW

FOR THE LOVE OF
FOR THE LOVE OF

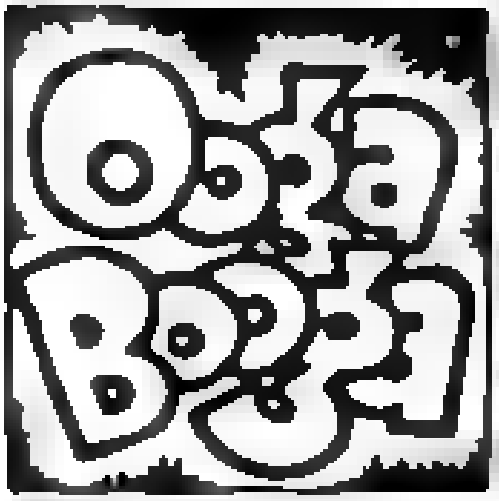
FIRES OUT
COME AGAIN
SSSSSS
POIT







OOPS!
TRUE, ZI


Ojja Bojja

MUGGA UGA BOOGA!!

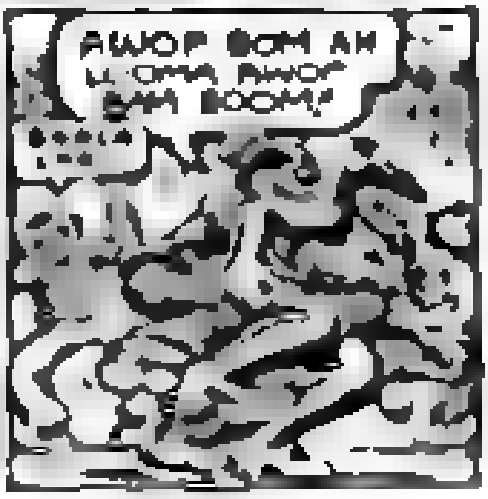
MUGGA OGA MGUMBA?

ABOA ZABA

MABU AMBUTU!

YAHUMBA

BUGA OGA MAGOUM


AWOP BOM AH

SNATCH COMICS WRITHES AGAIN!

SNATCH COMICS NO. 3 AUGUST 1969 REPRODUCTION OF ALL MATERIAL IN THIS MAGAZINE IS UP FOR GRABS AND IS O.K. WITH US... FEEL FREE TO REPRINT... SPREAD IT AROUND... STREW 'EM MESS.. BUT PAY US...

YOU GOT THE WEENIE SHE'S GOT THE BUN PUT 'EM TOGETHER BLUAH, YOU'LL HAVE SOME FUN!!
~ says Mr. Doggie
I "RELISH" TH' IDEA OF CUTTIN TH' "MUSTARD" WITH YOU, KID!
TEE HEE! WELL, I HOPE YER TH' "FOOT-LONG" KIND!

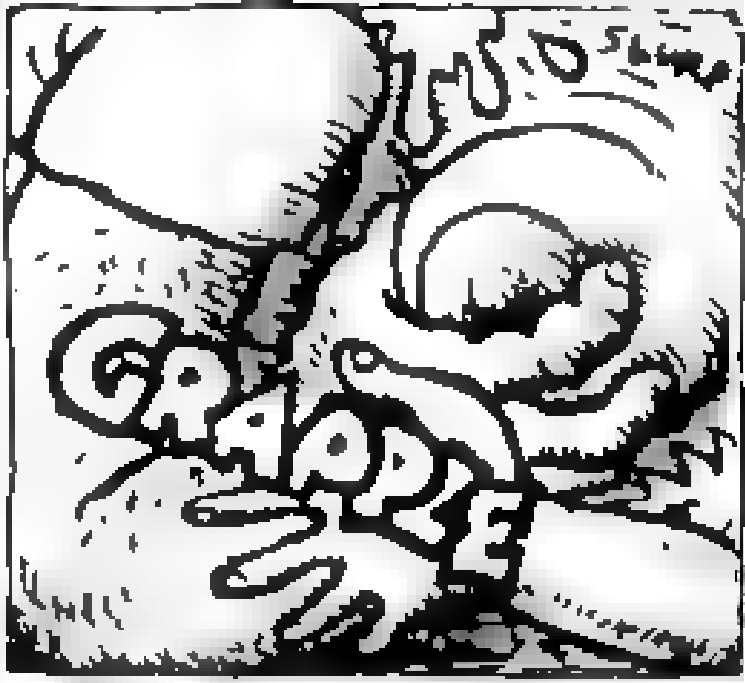
THE LUSCIOUS BRUNETTE CRINGED FEARFULLY IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM AS THE HUGE BRUTE ADVANCED ON HER! THE YOUNG WOMAN PRESSED HER SHAPELY BODY AGAINST THE WALL IN TERROR AND CRIED OUT...

DON'T TOUCH ME!

A TRICKLE OF SALIVA RAN DOWN ONE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MORSEL OF SEXUALITY HE WAS ABOUT TO ENJOY!
SHE COULD HEAR HIS HEAVY BREATHING AS HE APPROACHED HER, THE BEADS OF SWEAT ON HIS FOREHEAD GLISTENING IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE ALLEY...
A SLOW GUTTERAL SOUND BEGAN EMITTING FROM DEEP WITHIN THE BEASTLY CHURL'S THROAT, AND GREW INTO A MANIACAL GIGGLE!
AS HE GOT CLOSER, SHE COULD SMELL HIS DISGUSTING HAIRY BODY AND HIS FILTHY UNWASHED CLOTHING..
SHE WAS FROZEN IN HORROR AS HE BEGAN CLOSING IN. SHE COULD FEEL HIS HOT STINKING BREATH ON HER FACE. HIS BLOOD-SHOT EYEBALLS BULGED OUT OF HIS DEE RE-CRAZED HEAD!
NOW SHE COULD HEAR HIS HEART POUNDING WITH LUST, AND SEE EVERY PORE AND STUBBLE ON HIS GREASY SWEATING FACE"

R. Crumb

RIP


SLURP
GRAPPLE

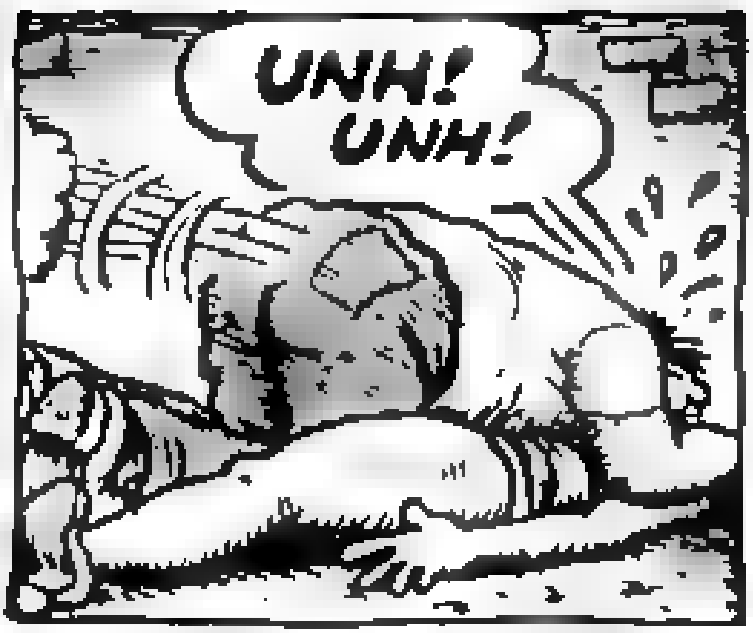
MMMGLMGHH!
SLURP
DRIP

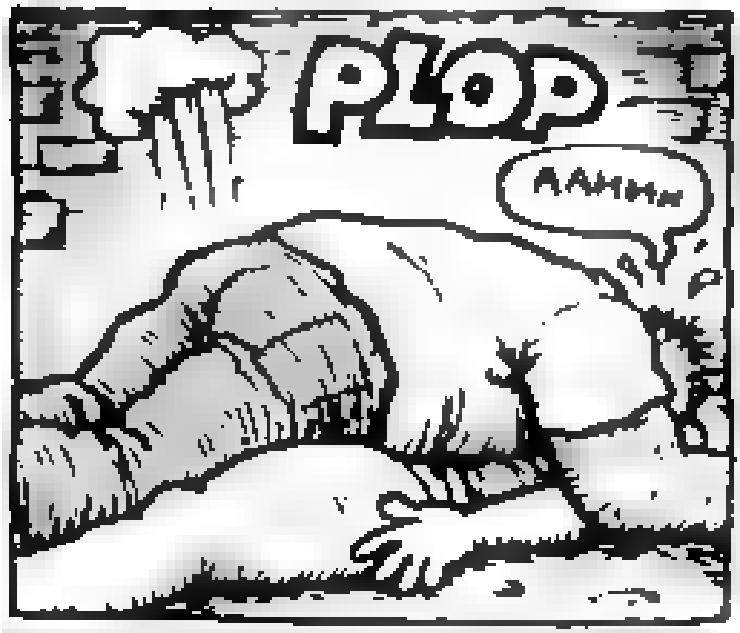
KISS ME!

MMYUMSMACK
SMOOCHSLURP!

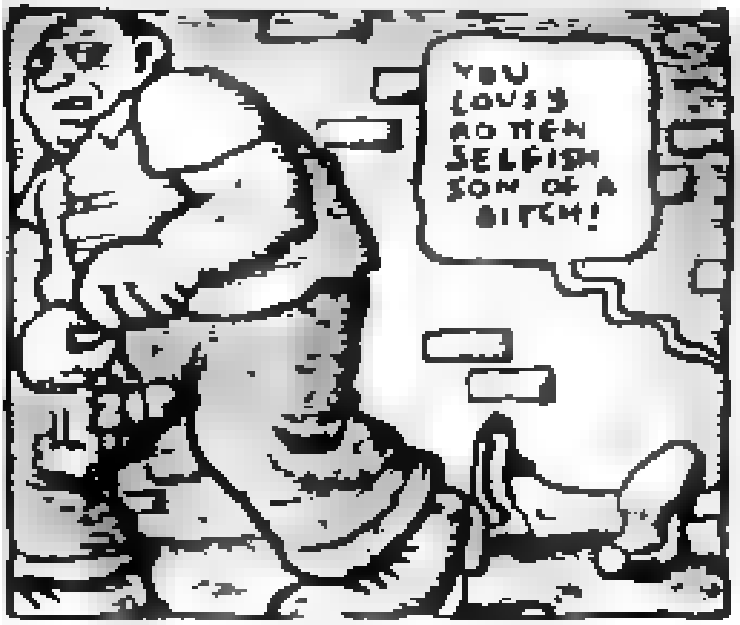
MMM.
HA HA
HMPH.

UNH PUFF
UNH PANT
WEEZE.


UNH!
UNH!


PLOP
AAHHH

PANT
PANT
PANT
SIGH.

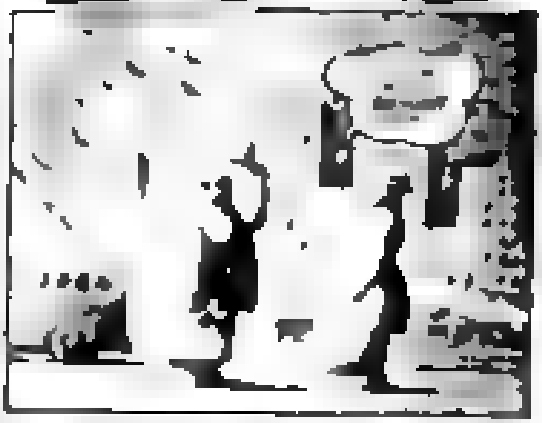

YOU
LOUSY
ROTTEN
SELFISH
SON OF A
BITCH!

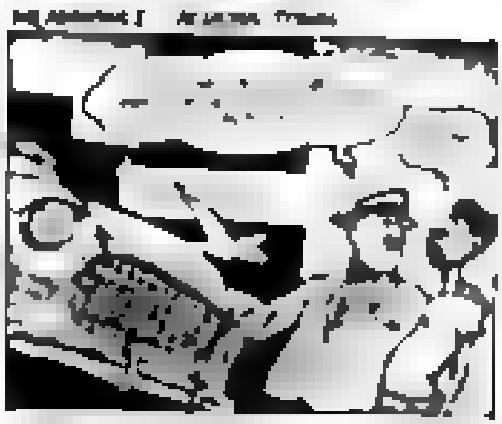
I NEVER GET
TO COME!!
THE END

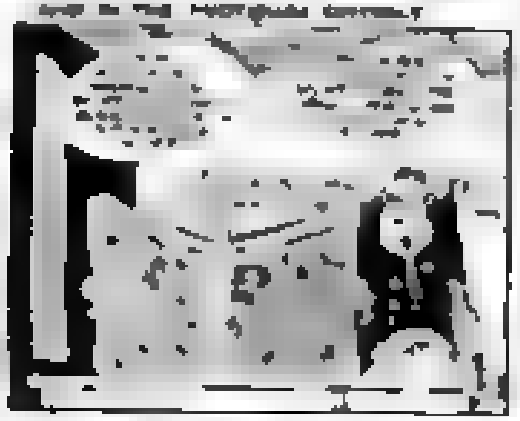
PUMP THOSE PEDDLES, YOU LITTLE BRAT!
PANT PANT PUFF

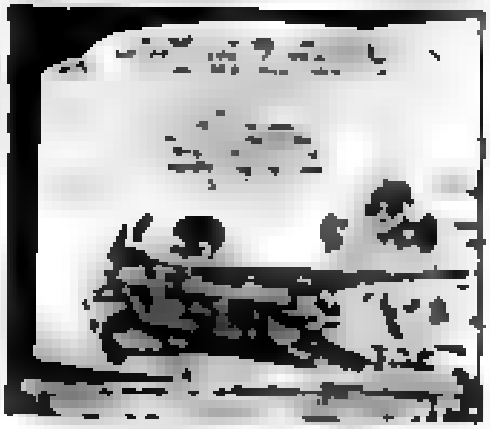
R. Crumb

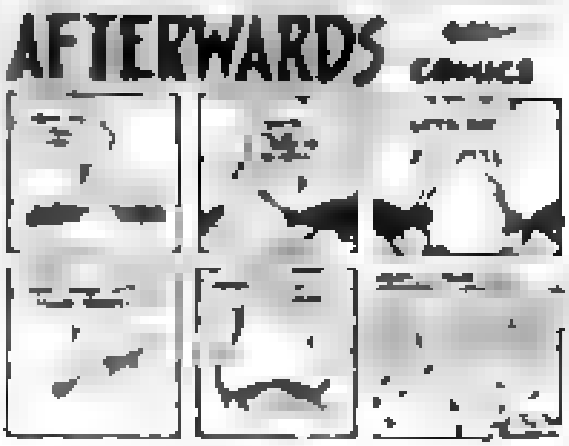
THE END FUNNIES







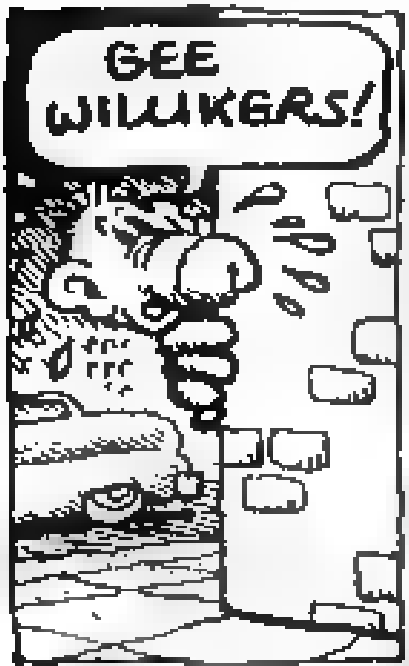




The Adventures of DICK NOSE

AW C'MON, DICKIE, LEMME BLOW HER NOSE!!!

Steve Ditcum



AH HA!! THERE YOU ARE DIRT-NOSE"

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME"
GRAB HIM ELOISE!!
VIPE!

OFF THEY SPED WITH THEIR CAPTIVE TO AN UPTOWN SIN DEN!

HEY KIDS!
LOOK WHAT WE FOUND!
HAW!!
IT'S DIRT NOSE!
NO SHEE-IT!!

AH WANNA BE DE FUST ONE TO SIT ON HIS FACE"

NO, PLEASE, I
DIS WON'T HURT HOL' ON TO DAT MI THA

R. Crumb

NO!

PLUNK

AAAHHH!!

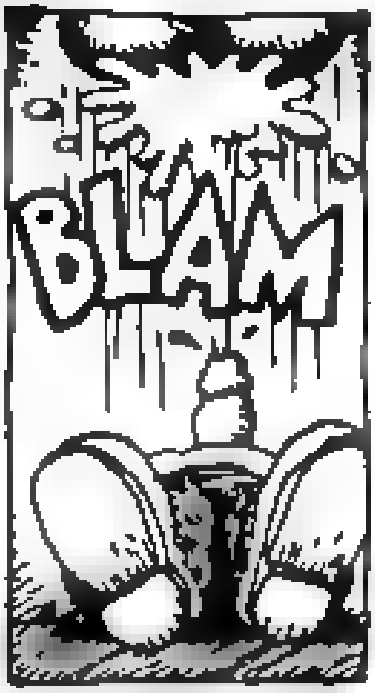
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!!?

YOU!!
AH'S SORRY, MIZ UPDYKE!!

YOU KNOW I ALWAYS GET FIRST CRACK AT THE NEW ONES!!
WAK!

"FIRST CRACK"! GET IT? HA HA HA
HA HA! MISS UPDYKE IS SUCH A CLOWN!!

NOW GET UP!!
AH... PLEEZ. AH'M COMIN' ANY SECOND NOW, MIZ—


BLAM

WHEW! JUST THAT WASN'T HALF BAD!
LOOKOUT DICKNOSE!
WHAT?
SQUINCH
OH MY GOD
BASH
BASH

STOP STOP, YOU'RE HURTING HIM!!
WHAT DO YOU CARE!?
KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOU!
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.
EAT THESE BEANS, YOU!
COME ON! DOWN THE HATCH!!
GLOP GLUP
EAT 'EM UP THAT'S A GOOD GIRL!!
GET BACK EVERYONE!!
OOOHHH MY GOTS PAINS
AAAHHH
BLAP

PEW!! IT STINKS IN HERE!!
DICKNOSE, WHERE ARE YOU?
RIGHT HERE

KISS ME YOU FOOL

KA-SMOOCH!

MAMMY!!

AGH!! GAG!! MORE WASTA
WASA MATA??

MAN, YOU GONE HAF CHANGE YO NAME TO SHITFACE!! HAR HAR!

IT'S ALL HER FAULT. GRAB HER!!!
UH OH

FEETS DO YO' YOU-KNOW WUT!!

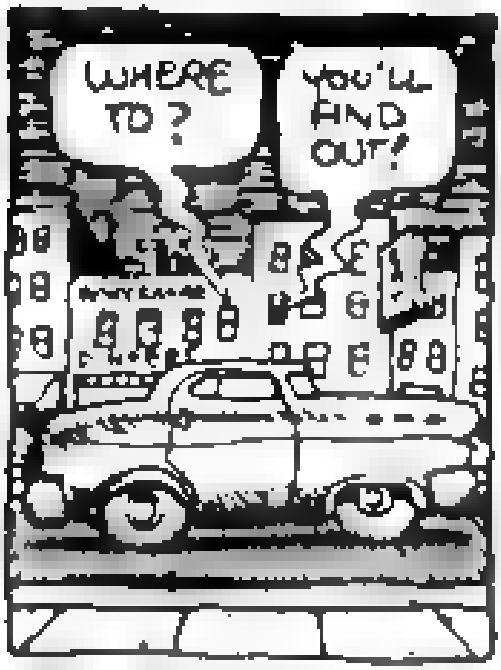
FUCK DAT BUNCH WHITE-DEVIL MUTHAFUCKAS ANYHOW!!

R Crumb

AND GET HIM OUT OF HERE TOO, BEFORE I PUKE!!

BUT, MISS JODYKE, I.
SCB SCB

C'MON, DICKNOSE... LET'S GO FOR A LITTLE RIDE...


WHERE TO?
YOU'LL FIND OUT!

UH DICK-NOSE ALLOW ME TO UH

LCK THAT SHIT OFF YOUR SHNOZ.
SURE!

GOSH!

GLM!

CLUB CHOKE
IN OUT IN OUT

IN OUT IN OUT IN OUT IN OUT IN
IN OUT IN OUT IN OUT IN OUT IN
BLAM
CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!!
OKAY, YOU LOVERS BREAK UP - HERE WE ARE!!
BAP
SO LONG SAP!
POOR OL DICKNOSE DEBASED, HUMILIATED AND TOSSED ASIDE!!
YEAH
BUT OVER THE MOUNTAIN, ACROSS THE SEA A GIRL IS WAITING ... WAITING FOR
ME!
THE END

Gary Arlington & his comic-
store
— by

book

R. Crumb

R. Crumb

SIT RIGHT DOWN AND HAVE YERSELF A...

MEATBALL

NO. 2 — DEE-LISHUS HOME-COOKED POETRY!

50¢

COME 'N' GET IT!

DIG IN!

HUGH KNOX, HUGH FOX and many-more!

GRAB YOUR COAT AND GET YOUR HAT
LEAVE YOUR WORRIES ON THE DOORSTEP.
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
DONTCHA HEAR THAT PITTER PAT?
THAT HAPPY TUNE IS YOUR STEP
LIFE CAN BE SO SWEET, ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET!
I USED TO WALK IN THE SHADE
WITH MY BLUES ON PARADE
BUT NOW I'M NOT AFRAID, I'M A ROVER WHO CROSSED OVER
AND IF I NEVER HAD A CENT
I'D BE RICH AS ROCKEFELLER
GOLD DUST AT MY FEET ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
R. Crumb

Workers of the World ARISE!

cast off your chains and read

MUTUAL CITY

THE ONLY TRUE WORKING MAN'S COMIC BOOK !!

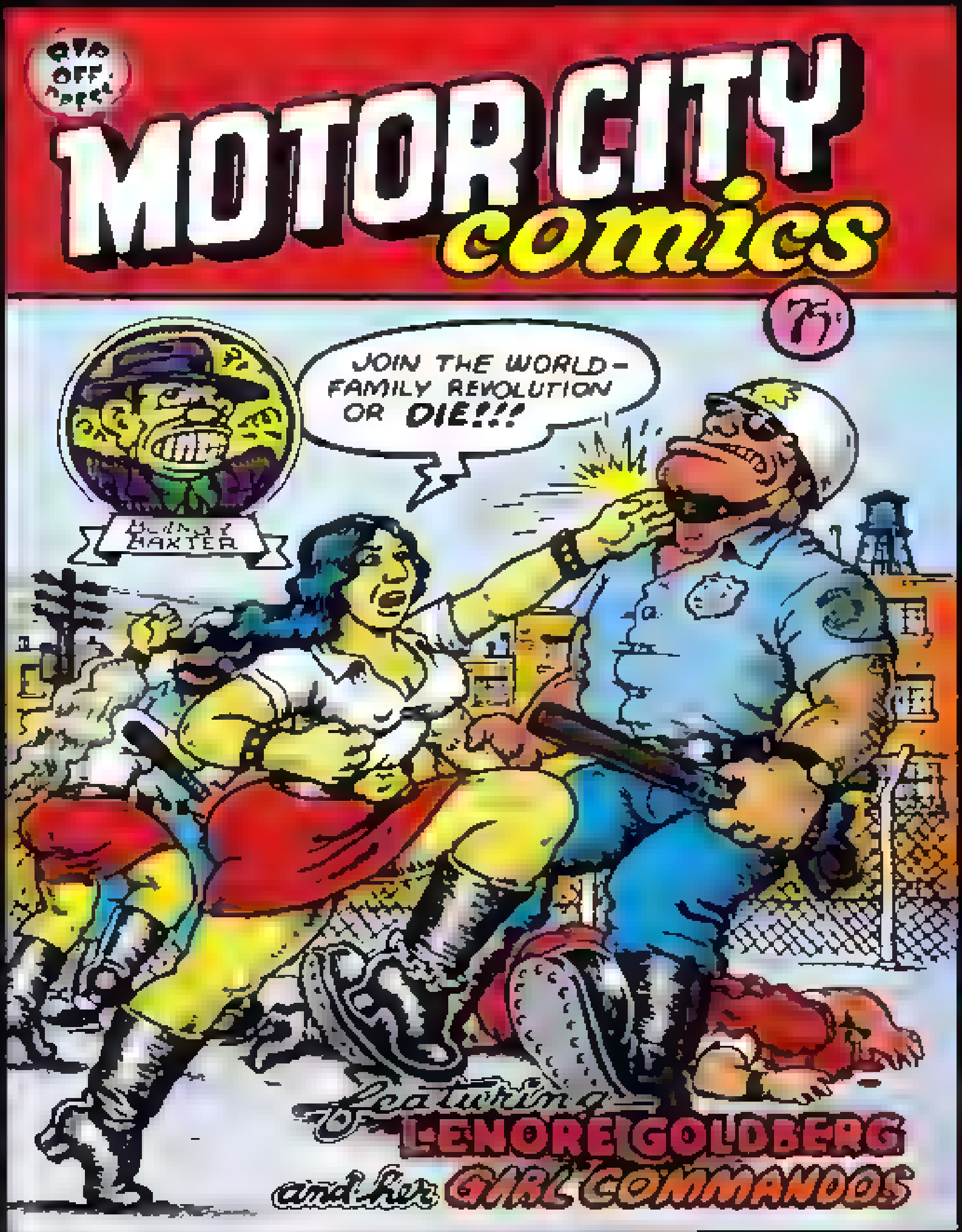
by the People's Cartoonist R. CALVIN

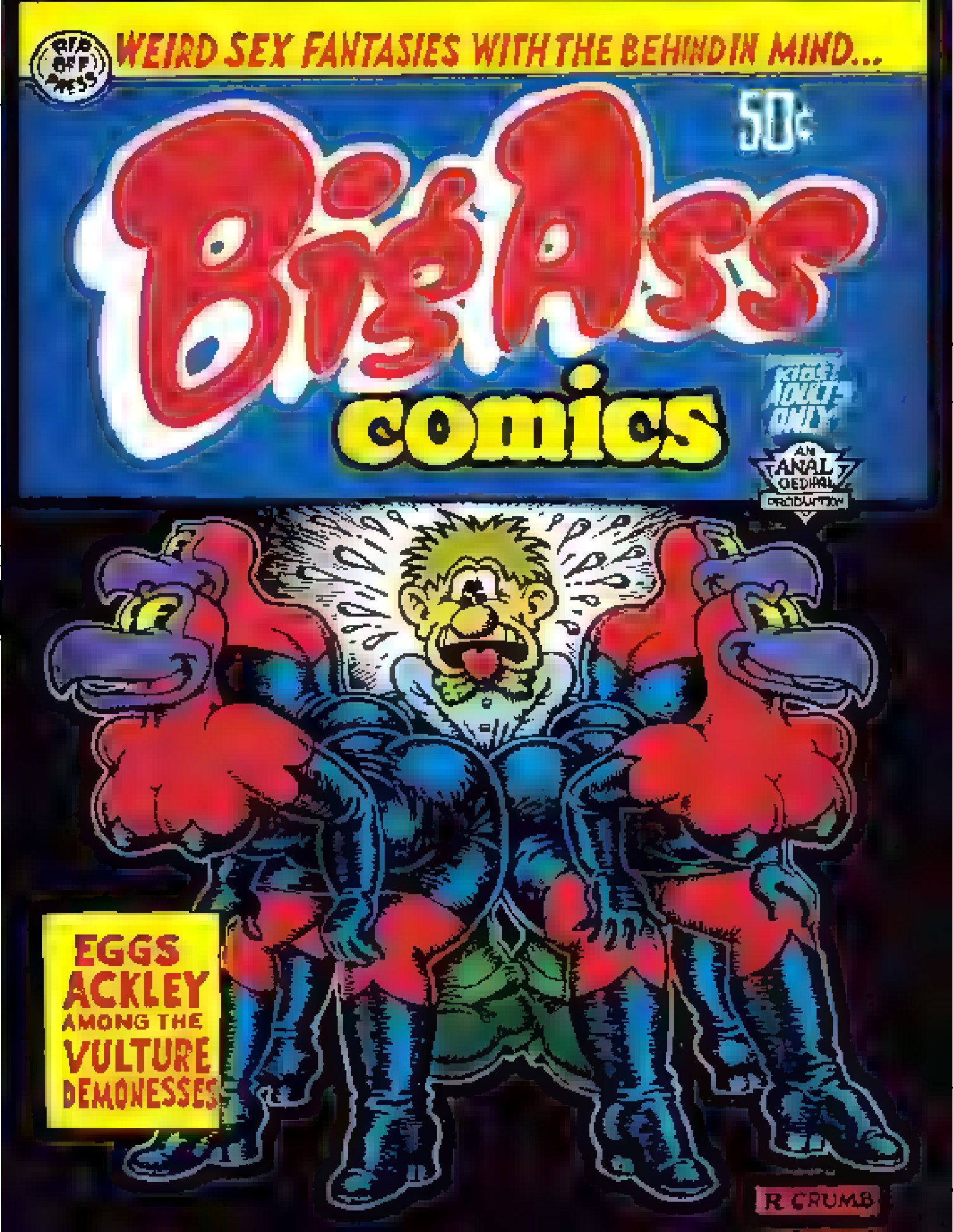
EXPLOITATION OF THE WORKERS EXPOSED!

CLASS STRUGGLE VIVIDLY PORTRAYED!

THE RIP OFF PRESS
box 14158
San Francisco,
CALIF

Getting the Message to the People


QVD OFF-PRINT
MOTOR CITY comics
75¢
JOIN THE WORLD-FAMILY REVOLUTION OR DIE!!!
BAXTER
featuring
LENORE GOLDBERG
and her GIRL COMMANDOS


RIP OFF PRESS
WEIRD SEX FANTASIES WITH THE BEHIND IN MIND...
50¢
BigAss
comics
KIDS! TOUCH ONLY
AN ANAL GENITAL PROBATION
EGGS ACKLEY AMONG THE VULTURE DEMONESSES
R. CRUMB

DON'T BE A

STRAGGLER!

STEP ON THE GAS!!

LEGHER STEP GO!

get behind the

BIG ASS

CALLING ALL MUTANTS!

BIG ASS COMICS LEADS THE PARADE

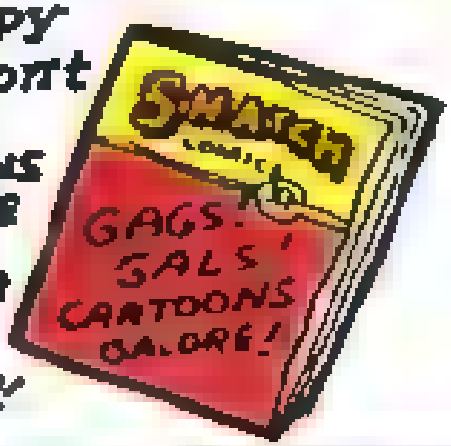
READ Big Ass comics and SEE FOR YOURSELF!

SO "HOT" IT RUNS A CLOSE SECOND TO THE REAL THING!

HAW
HAR
YUK
HAW
GUFFAW
HAR
HMPH!

She's rarin' to go but you'll be so busy laughing at your new copy of "SNATCH COMICS" that you won't even notice!!

"SNATCH" HAS THE KIND OF CARTOONS YOU LIKE AND OUR LATEST ISSUE IS THE BEST YET!! JAM-PACKED WITH GOOD CLEAN ILLUSTRATIONS! TERRIFIC HUMOR AND PLENTY FUN!!



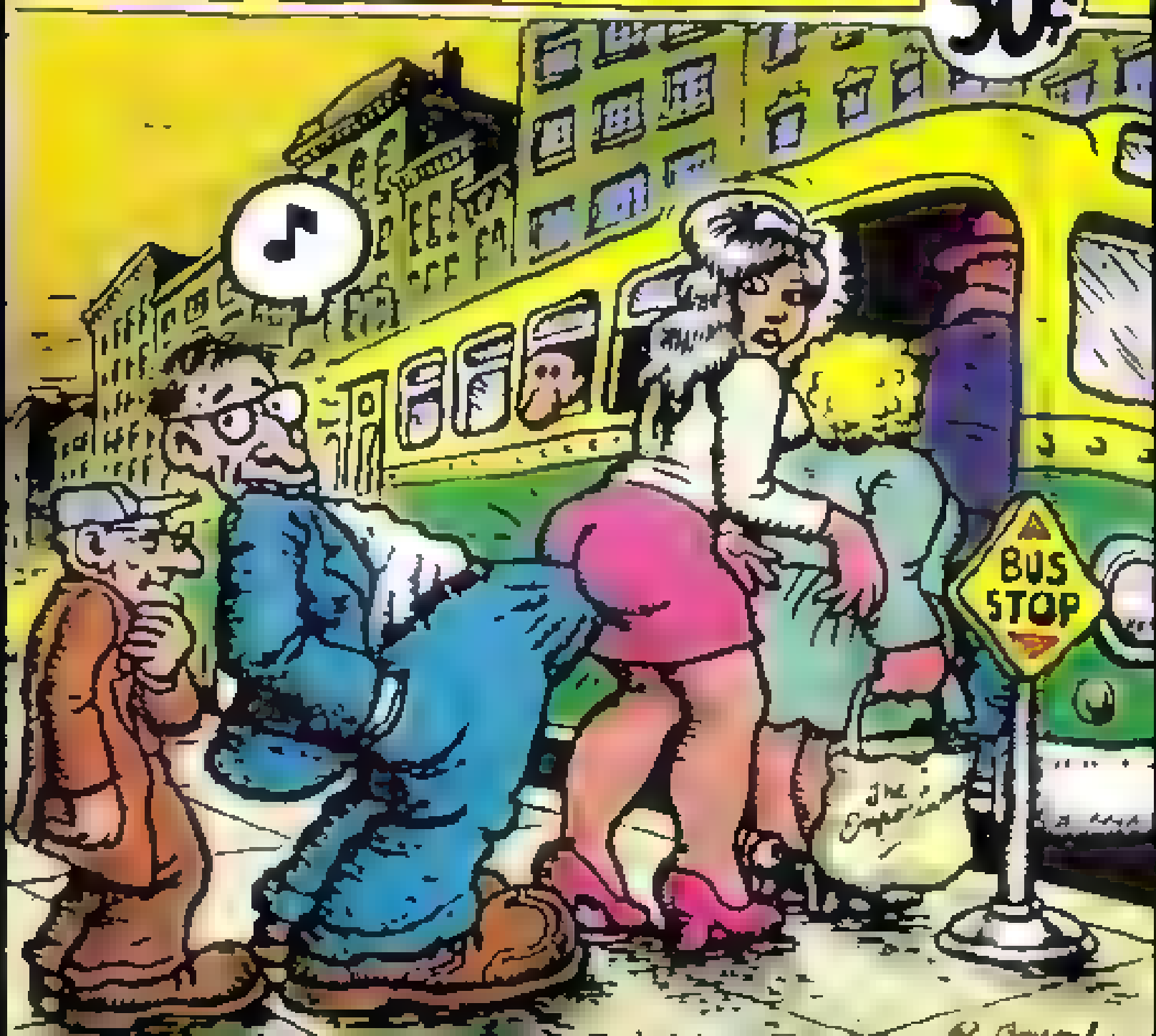
AND IT'S POCKET-SIZE!!

THE NEW ALL-TIME LOW IN SMUT!

SNATCH COMICS

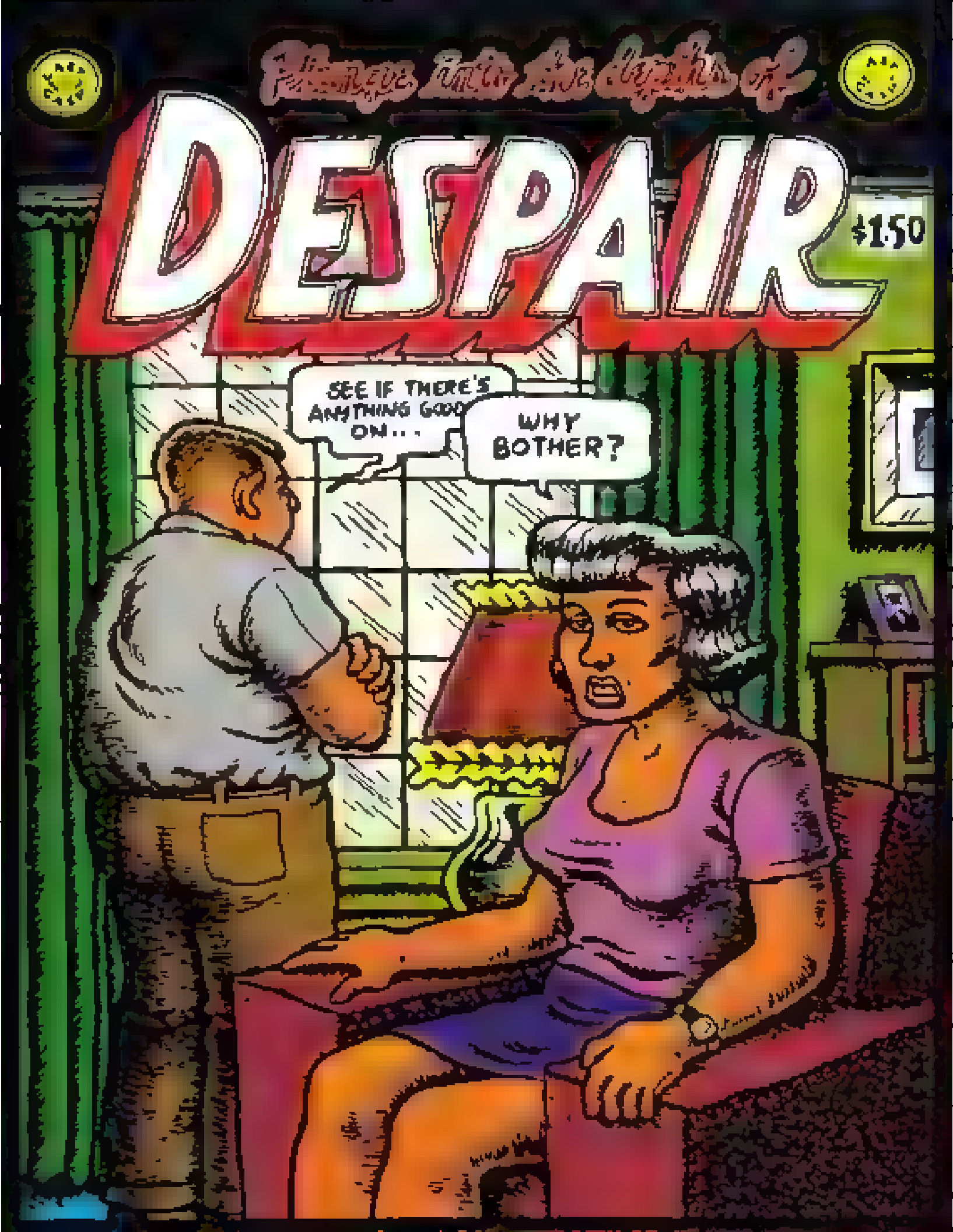
NO. 3

50¢



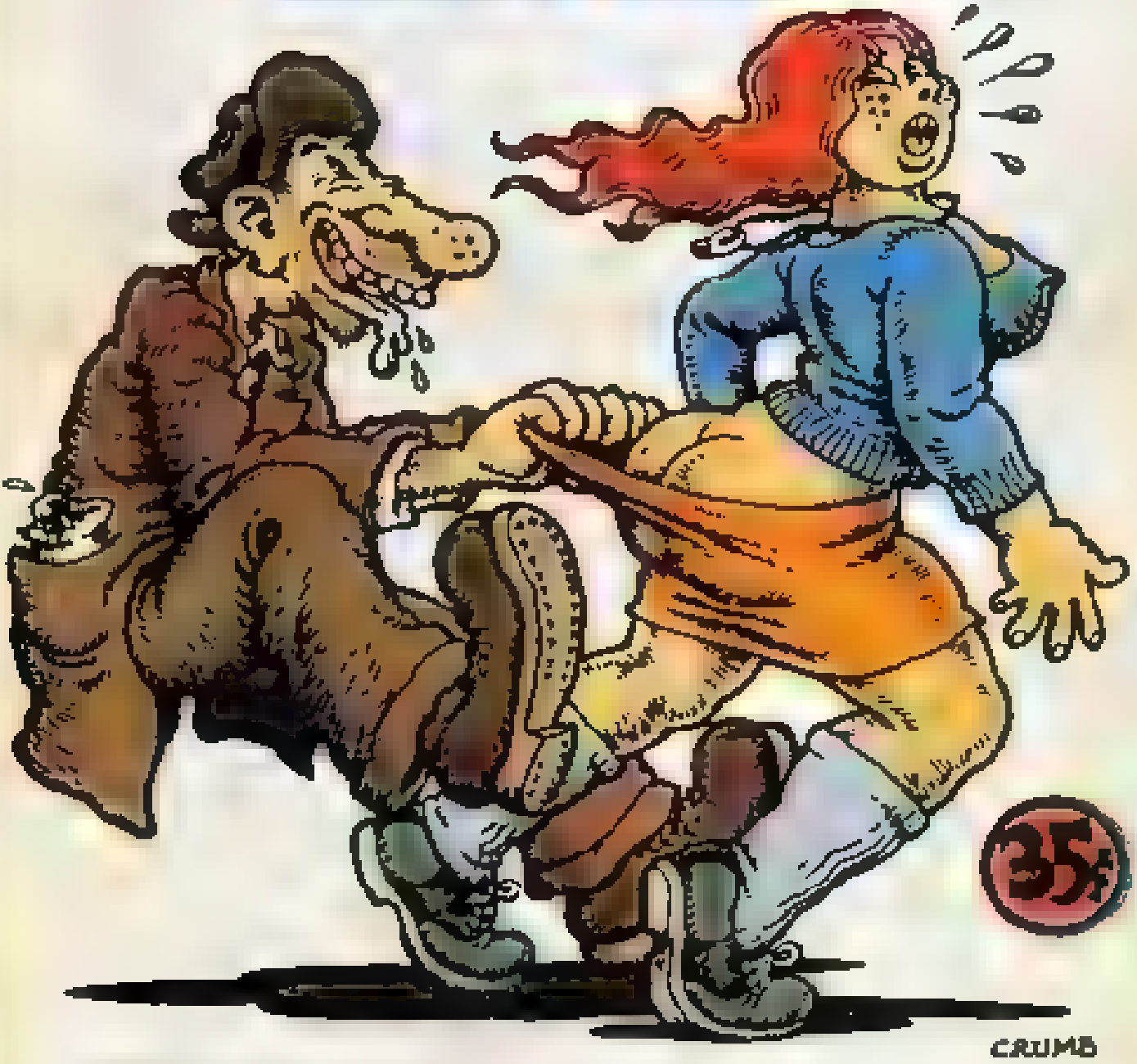
MMM...VERY TASTY INDEED I MUST SAY!!
TEE HEE
R. CRUMB

SPA
50¢
JIZ
COMICS
YUMMA GOOTCHIE, BUFFALO BOB!!
DOWN THE OLD "JISSOM TRAIL!"
©1969 by R. CRUMB


Plunge into the depths of
DESPAIR
$1.50
SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING GOOD ON...
WHY BOTHER?

GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD.
PRESENTS THE FIRST MONTHLY UNDERGROUND COMIC PAPER
ZAP COMICS
35¢
DIS IS DA STUFF!
--sez Mr Goodbar!
R. CRUMB
ADULTS ONLY

GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD. NO 2



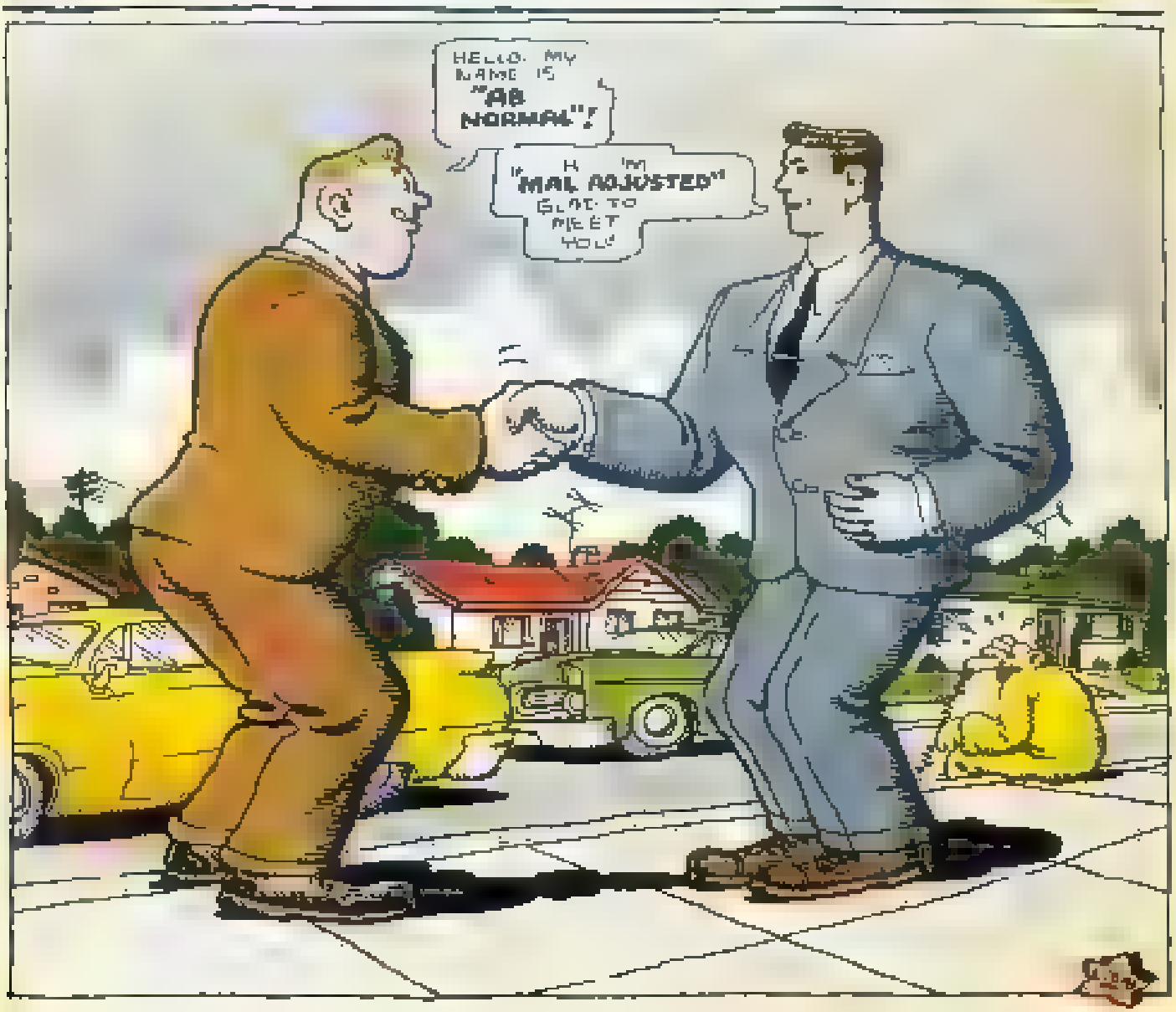
ADULTS ONLY

GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS

ADULTS ONLY!

NO. 3

35¢

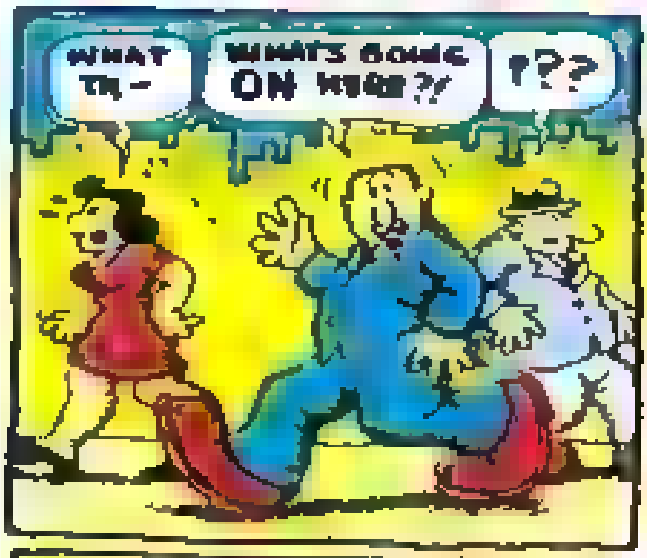


FLAKEY FOONT in DESPERATION

DESE ARE DESPERATE TIMES — Joyce Mr Nuttal

THE TIME HAS COME TO TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES

Everyday funnies

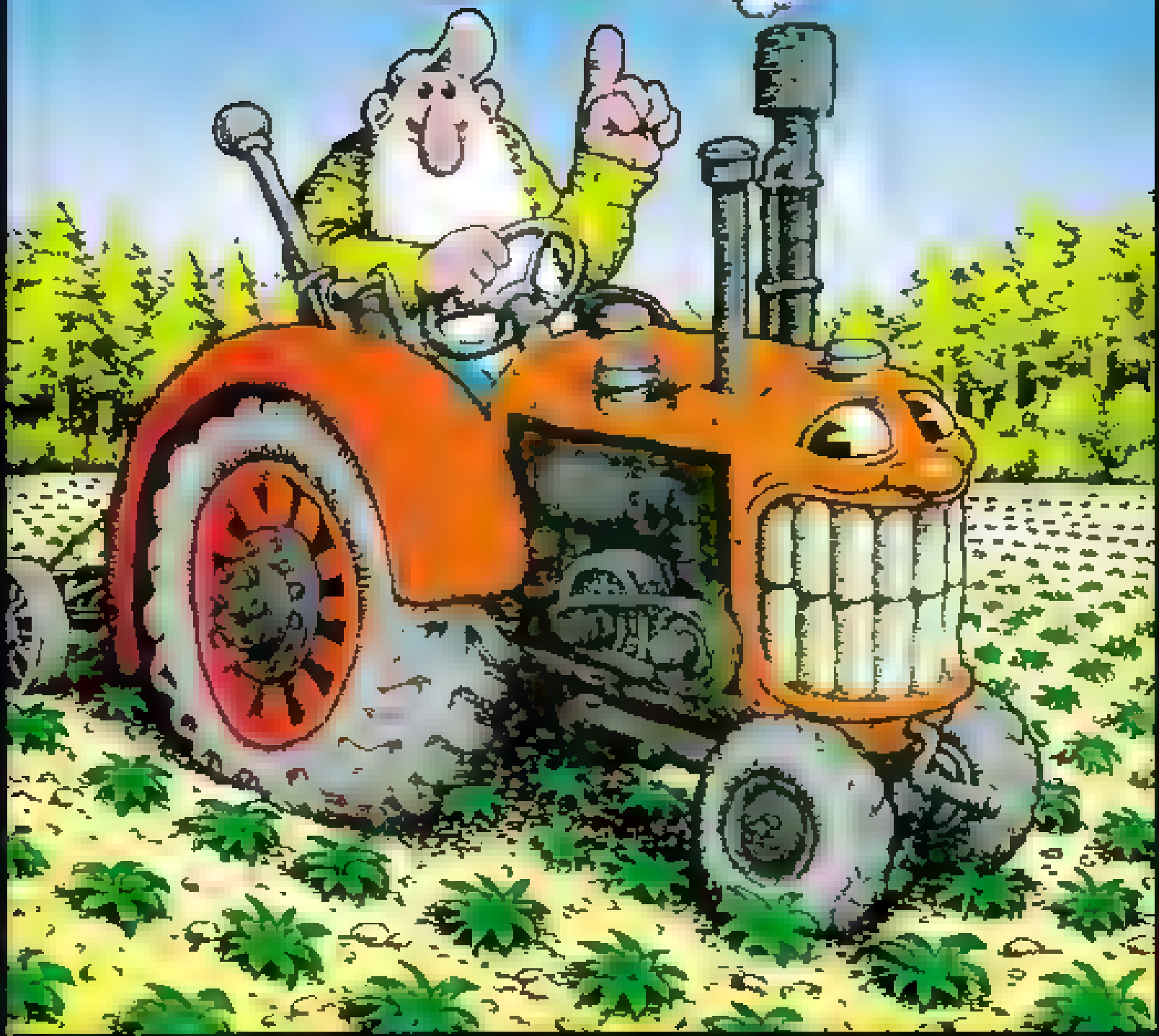


HELICON

SPRING '69

TWAS EVER THUS

says Mr. Natural



YELLOW DOG comics

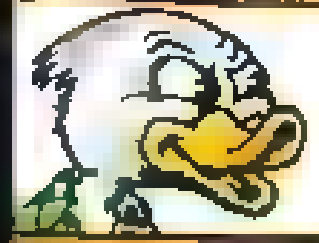
VOL. 2
NO. 13

50¢

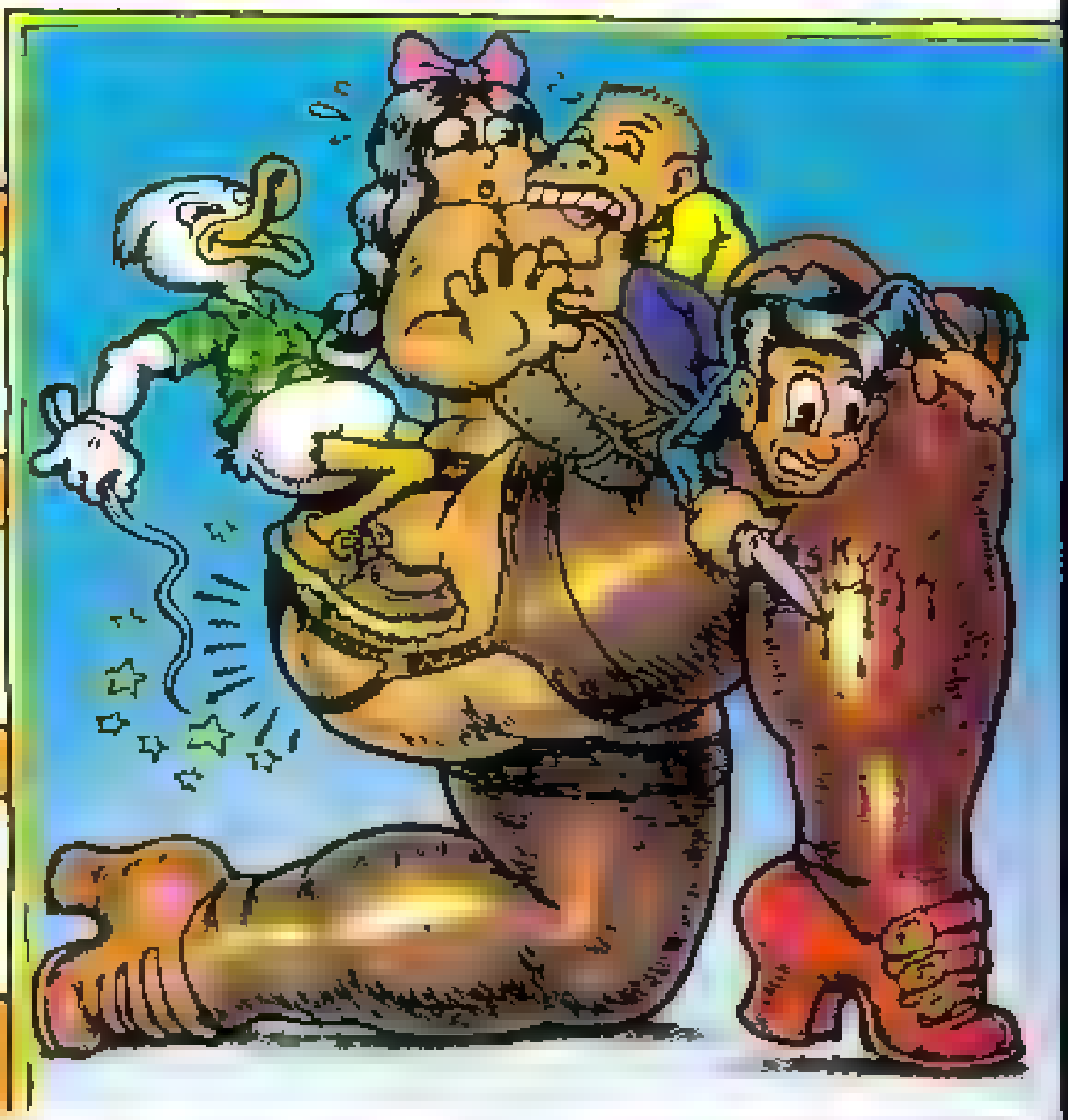
LI'L CUTE

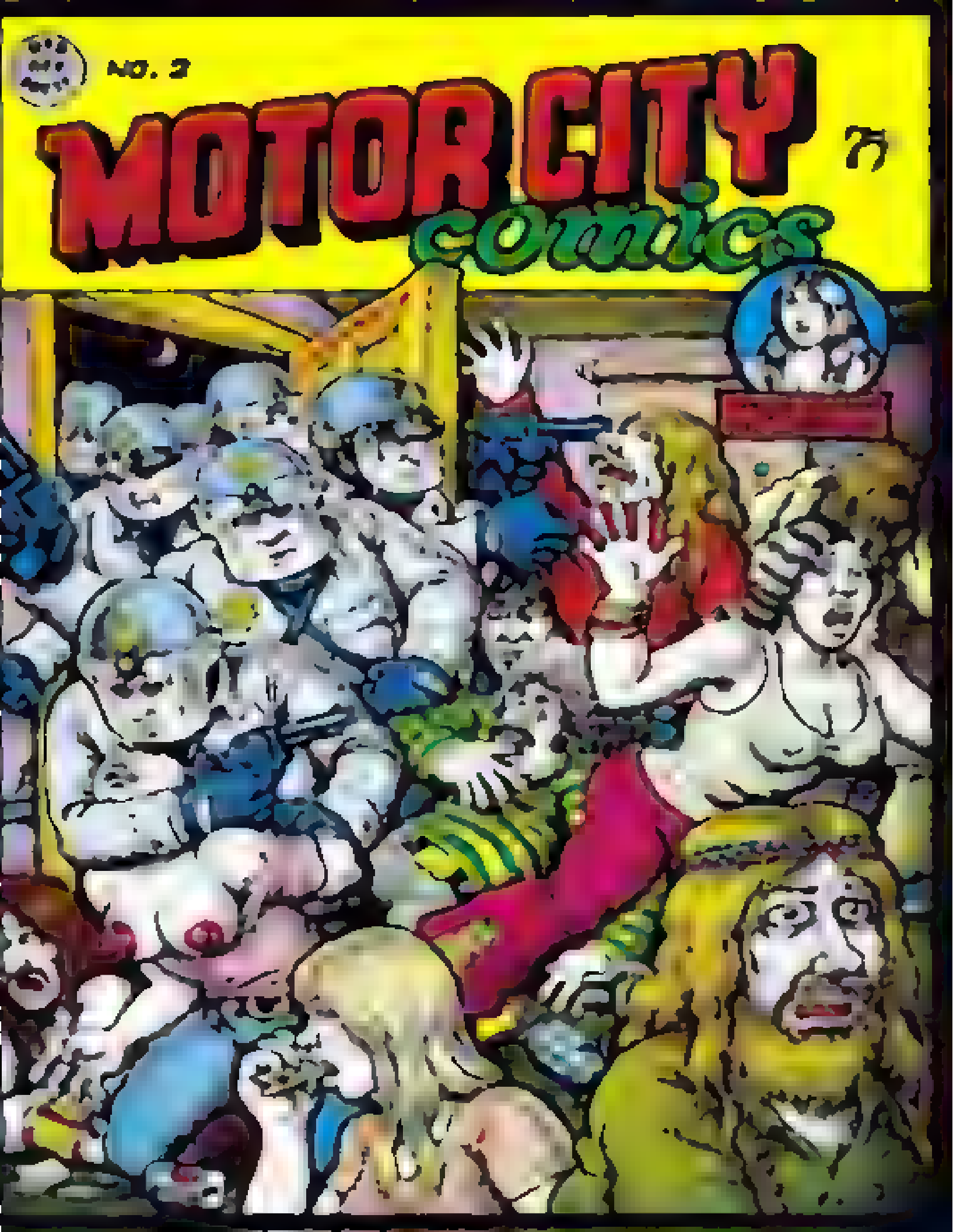
ABSORBINE JR.

SKUTCH

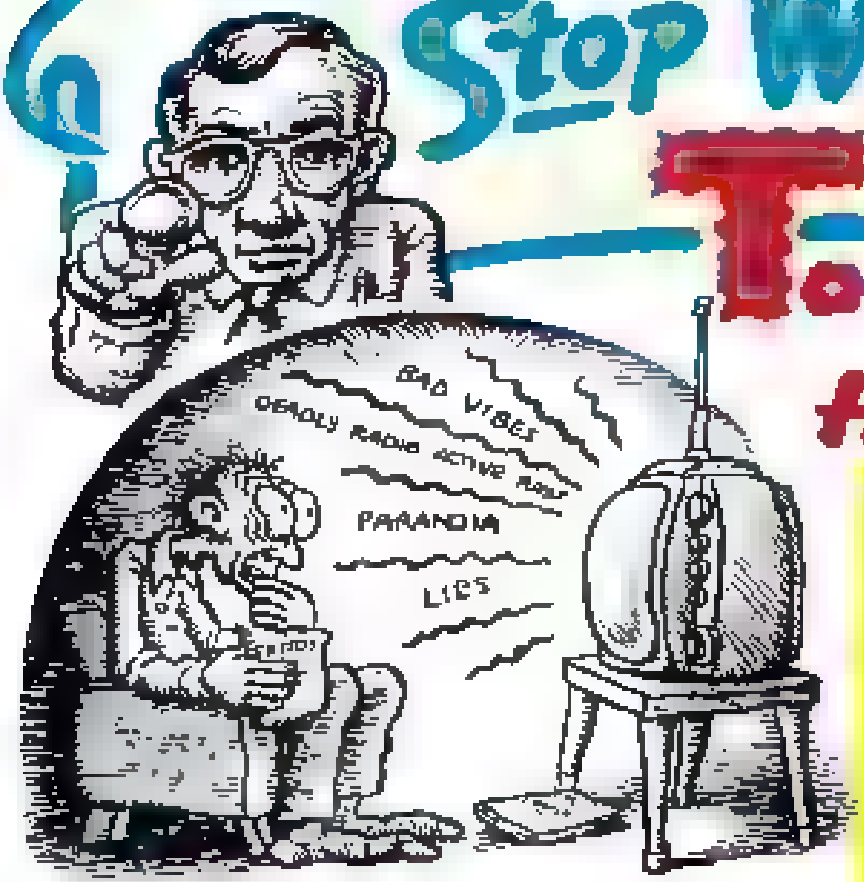


THE DAILY DUCK




NO. 3
MOTOR CITY
comics

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO Stop Watching T.V.?



HERE'S WHY!

TV makes people SICK!!
TV ENSLAVES you and SAPS ALL YOUR CREATIVE ENERGY!
TV HOOKS YOU like DOPE!
TV is obviously a "VAST WASTELAND." This is common knowledge.
TV is just plain BAD for you physically, mentally, and spiritually. Watching it will cause you great unhappiness in life and you're more than likely to get CANCER!!

BUT IF YOU STILL MUST HAVE YOUR MEDIA INJECTION, THEN READ

MOTOR CITY COMICS

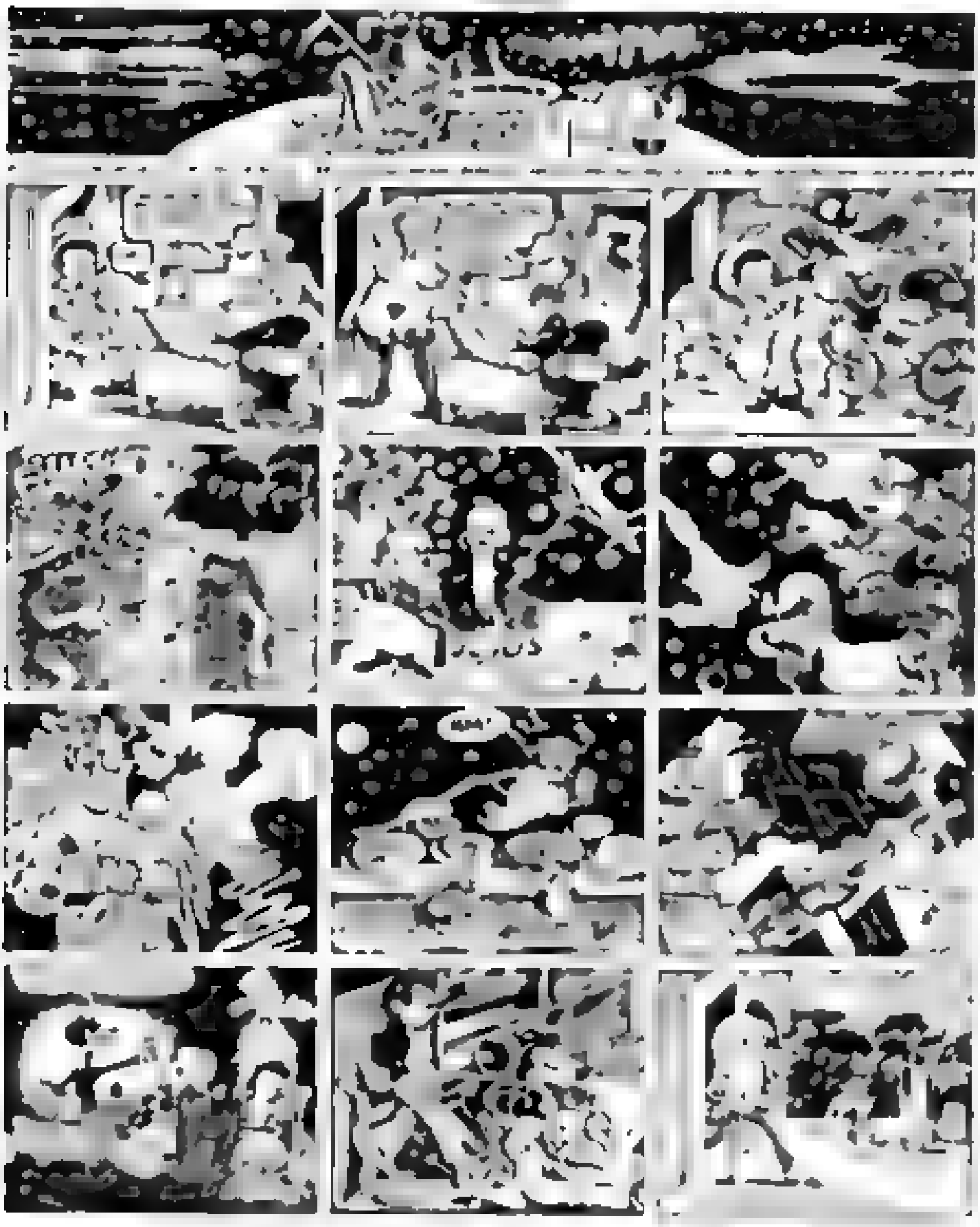
IT'S THE COMIC THAT
ANSWERS TO NO ONE!!

Motor City Comics is the last outspoken bastion of TRUTH left in America today. Read it and you shall be FREE! Contained within these pages are mind blowing glimpses of REALITY as it REALLY IS! These comics BREAK THROUGH the TV-INDUCED STUPOR, for this is ANTI-MEDIA! It's got the MEDICINE for the BLUES, and has been known to turn MENTALLY ILL persons into HEALTHY, GOOD-HUMORED FREE-THINKERS. You, too, will benefit from reading MOTOR CITY COMICS!!

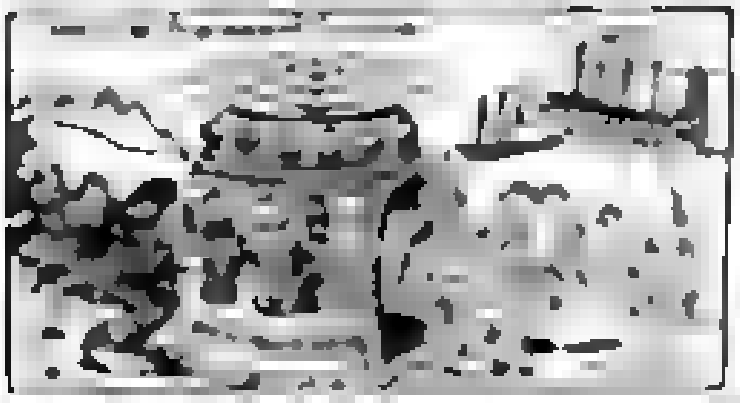
THE OTHER

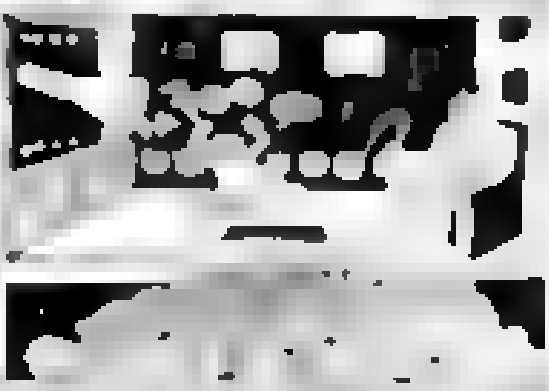
"BURNED OUT"

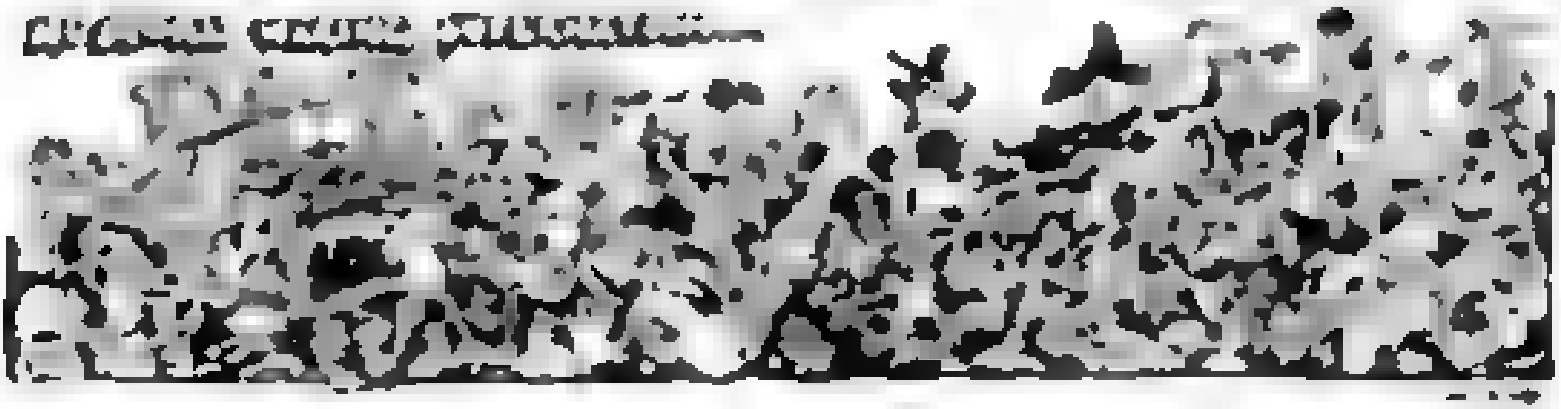
THE NEW COMIX

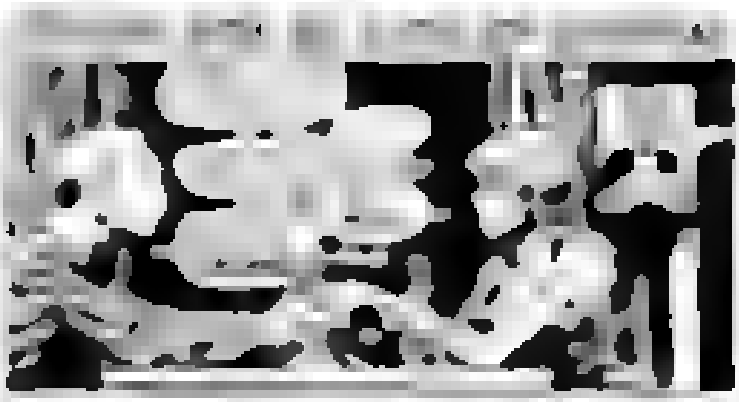


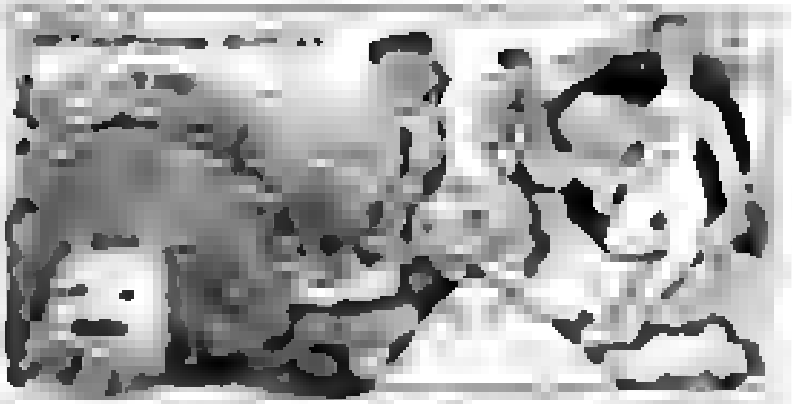
OF THE REVOLUTION



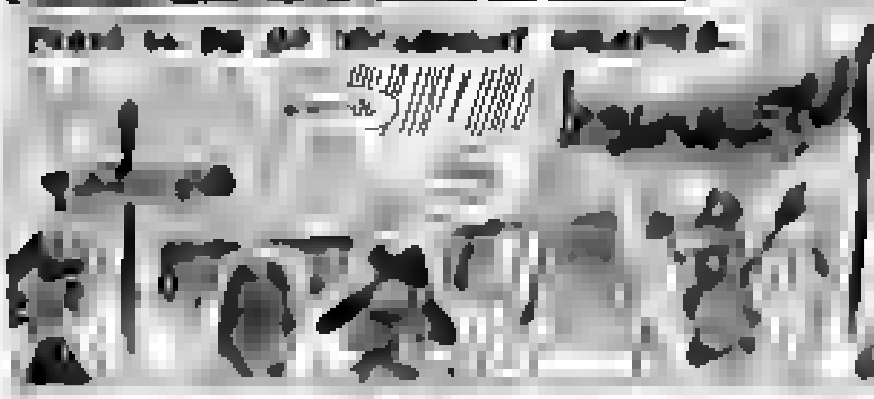








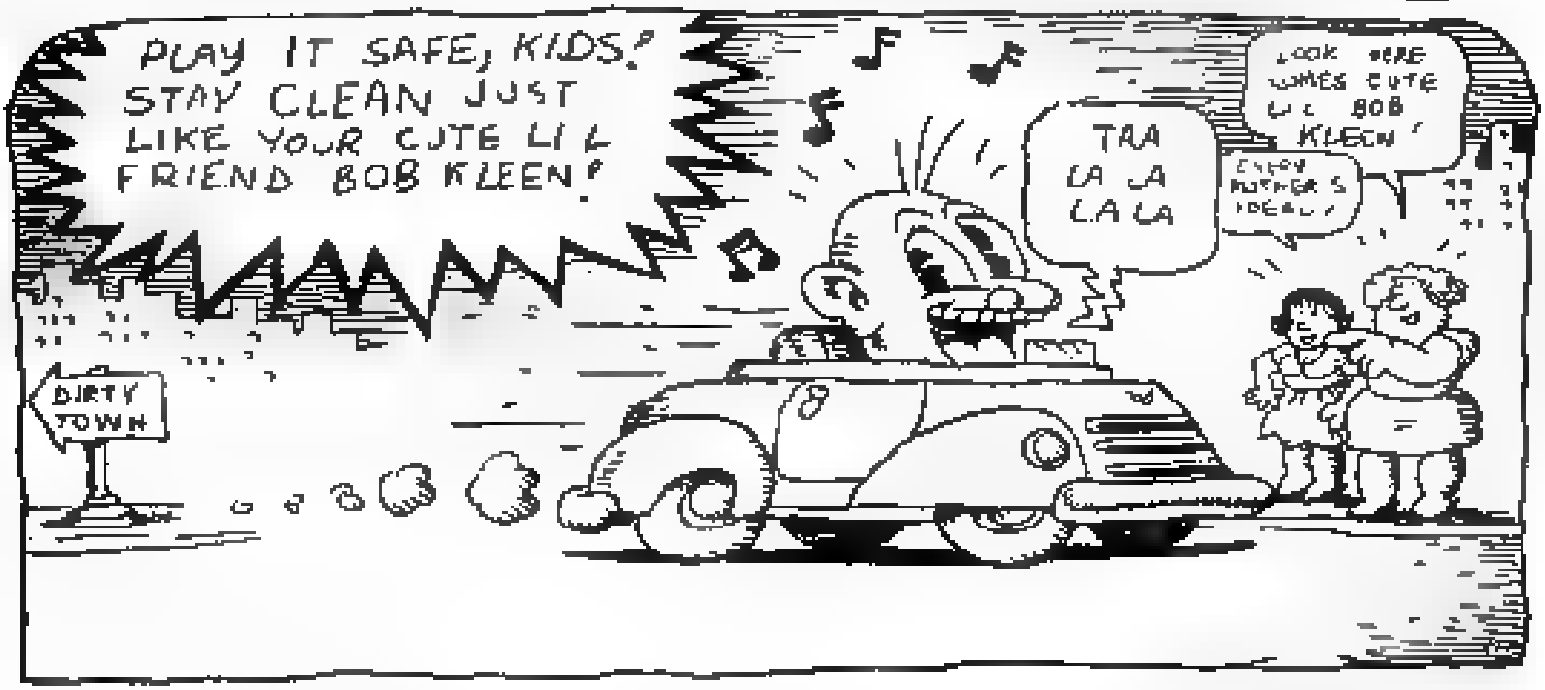
or, Pug Is Privately at Home!

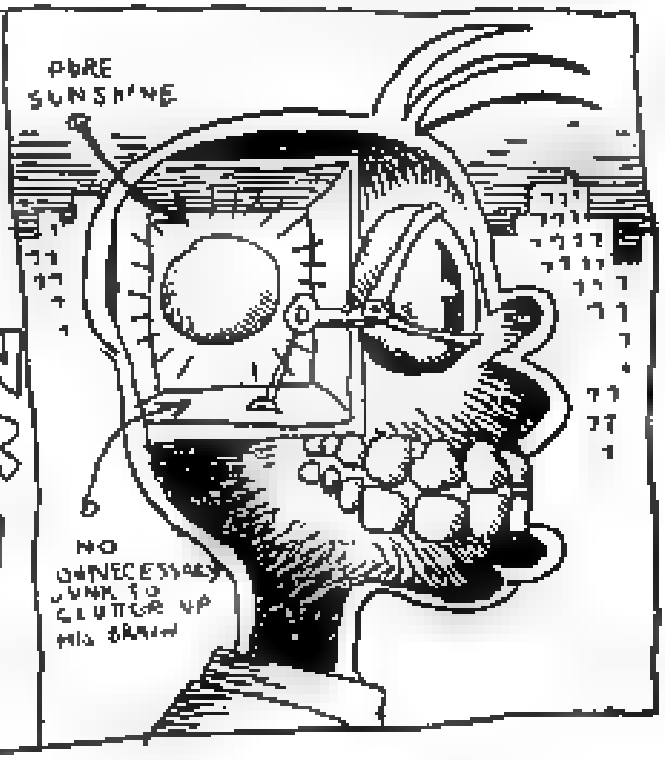


TOGETHER

O-SO-KLEEN COMICS

"comics for the clean-at-heart!"





THE GIRLS LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE'S SO SWEET!
I LOVE YOU, BOB! YOU'RE SO— SO— CLEAN!
SHUCKS
HISS
HIS APPROACH TO SEX IS SO GENTLE HE NEVER FORCES HIMSELF ON GIRLS.
MMM
AND HE WAITS UNTIL A GIRL IS REALLY WET AND REALLY WANTS IT BEFORE HE ENTERS HER!
NOW! NOW!
THAT BOY IS AMAZING! HE CAN CONTROL HIMSELF SO HE DOESN'T COME UNTIL HIS SWEET-HEART IS COMPLETELY SATISFIED!
AH AH AH AH
AND THEN HE REALLY LETS IT POP!
EEYAH
BLAM
THIS KID IS KLEEN!
OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT TO TAKE A SHOWER
BATHROOM
THE END

Wavy Gravy PRESENTS:

THE CONSPIRACY STOMP

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 7TH 8 P.M.

THE ARAGON BALLROOM

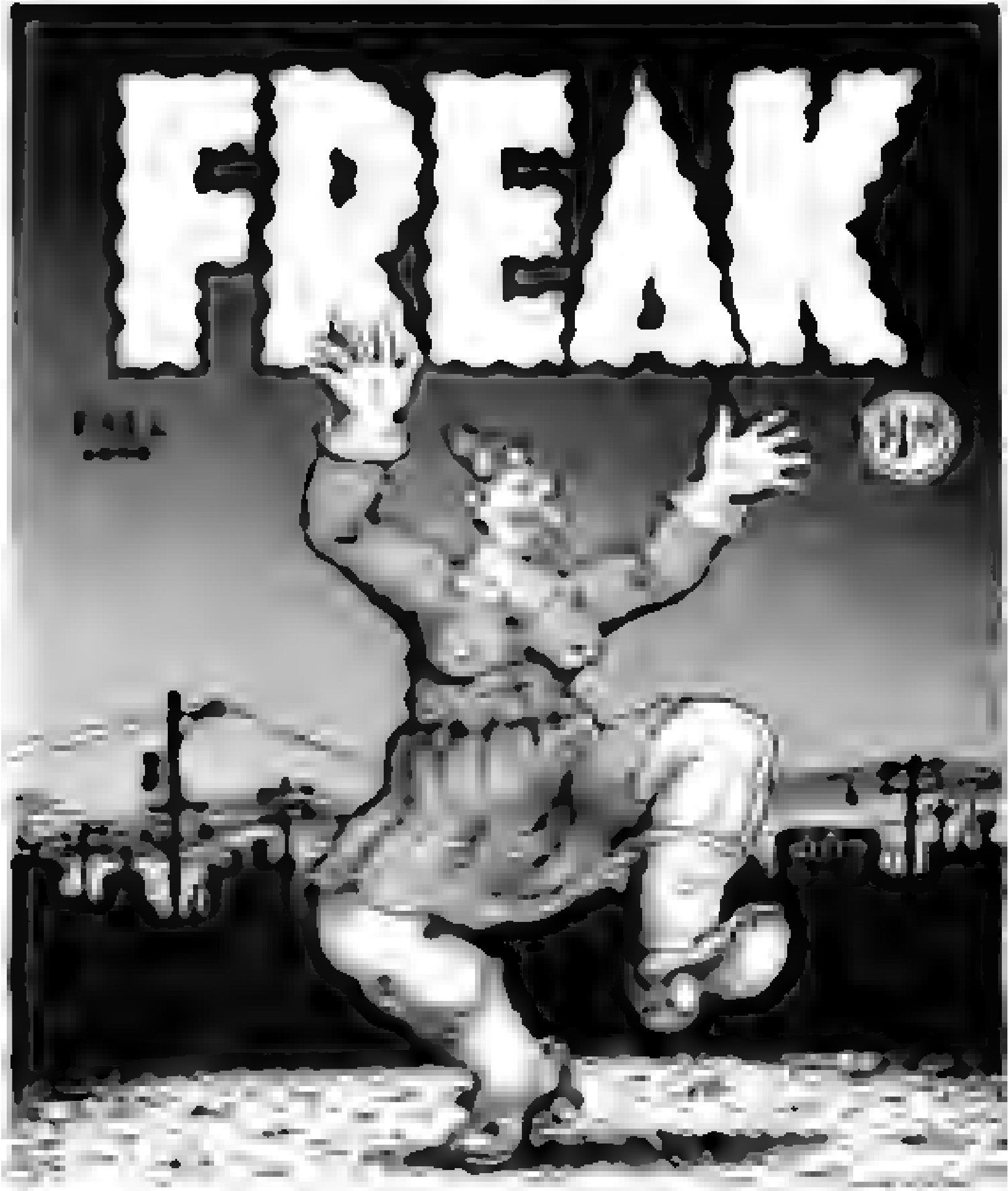
A BENEFIT FOR THE CHICAGO EIGHT

Featuring:

Abbie Hoffman
Paul Krassner
Rob Gibson
The Fabulous Hypnotics
Jeff Carp Group
Chad Mitchell
The Cast of "Hair"
Hugh Romney and the Hog Farm Bus
Johnny Kaye
Phil Ochs
The Silver Apples
Calvin's Wolla Walla Basics
and Fifty Live Turkeys

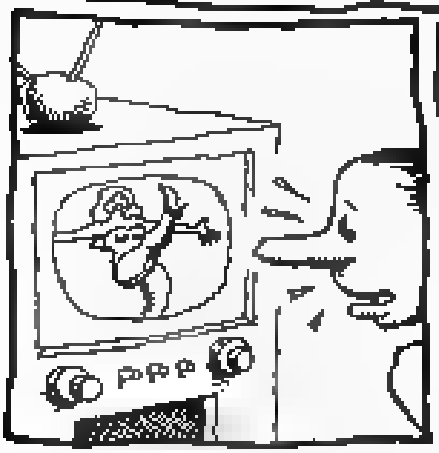
TICKETS CENTRAL AGENCY for information call 427 1773

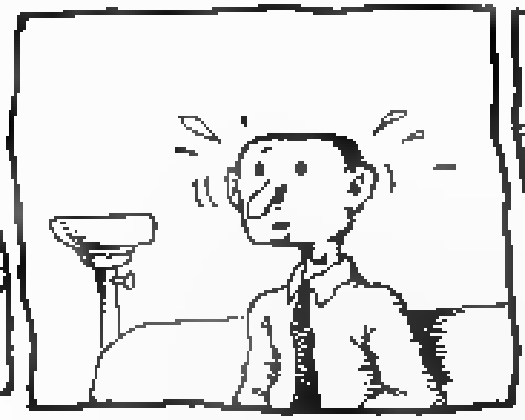
R Crumb



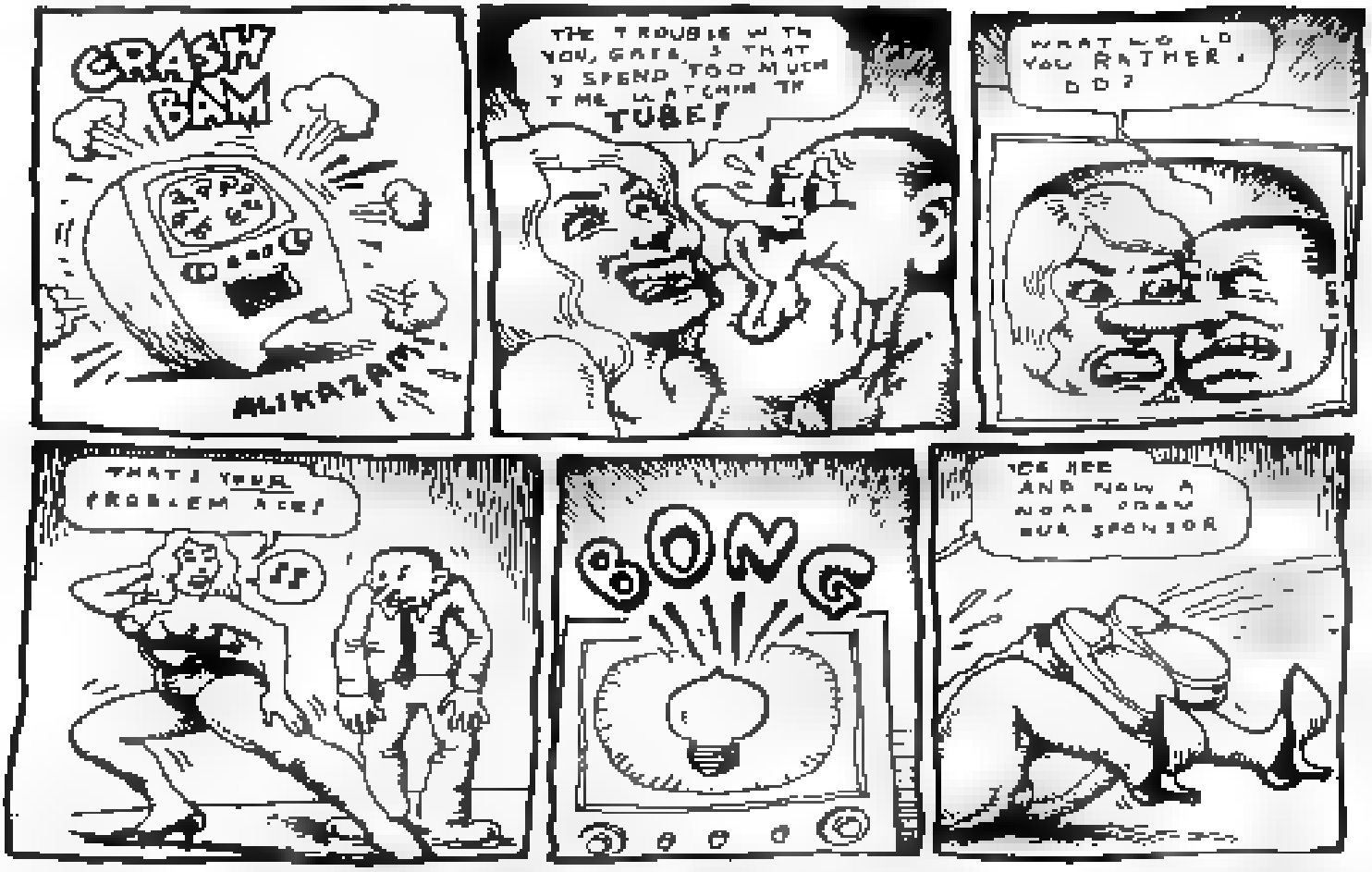
HRUDE KUTUPS

SOME OFF-THE-KUFF HRUD BY KRUMB





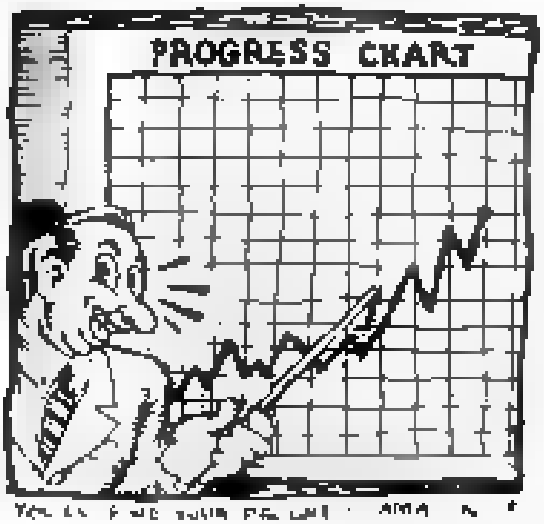
THAT BITCH!
I'M ONLY TRYING TO MAKE YOU AWARE OF THE FACT THAT YOU'RE WASTING YOUR ENERGIES, BUNNY... THROWING AWAY ALL THAT POTENTIAL AND FURTHERMORE
YEAH YEAH YEAH! I'M TIRED O HEARIN ABOUT IT!
CLICK
MAYBE SHE HAD A POINT THERE! OH WELL... NO USE WORRYIN ABOUT IT! I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLES!
WHY DON'T PEOPLE LEARN TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS?
ALOW'S MORE...
I DON'T GIVE ANYBODY ANY HASSLES AND EXPECT THEM TO DO THE SAME FOR ME!
BUNCH OF BURN ARTISTS!
WHO NEEDS EM! I GOT EVERYTHING I NEED RIGHT HERE!
JUST LET EM TRY AN PULL ANY O THAT SHIT WITH ME!
CLICK
AND FURTHERMORE!
YEEAAAH!



Of course not!! But you see, well, there's been an ACCIDENT!! No one's quite sure how it happened, but we seem to be in the process of recovering! NOW! THE TRUE NATURE OF THE COSMIC "MIND-WARP" is REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO ANYBODY WHO'S INTERESTED! for as low as

$2.00!

No more than a Haircut!!



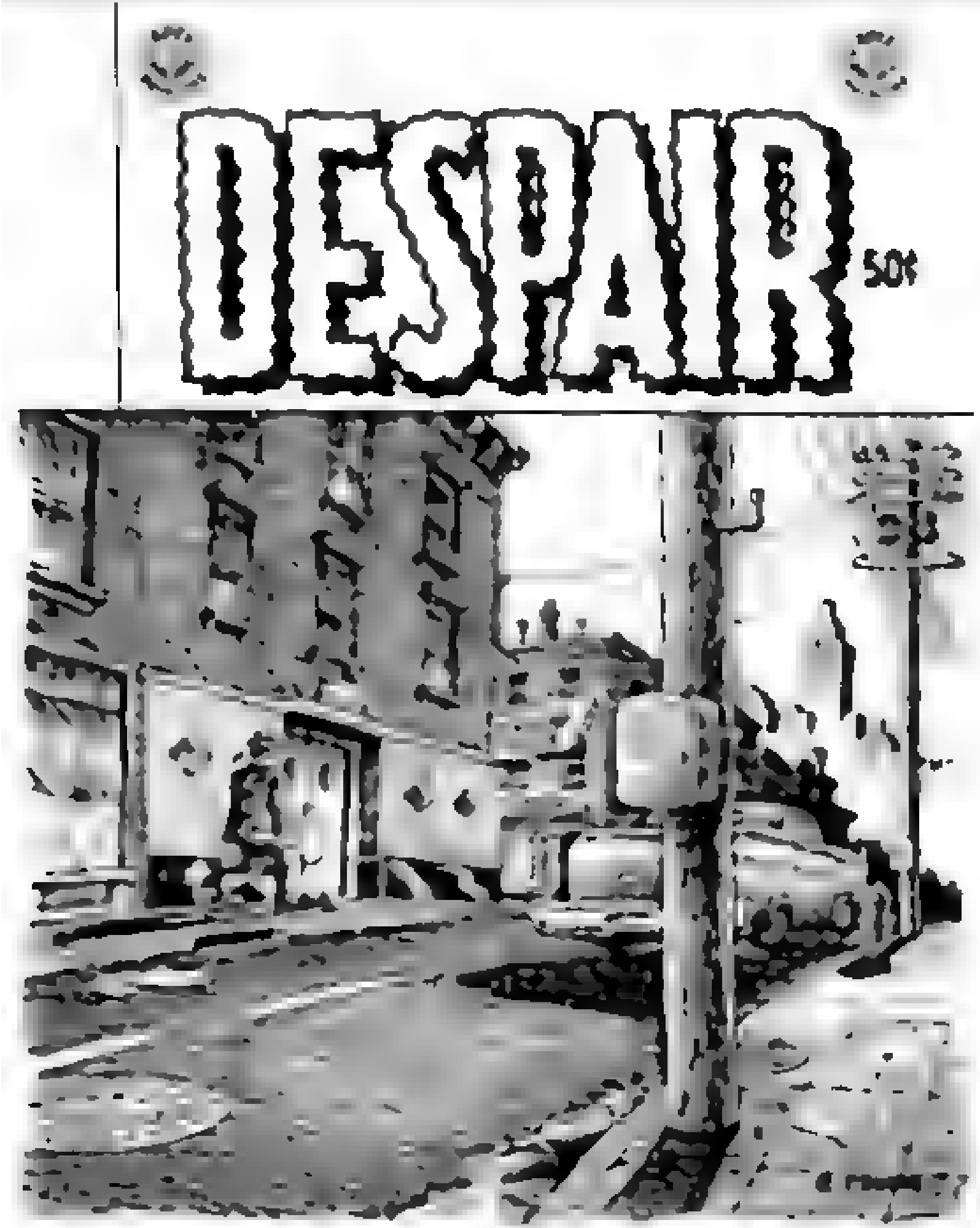
CHUCK and BOB in "UPS AND DOWNS"
HEY CHUCK!
WHAT DOES THAT SCRUNGBALL WANT NOW??
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY INTERRUPTING US SUNDOLL, YOU OAF!!
SUNDOLL! A BARREL!
SO BIG DEAL!
SO IT'S A MATTER OF A BARREL!!
AND DOES WHAT WE CAN DO WITH IT?
HMM
LET'S TAKE IT DOWN TO THE RIVER AND MAKE A BOAT OUT OF IT!!
WOW!! OUTA SIGHT!!
THIS IS IDEAL!!
A PERFECT BOAT!
AND LOOK! I SUPERGLUED TO ME ALONG WITH ME!
OBOY!! LET'S GET STARTED!!
2 LUK!
HMMM AHH
2 LUK!
HEY LOOK!! A HELICOPTER!
OH! I THINK I HAD A HALF EATER!!

TO CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS!
DID YOU HEAR THAT??
YEAH! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!!
LET'S GO RIP!!
THIS IS THE LINE TO TRAVEL, BUM!!
YOU SAID IT, MATE!
JUST A MINUTE TOO SOON
HERE COME DA FUZZ IN A NICE BOAT!!
THEY'RE GAINING ON US!!
WE'RE GONE FOR SURE NOW!
FEEEEE
THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING US! THAT'S GOOD
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?!
RUMBLE
OMGOD! NO WONDER!
A WATER FALL!!
RUMBLE
THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE END!!
GOOD BYE CAPTAIN CHARLIE!
YOU AND YOUR BARREL!
IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO MAKE A BOAT OUTA IT!!
ROAR
LET'S NOT QUARREL AT A TIME LIKE THIS
SAME TO YOU, BUDDY! IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE!
ROAR

FOOMP!
YOW!
MOOGA OOGANA!
SPLOSH
CHUCK!
BOB!

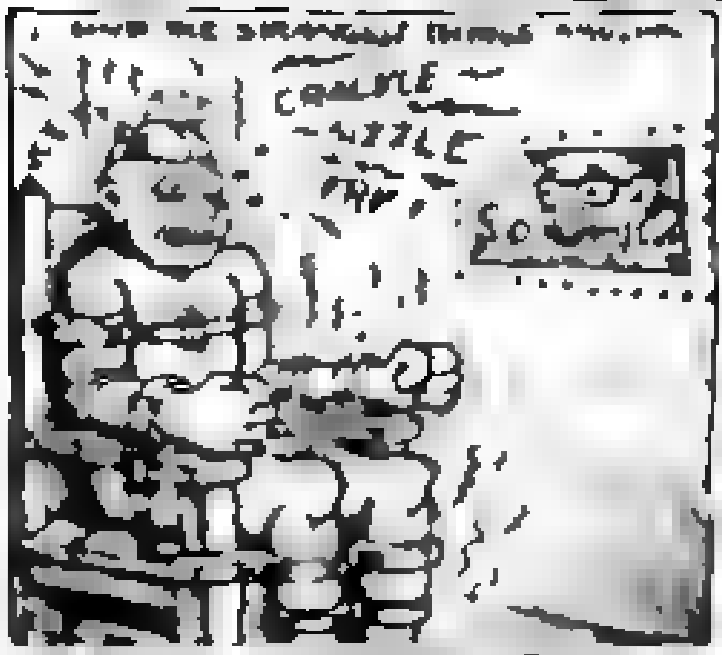
MO CHIBA!
ABOO MOBUTU!!
SPLASH!?

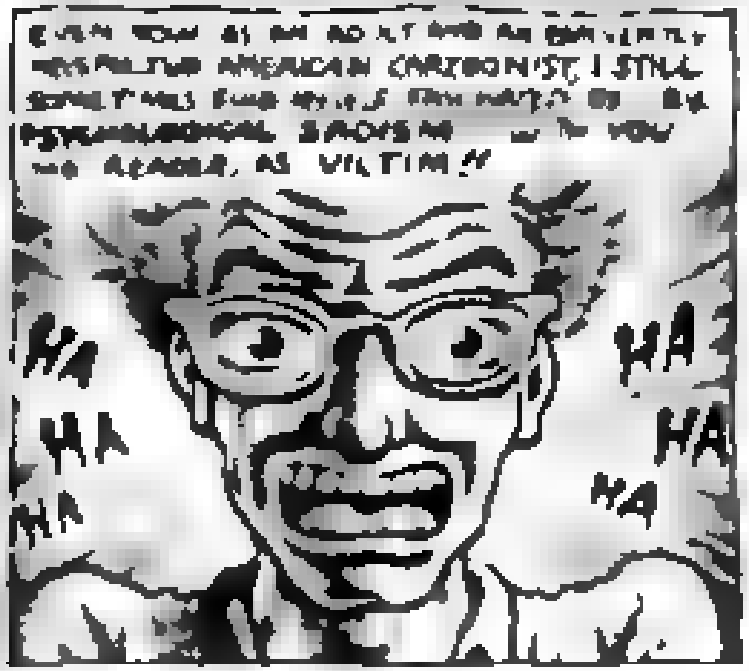
PIOF


DESPAIR
50¢

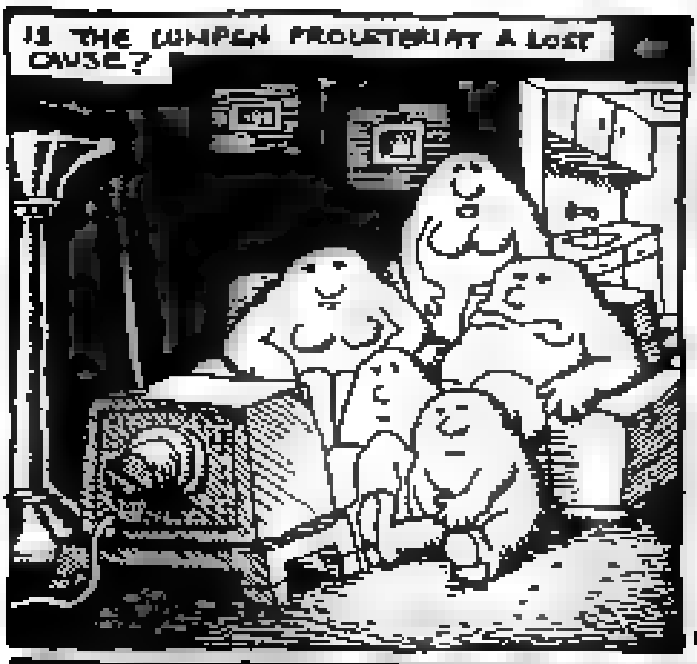
YOU MAY NOT THINK IT'S FUNNY, BUT I'VE GOT A

MORBID SENSE OF HUMOR





IT'S REALLY TOO BAD
YES, IT'S REALLY TOO BAD, THE WAY THINGS WORKED OUT. IT COULD'VE BEEN SO BEAUTIFUL, BUT ..AH WELL, READ IT AND WEEP.
WHAT'S THIS MODERN WORLD COMING TO?
IT'S NOT MUCH FUN BUT IT'S EFFICIENT...
IT'S NEUROTIC IS WHAT IT IS"
BUT WHO DWELL ON IT! LET'S HAVE A PARTY!
LITTLE BROTHER'S NOT AS CUTE AS WE HOPED, BUT NEVERMIND..

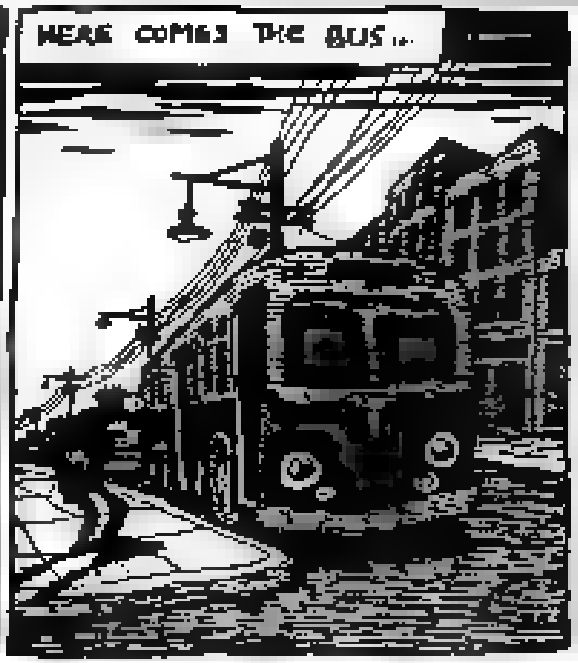

IS THE LUMPEN PROLETARIAT A LOST CAUSE?

ONLY TIME WILL TELL...

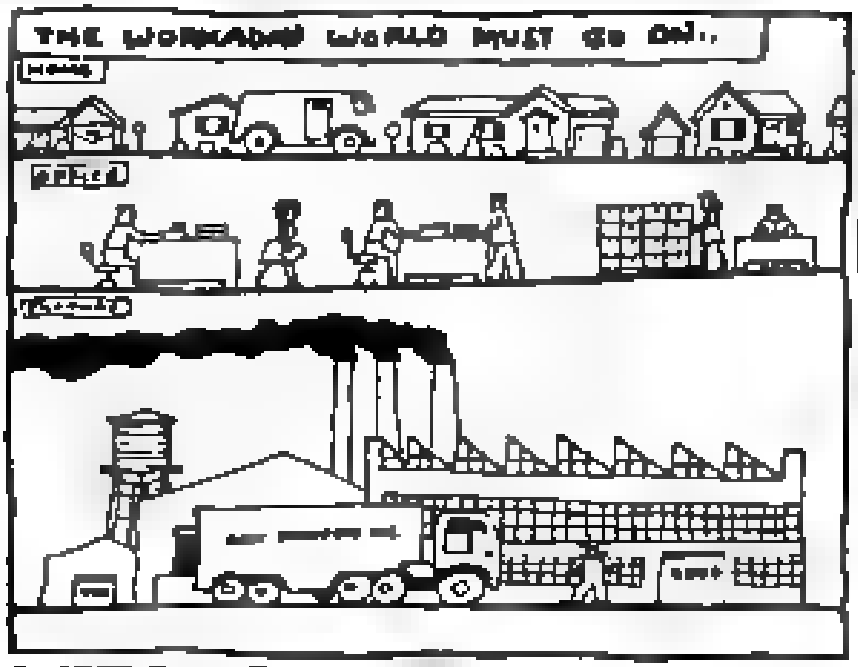
PERHAPS.... PERHAPS.... THESE ARE THE LAST DAYS!
GGULP!

WHO CARES? WHY GO ON LIVING?

"THAT'S RIGHT .. WHY BOTHER?" SAYS RUTH SCHWARTZ TO HERSELF.


HERE COMES THE BUS...

THERE'S NO ESCAPE...
WAH!

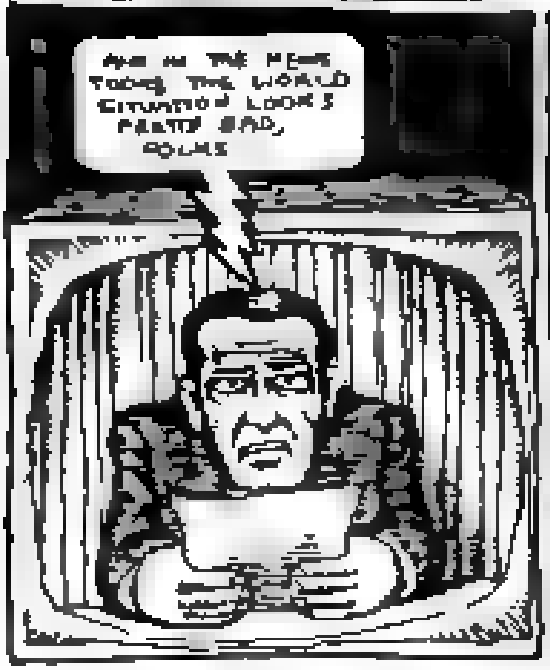

THE WORKADAY WORLD MUST GO ON..
HOME
STREET
FACTORY

BE IT CAPITALISM..
JUST SIGN HERE

OR COMMUNISM..

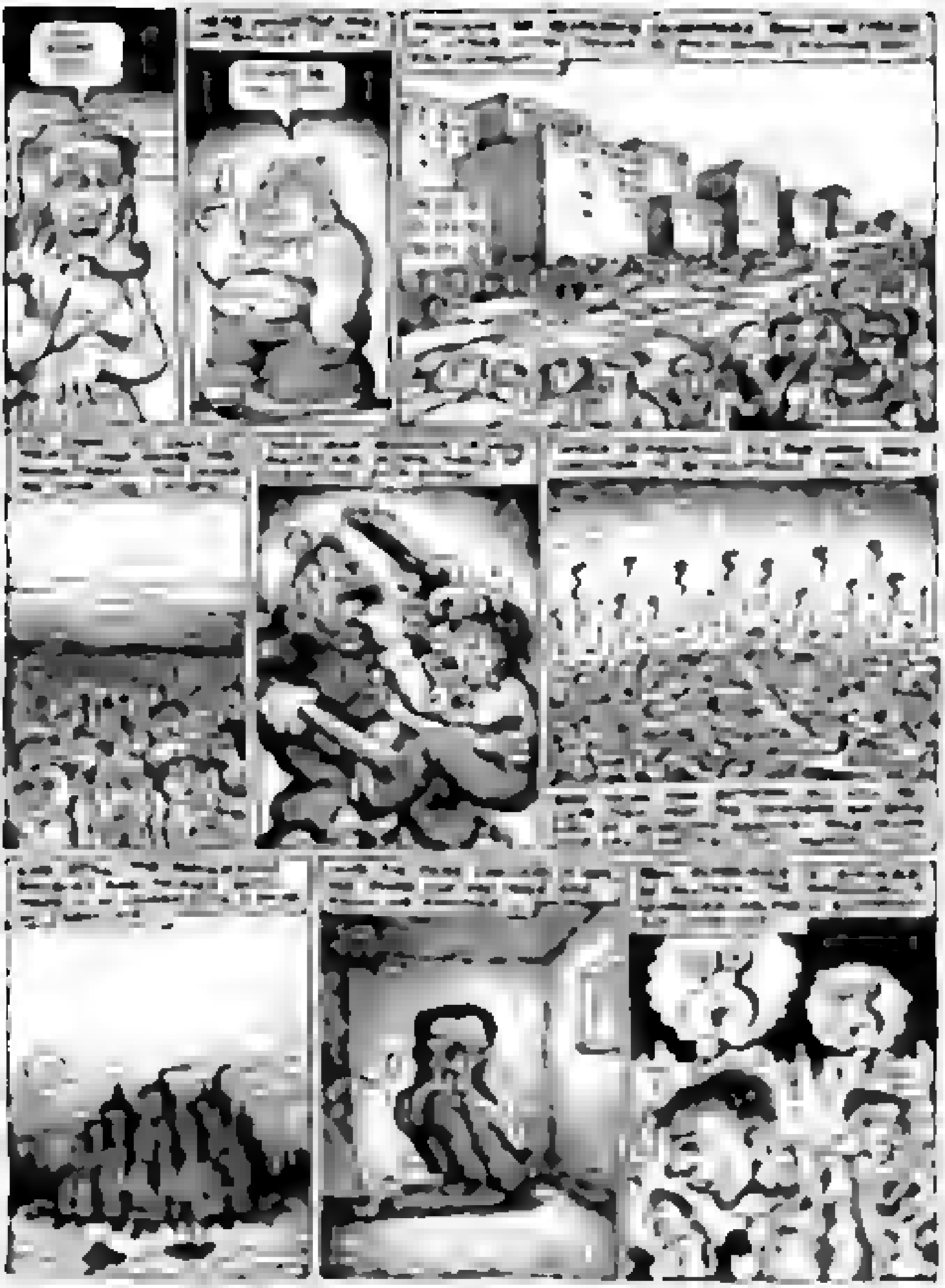
...OR ANY SYSTEM OR NON-SYSTEM ..
IT'S A MESS!
?
?

I DUNNO IF IT'S MATTER T A SYSTEM MAN ALSO MAYBE NOT GUNNA


AND IN THE NEWS TODAY, THE WORLD SITUATION LOOKS PRETTY BAD, FOLKS

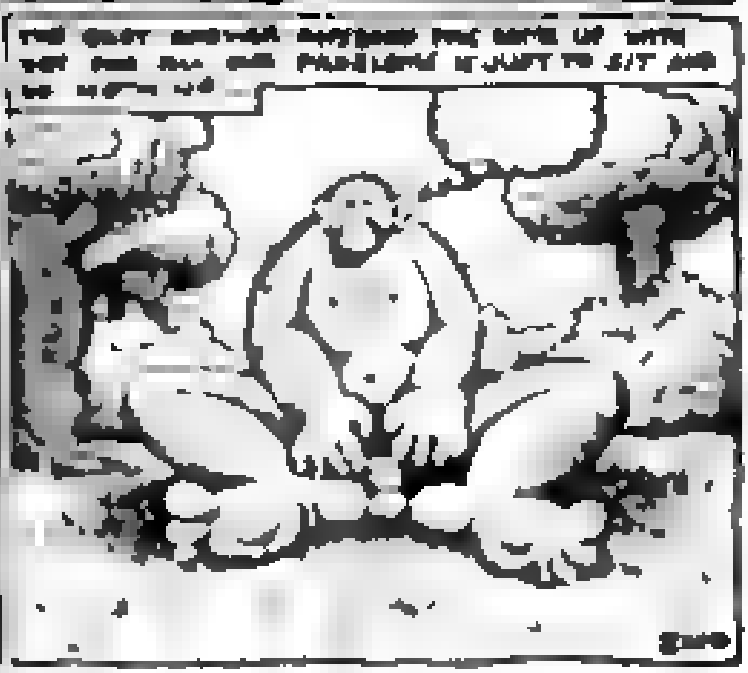
SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING GOOD ON.
WHY BOTHER!

THINK THERE'S ANY HOPE ?
BELIEVE ME BROTHER THE ONLY WAY OUT!!
CRUNCH



BAH
BAH
BAH

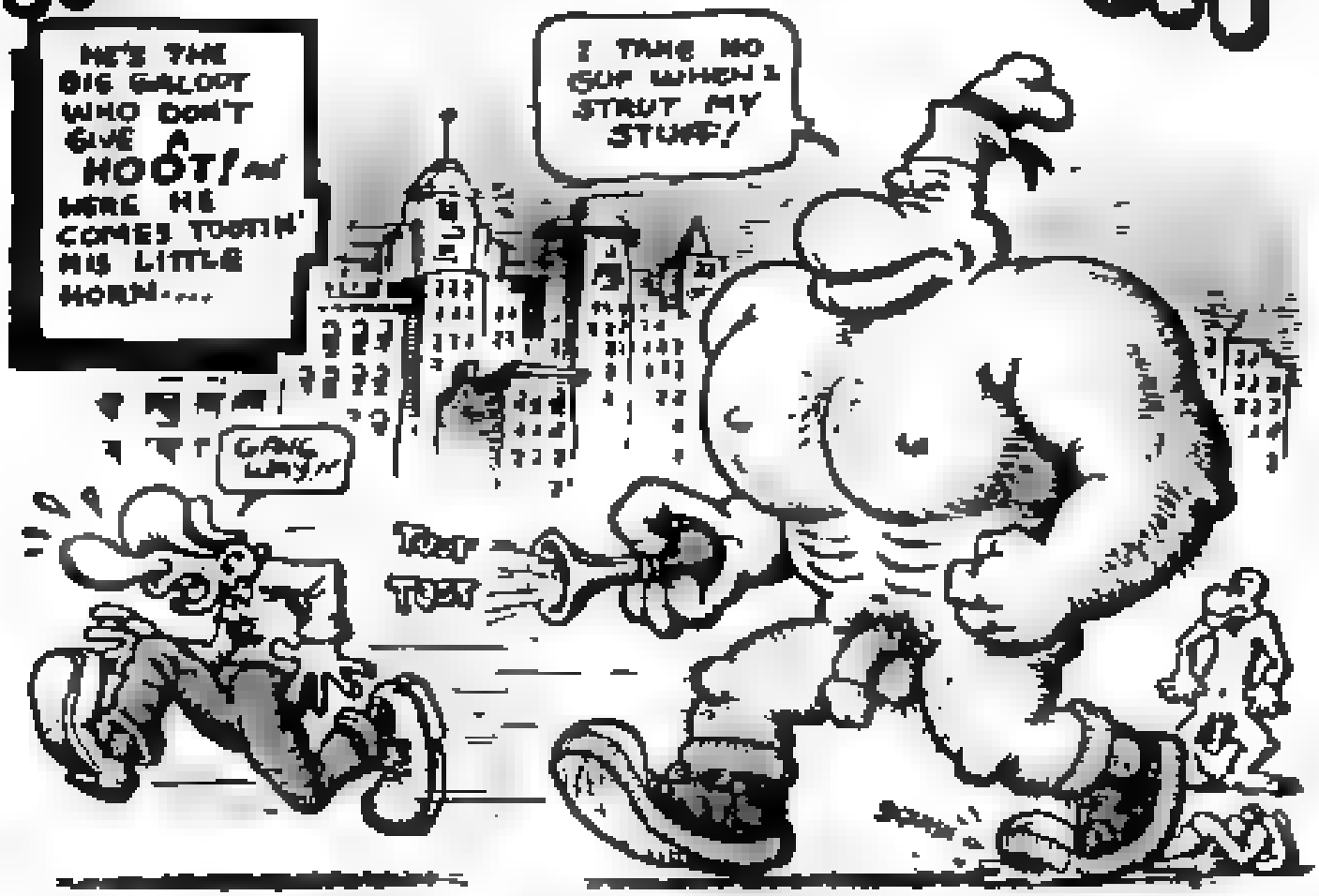
THE MISERABLE

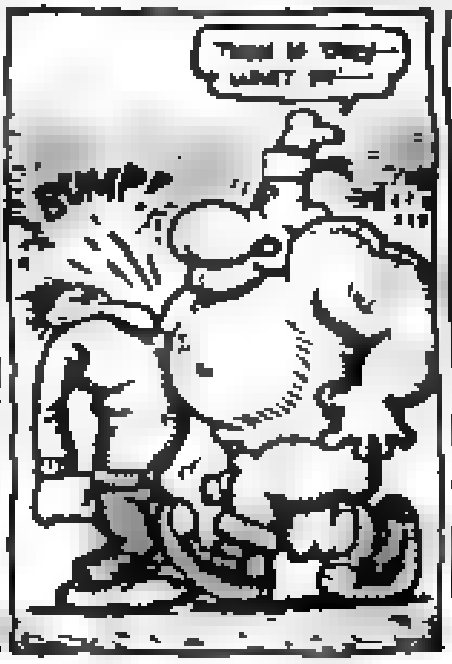


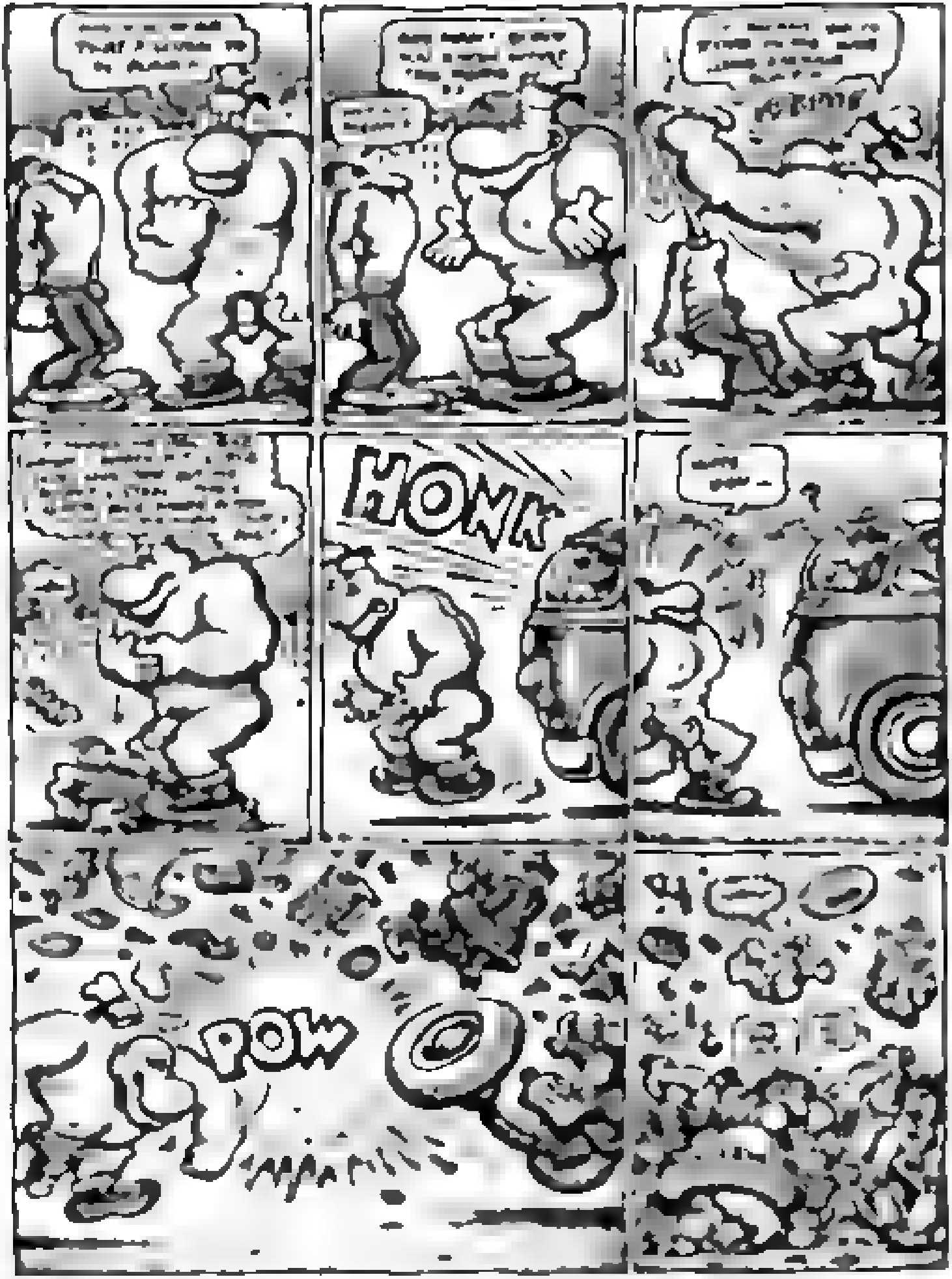
THE LIGHTER-THAN-AIR BOYS
MIRROFUL PERCIVAL
SEWICKIN "SV" KLOPPS

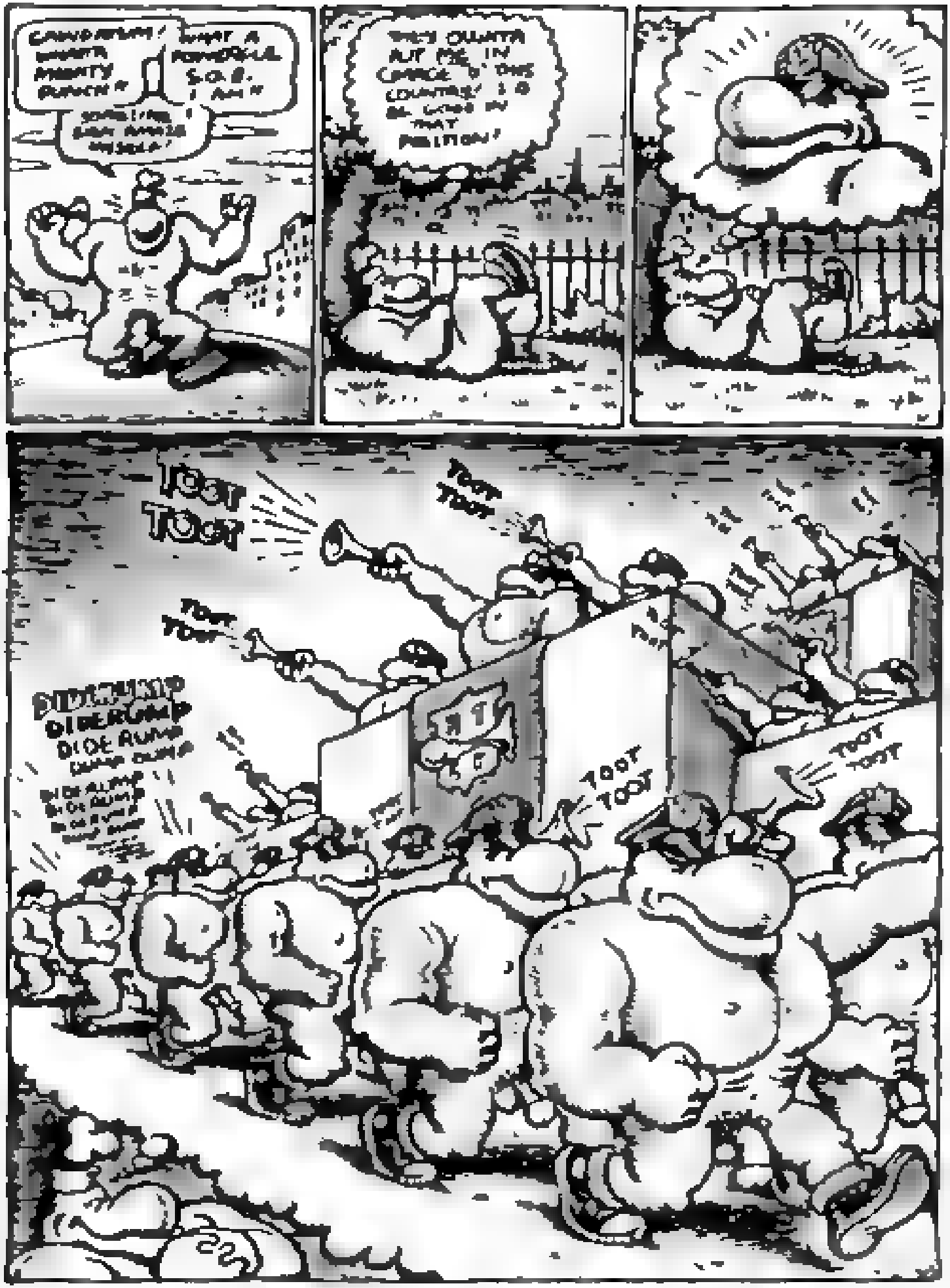
THE END

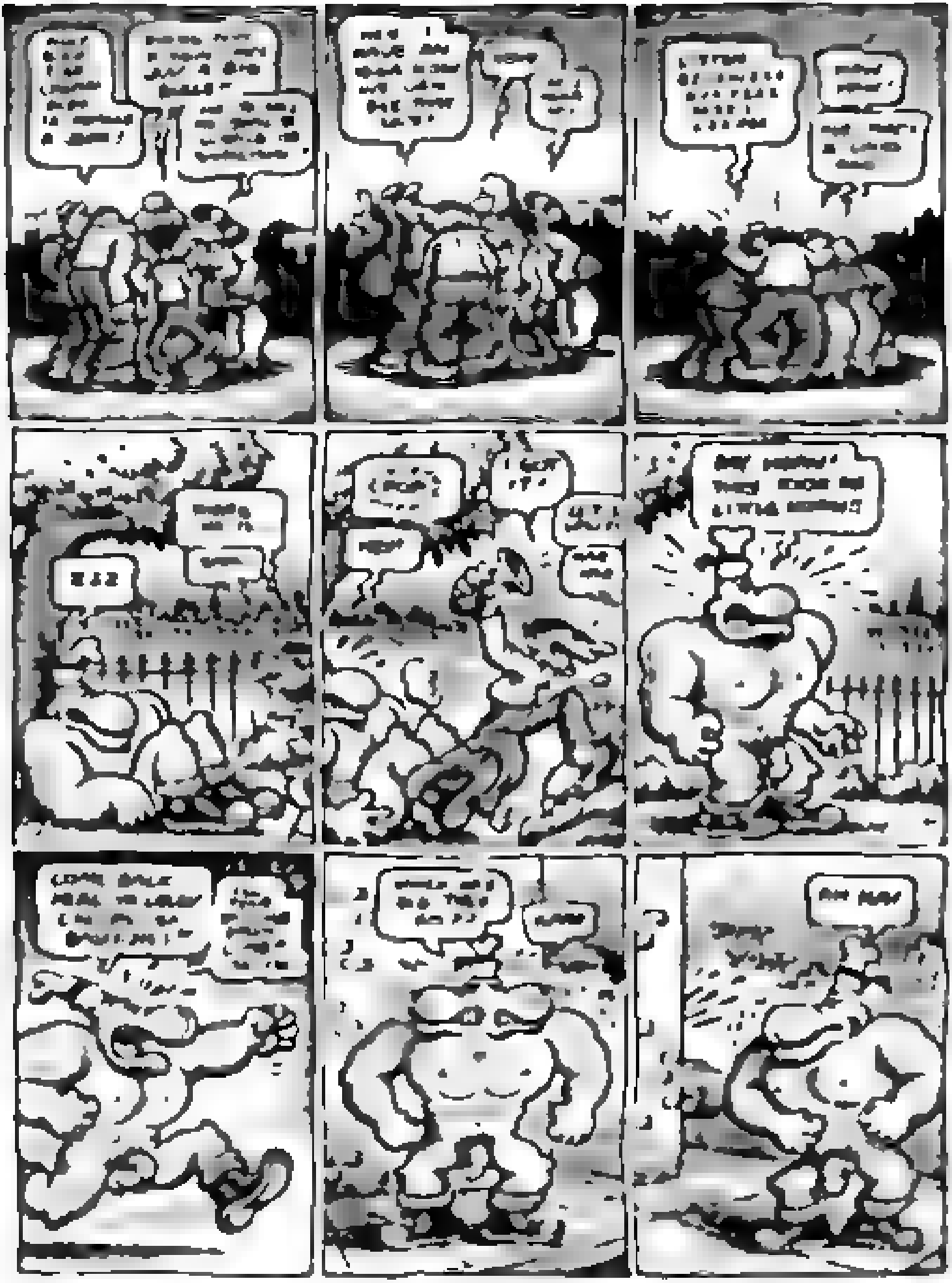
It's the RUFF TUFF CREAMPUFF

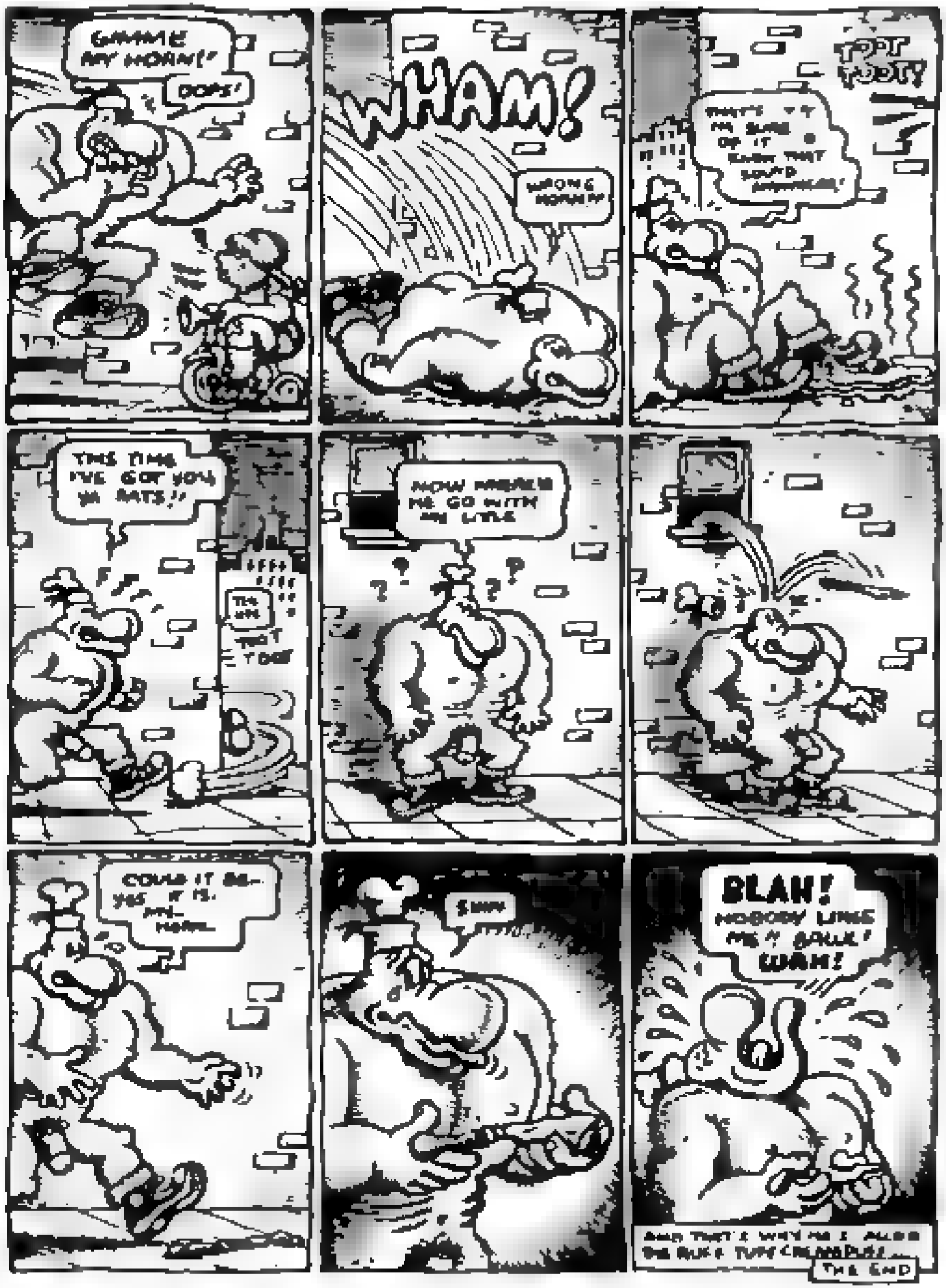


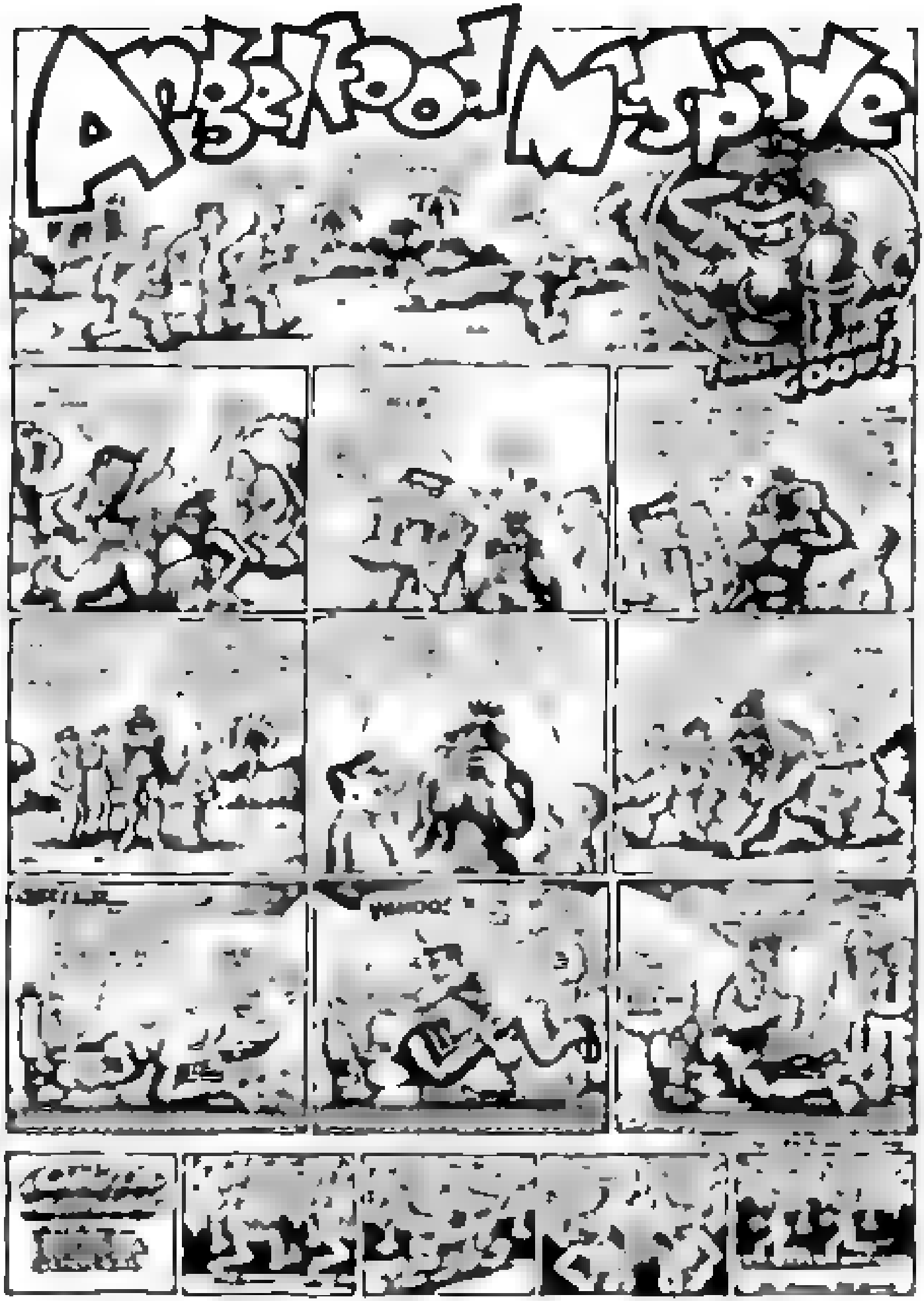



HONK
POW

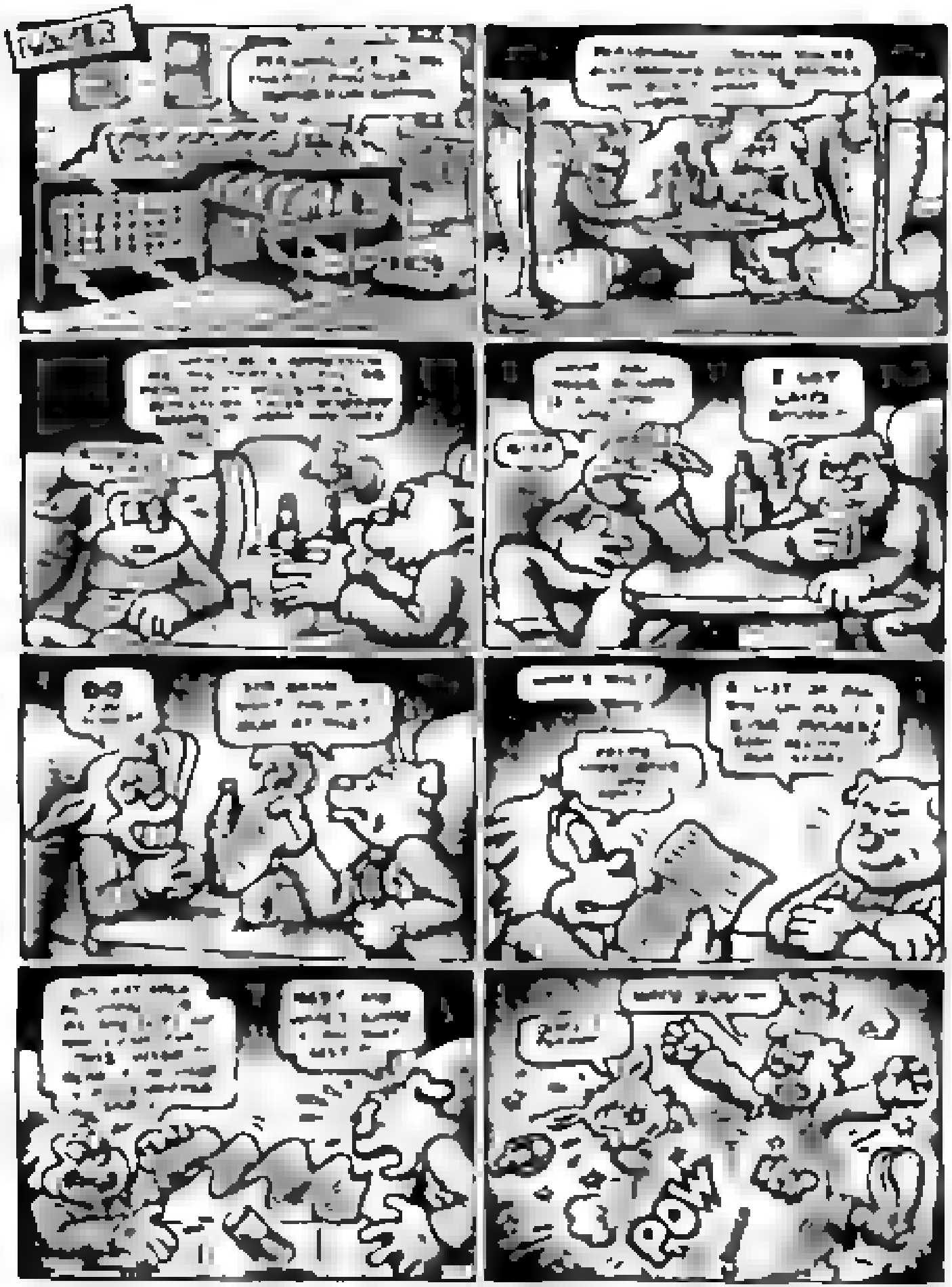

TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT




GIMME MY HORN!
DOPE!
WHAM!
WRONG HORN!!!
TOOT TOOT
THIS TIME I'VE GOT YOU YA RATS!!
TOOT TOOT
HOW MUCH HE GO WITH HIS LIPS
COULD IT BE— YES, IT IS. MY HORN
SHIN
BLAH! NOBODY LIKES ME!! BAWL! WAH!
THE END

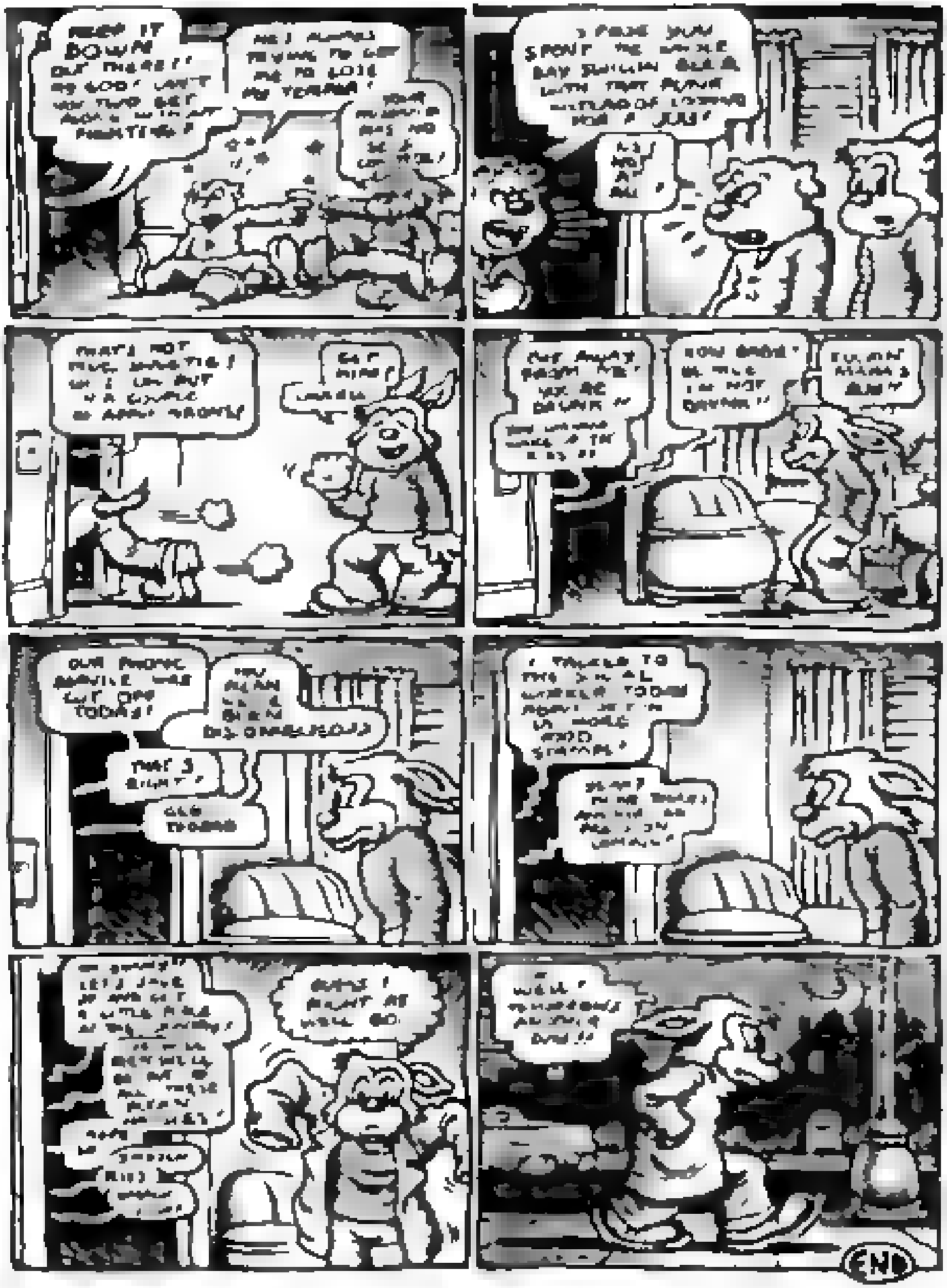


FUZZY THE BUNNY
BIF

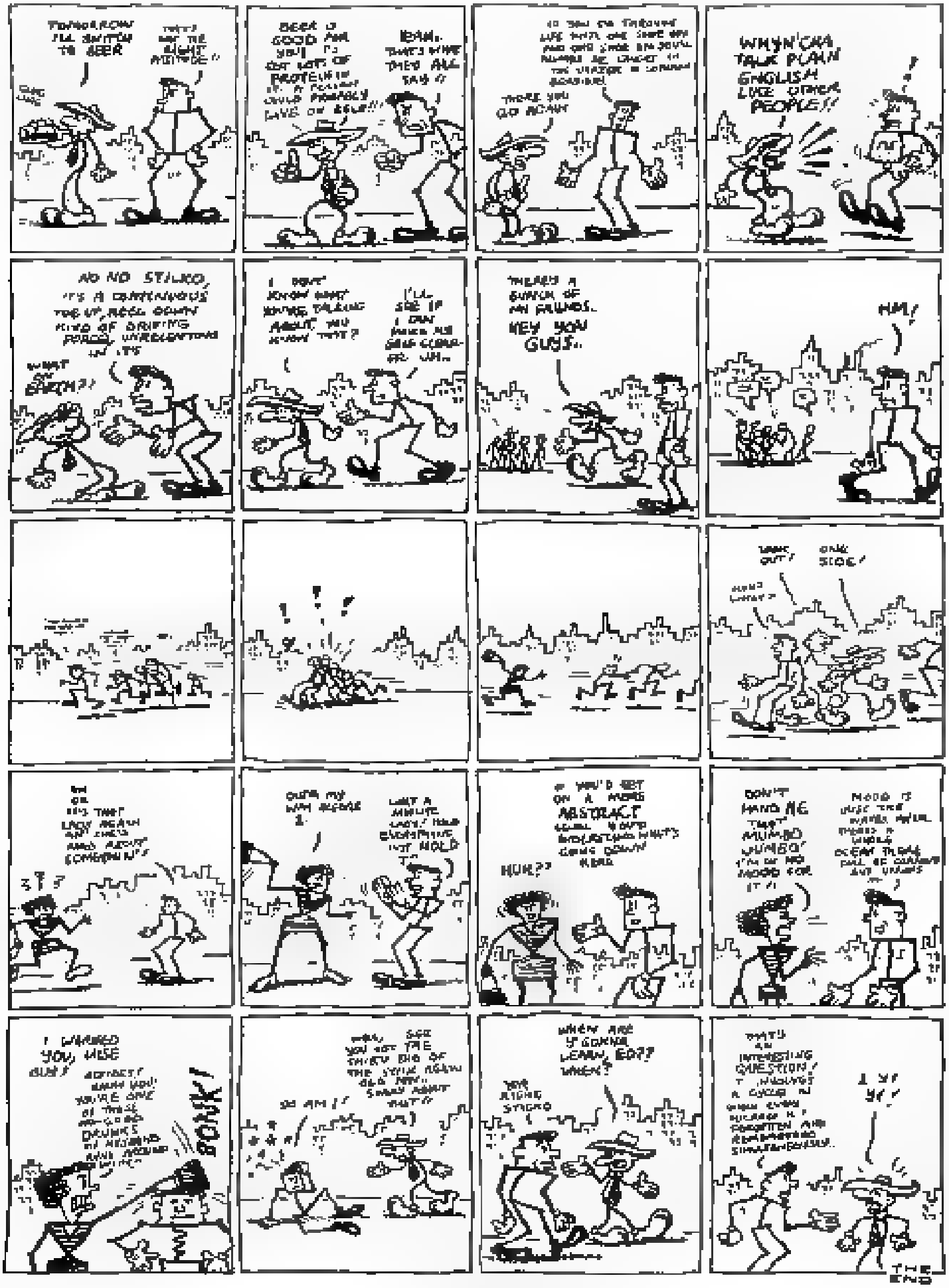


STILL LIFE
SHUT UP!!
HIT

MUCH LATER
WE SHOULD STOP ALL THIS FIGHTIN' AN' TAKE THE TIME AN' LEARN HOW TO GET ALONG
YOU'RE RIGHT, BONNY!
SLUG
I'M REALLY TIRED O' GETTIN' LUMPS FROM TH' LIKES OF YOU
AND I'M EQUALLY TIRED OF YOUR NAUGHT!!
MY INSULTS!! YOU'RE TH' ONE WHO ALWAYS WAS HOSTILE AND YOU TO START HURLING EPITHETS!!
ME?!
YOU JUST CAN'T STAND TO HEAR THE TRUTH! THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MY FRIEND!!
GET OFF IT!
WHAT'S ABUTCHA BULLSHIT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW, YA POMPOUS ASSHOLE?!
IN COMPARED TO WHAT I KNOW, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SCRATCHED THE SURFACE, MY FRIEND!!
CUT OUT THAT "MY FRIEND" SHIT!!
TSK TSK OBVIOUSLY A BIT NOT UNDER TH COLLAR THAT AGENT WAS.
MY FRIEND??
@@@@!!
HE'S TOUCHY!
POW
THUD

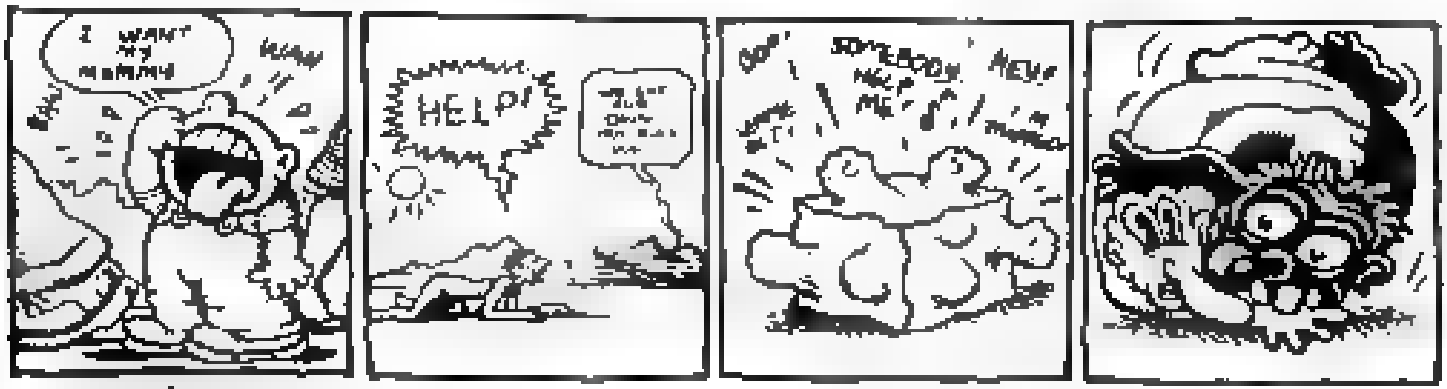

KEEP IT DOWN
END

Crumbies
WHAT?
BONK!
HOLD
HAVE A DRINK!


TOMORROW I'LL SWITCH TO BEER
THAT'S WHY I'M THE RIGHT ATTITUDE!!
BEER IS GOOD FOR YOU!! IT'S GOT LOTS OF PROTEIN IN IT. IT PROBABLY COULD PROBABLY LIVE ON BEER!!!
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!!
THERE YOU GO AGAIN
WHY'N'CHA TALK PLAIN ENGLISH LIKE OTHER PEOPLE!!
NO NO STUCKO, IT'S A CONTINUOUS TOP OF REEL DOWN KIND OF DRIVING FORCE, UNRELENTING IN ITS
WHAT THE EUCH?!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, YOU KNOW THAT?
I'LL SEE IF I CAN MAKE AN ORAL COMPARISON. UH...
THERE'S A BUNCH OF MY FRIENDS. HEY YOU GUYS..
HM!
WHAT, OUT? ONE SIDE!
HOW CAN?
OH SO THAT LADY AGAIN AND THEY'RE ARGUING!!
OUCH MY WIN BOOKS!
WHAT A MINUTE LADY! YOUR EXCITEMENT JUST HOLD IT!
IF YOU'D GET ON A MORE ABSTRACT LEVEL YOU'D SEE WHAT'S GOING DOWN HERE
HUH??
DON'T HAND ME THAT MUMBO JUMBO! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR IT!!
MOOD IS JUST THE WAVE ON THE WHOLE OCEAN THAT IS CURRENT AND UNFOLDS
I WARNED YOU, HERE GUY!
ARGHGT! WHAT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE DRUNKS OF NEIGHBORHOOD AND AROUND
BONK!
WHAT SEE YOU GOT THE THIRD END OF THE STICK AGAIN OLD MAN.. SMART ALECK, WHAT?
SO AM I!!
WHEN ARE U GONNA LEARN, ED?? WHEN?
YOU RIGHT STUCKO
THAT'S AN INTERESTING QUESTION! I HAVENT A CLUE IN HOW LONG HUMAN MEMORY, COGNITION AND REMEMBERING SIMULTANEOUSLY.
I DO!!
THE END

Caught in the grips of DESPAIR!?

IS THIS YOU?



DO YOU SOMETIMES FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD?

LOST IN THE DESERT?

BOARED IN?

ARE YOU ALWAYS GRAPPLING WITH THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE?

TIMES ARE TOUGH, HUH, BUD?

NOBODY EVER SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE A BED OF ROSES!! SO NOW YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED, SO NOW **EAT** IT!! OR, YOU MIGHT SAY, YOU'VE BUTTERED YOUR BREAD, NOW SLEEP IN IT! WHO DO YOU THINK **YOU** ARE? **GOD?** WHAT'S YES **YOU** THE RIGHT TO THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE IT ANY BETTER THAN THE **NEXT** GUY? **FORGET** IT!! THERE'S **NO HOPE!!** THAT'S RIGHT, MY OLD/ ***NO HOPE!*** FACE FACTS!! LOOK AT THE WORLD SITUATION!! HOW LONG CAN YOU GO ON DELUDING YOURSELF THAT THINGS WILL GET BETTER?? THE ONLY THING TO DO IS RESIGN YOURSELF TO THE FATAL INEVITABILITY OF IT ALL!

WHILE WAITING FOR DEATH, READ "DESPAIR!" IT'S YOUR KIND OF COMIC!!

Take a tip from R Crumb.

DRAWING CARTOONS IS FUN!

OBOY! TIME TO DRAW AGAIN!!

ANYONE CAN BE A CARTOONIST!
IT'S SO SIMPLE EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT!

DON'T LET HIM KID YOU

"ART" is just a racket! A HOAX perpetrated on the public by so-called "Artists" who set themselves up as a religion, and promoted by pompous, [illegible] "[illegible]" who think the world owes them a living!

and remember:
IT'S ONLY LINES ON PAPER, FOLKS!!

LENORE GOLDBERG AND HER GIRL COMMANDOS

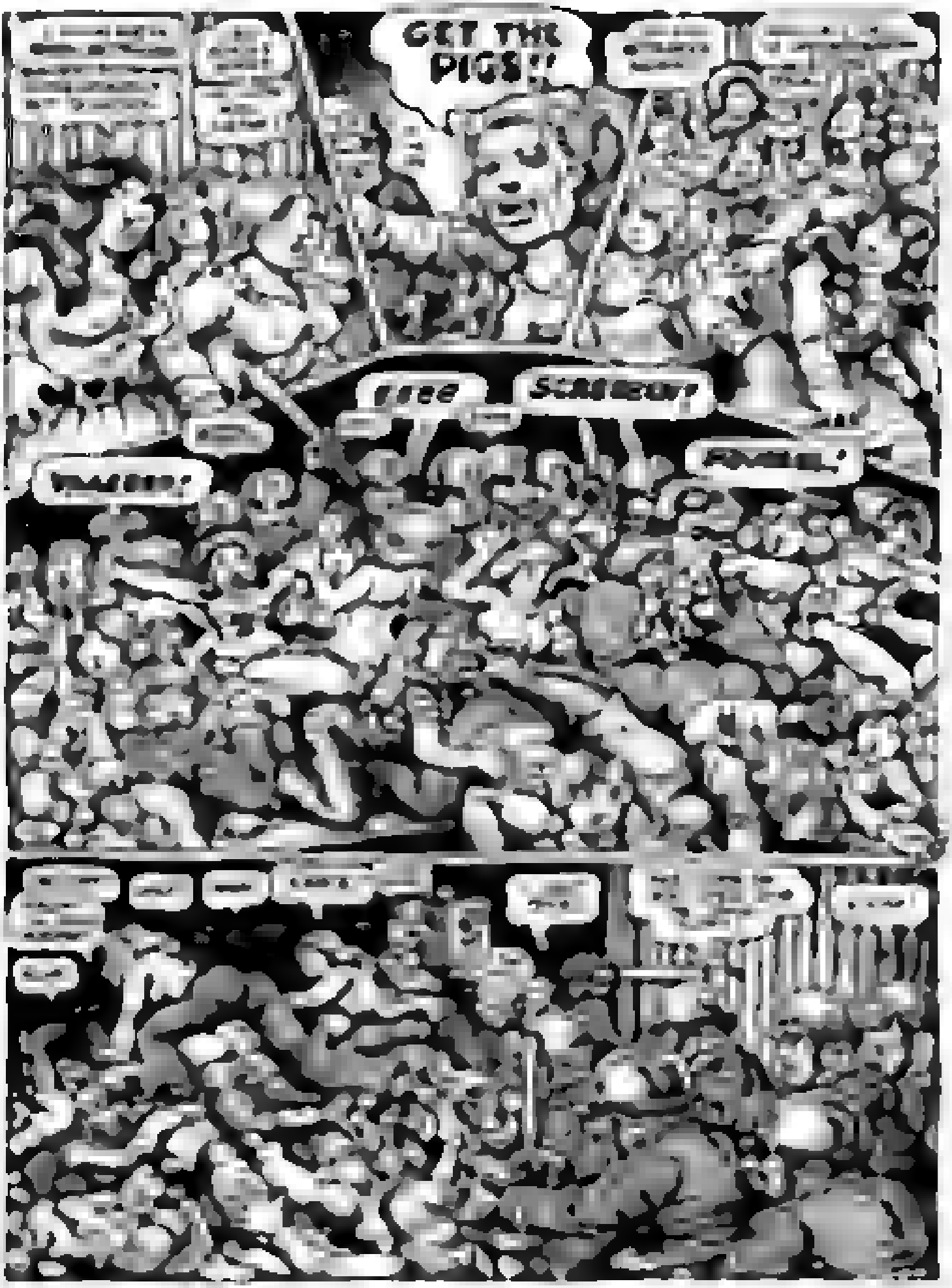
EXPANDING TO THE MOVEMENT / AND

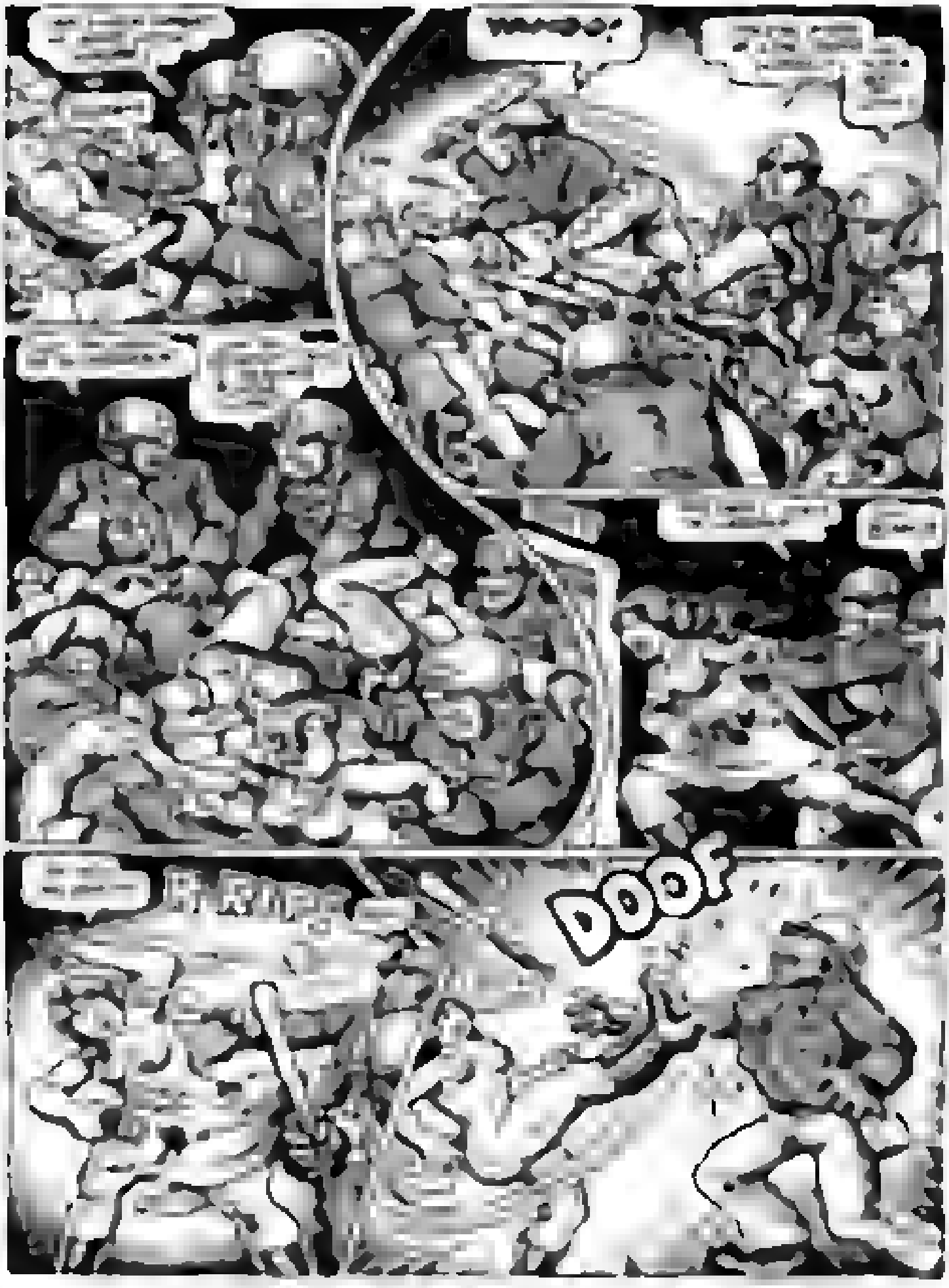
OPEN YOUR EYES!! IT IS
HAVE THE POWER TO
GIDE THE FUTURE
MANKIND!!
WE CAN SAVE THE MAN
GIRL POWER!

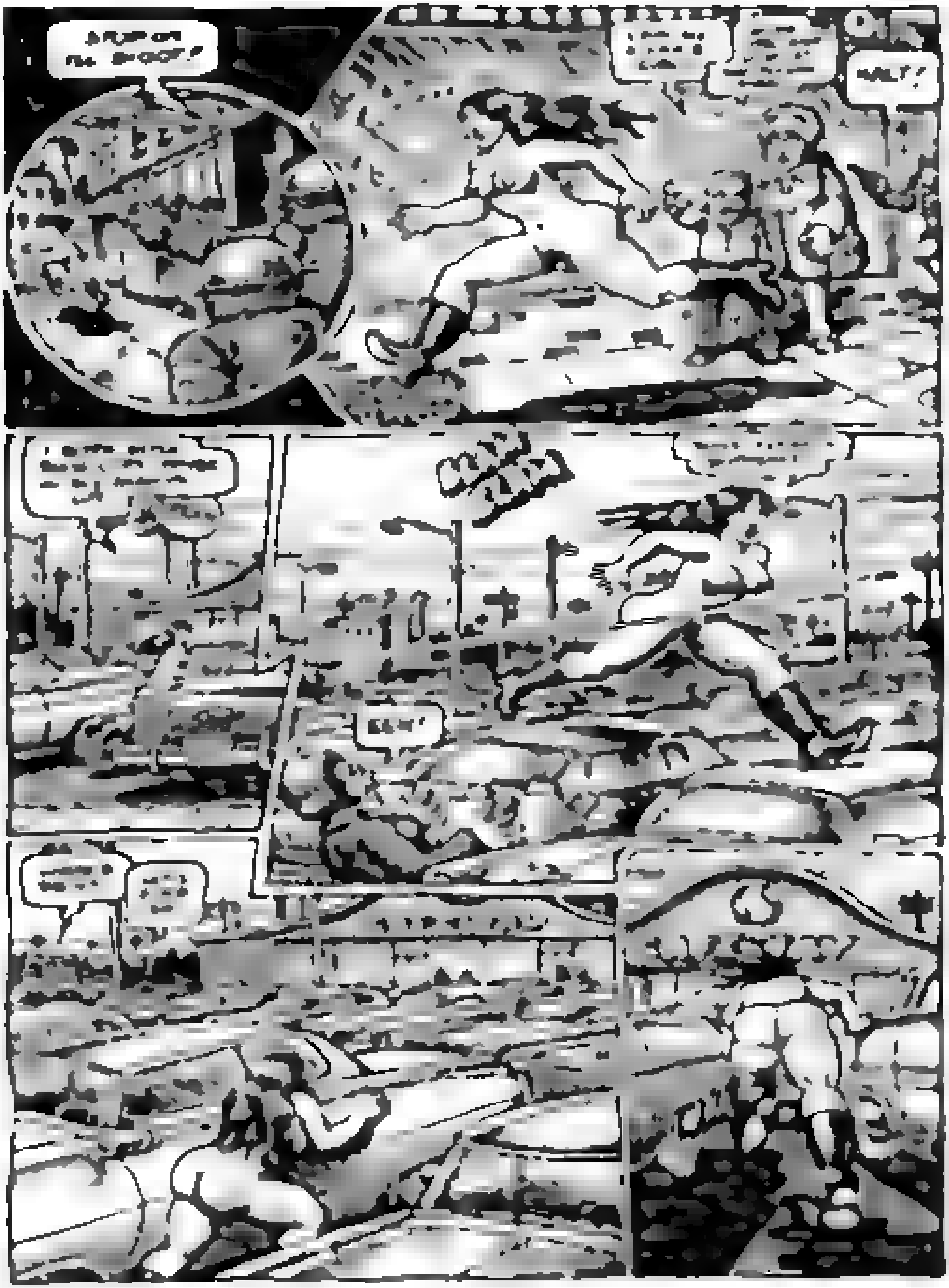
EAT GOD
ALL IN TIME 'CAUSE IN TH MOVEMENT"

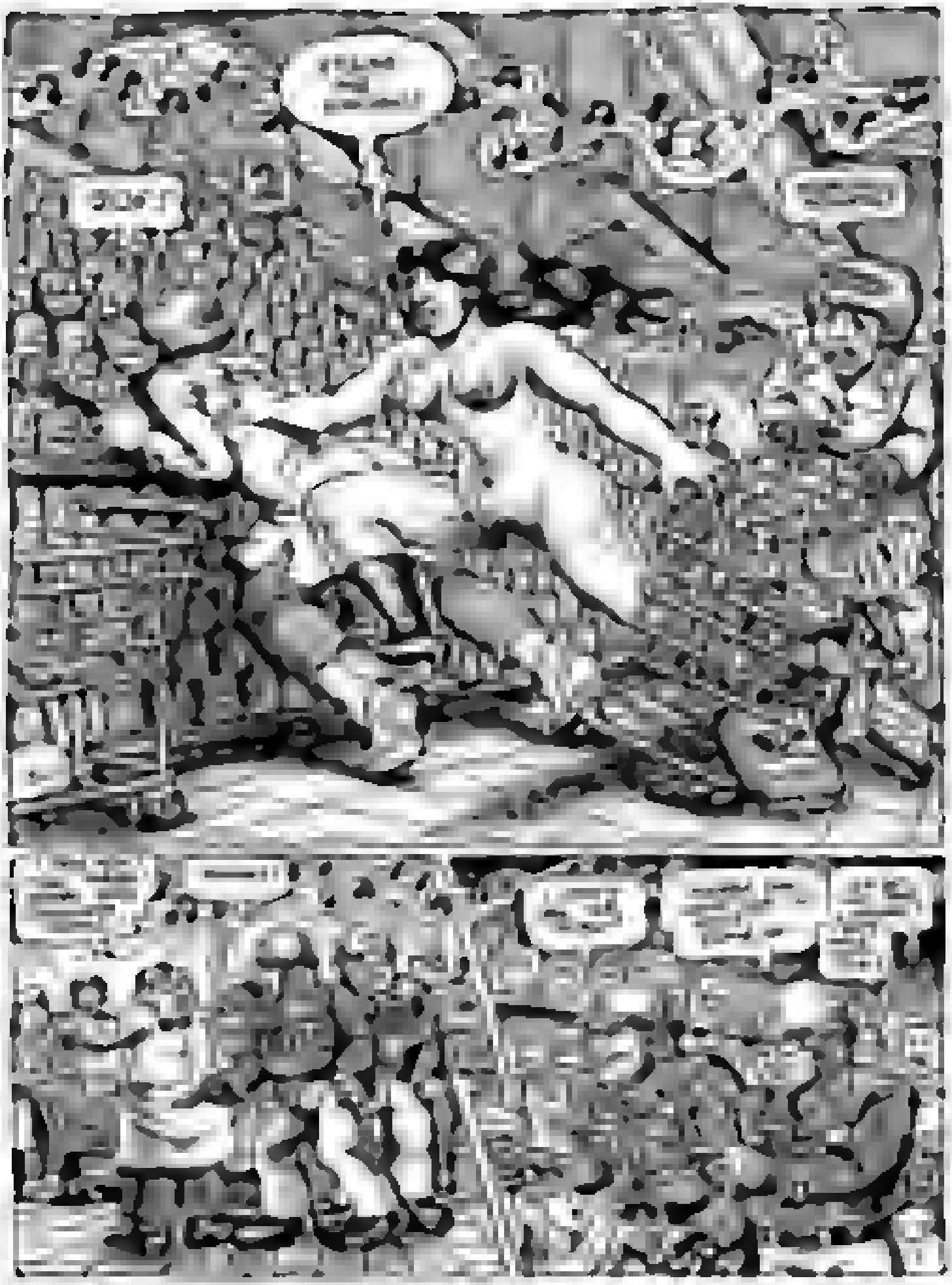
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT LIKE PICKETING AND
NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO THAT ANYMORE.

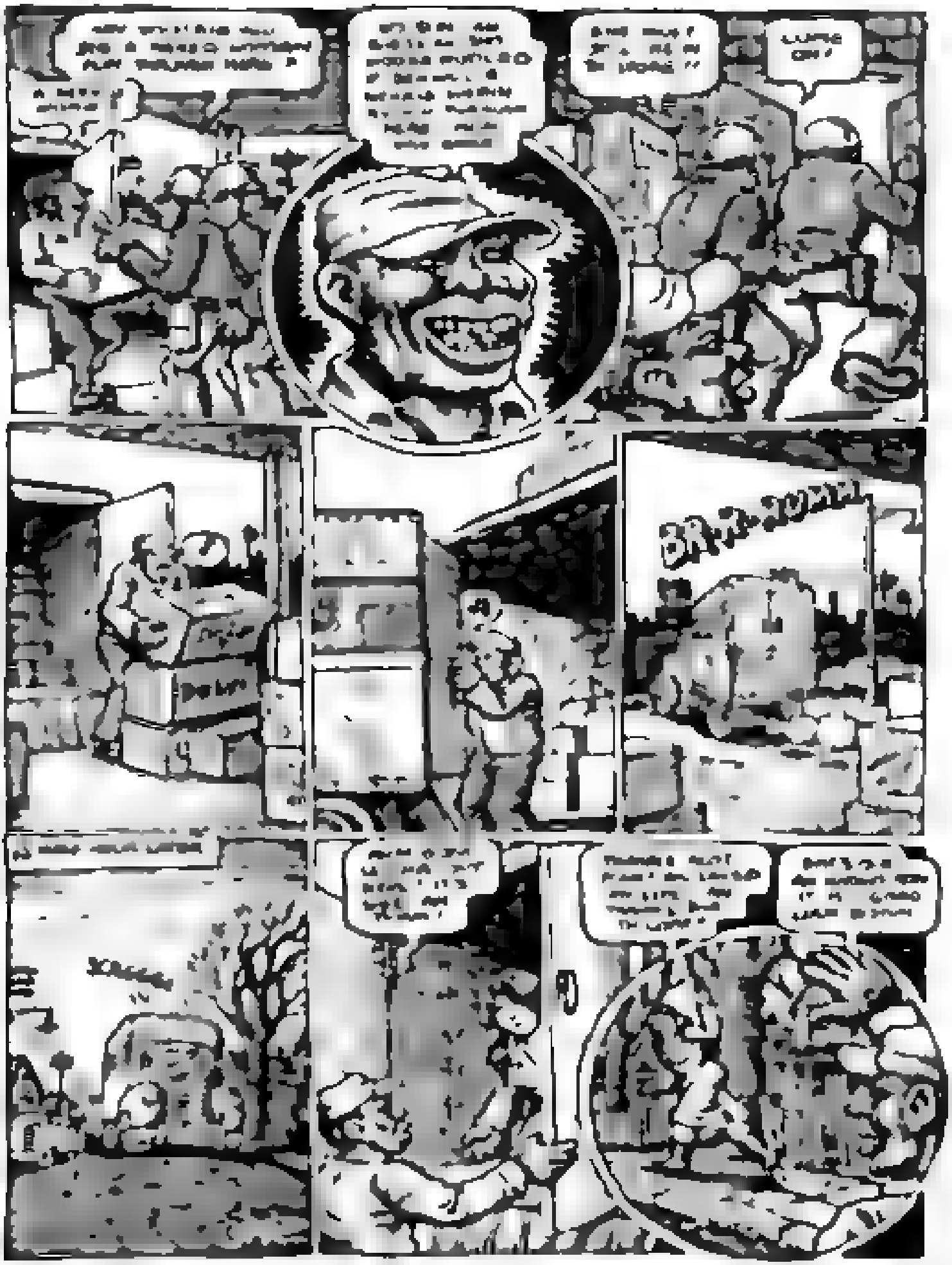
SUDDENLY, FROM THE AUDIENCE,

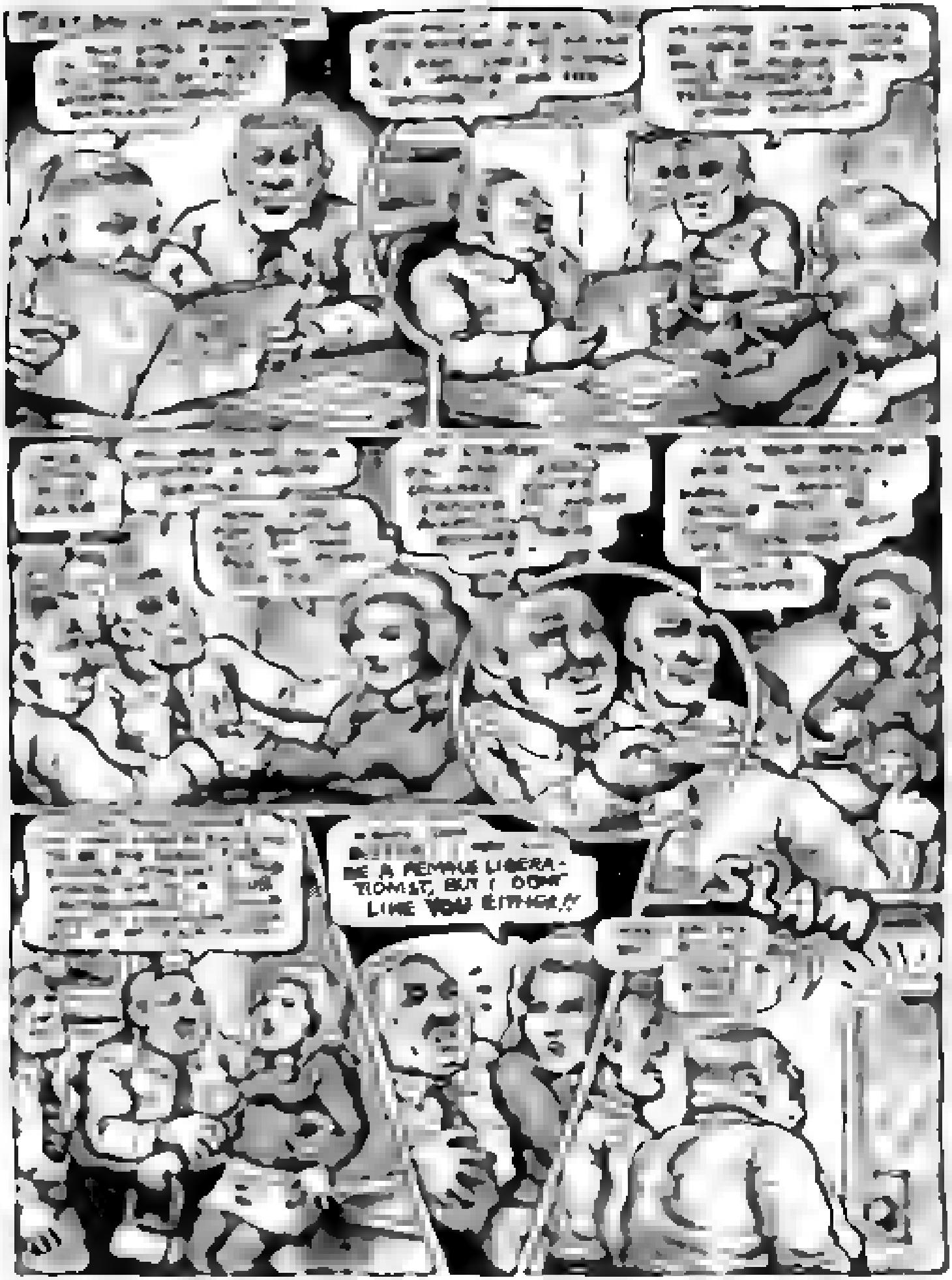

GET THE PIGS!!
free
SCHMUCK!

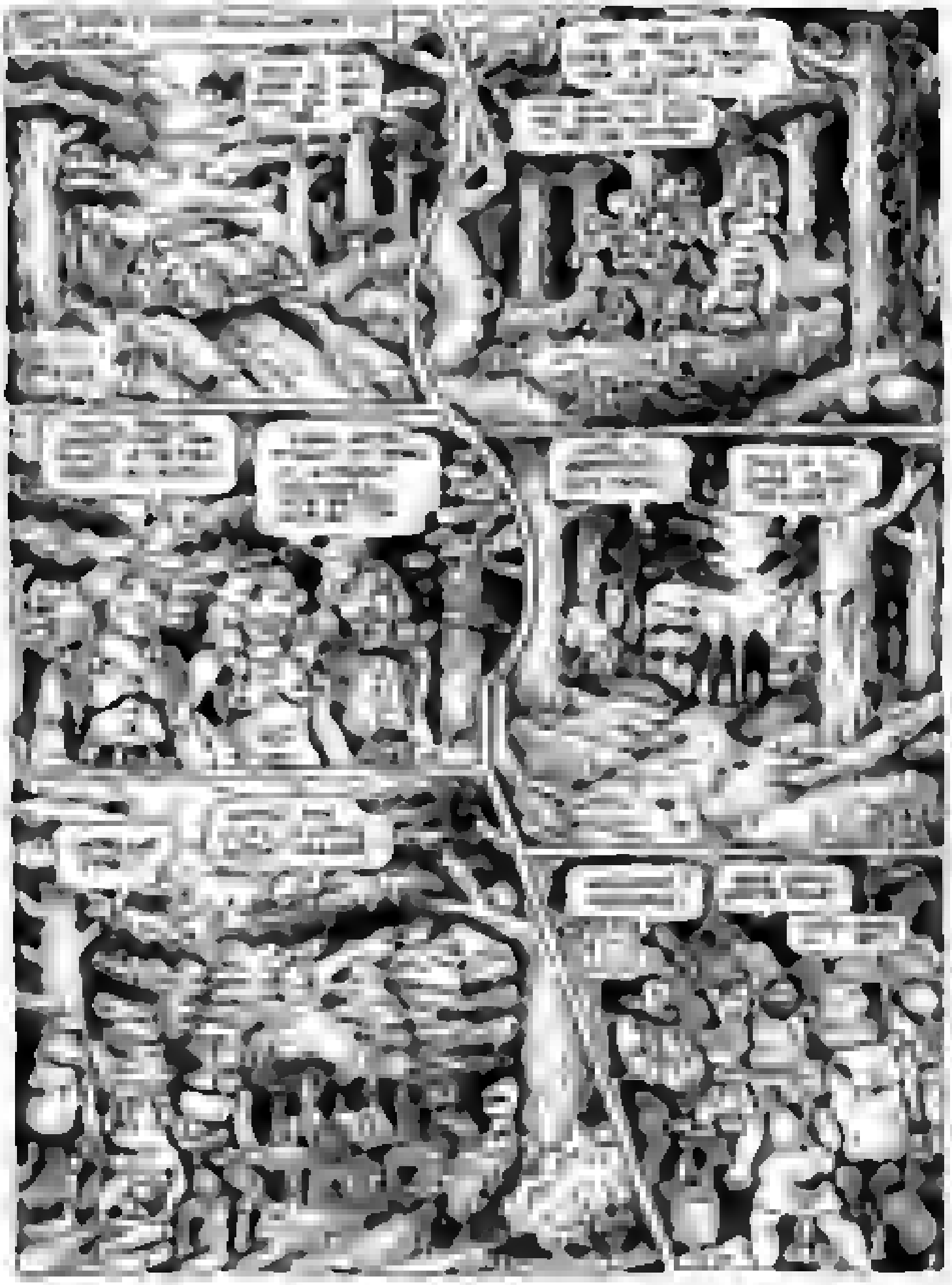

DOOF

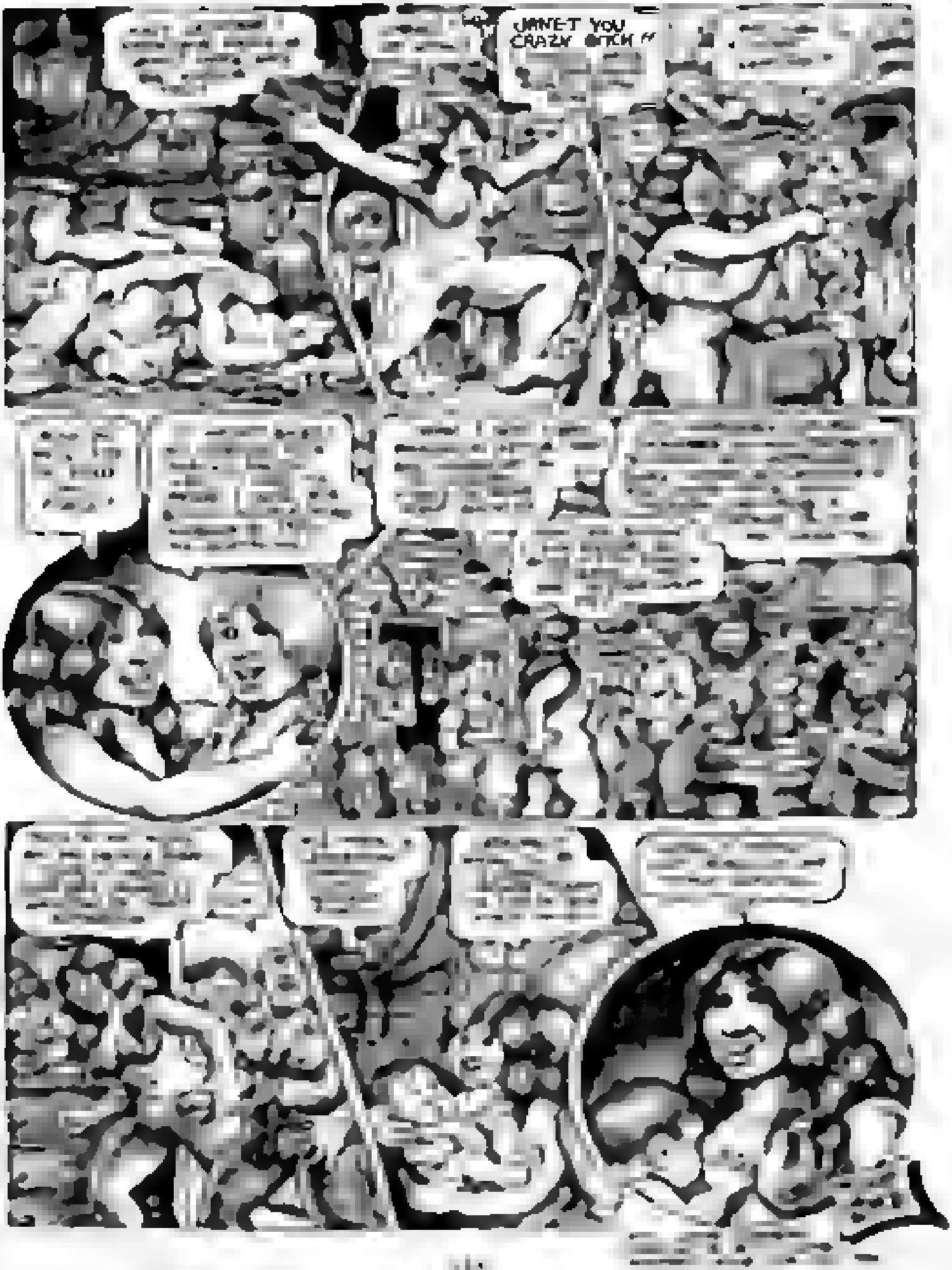




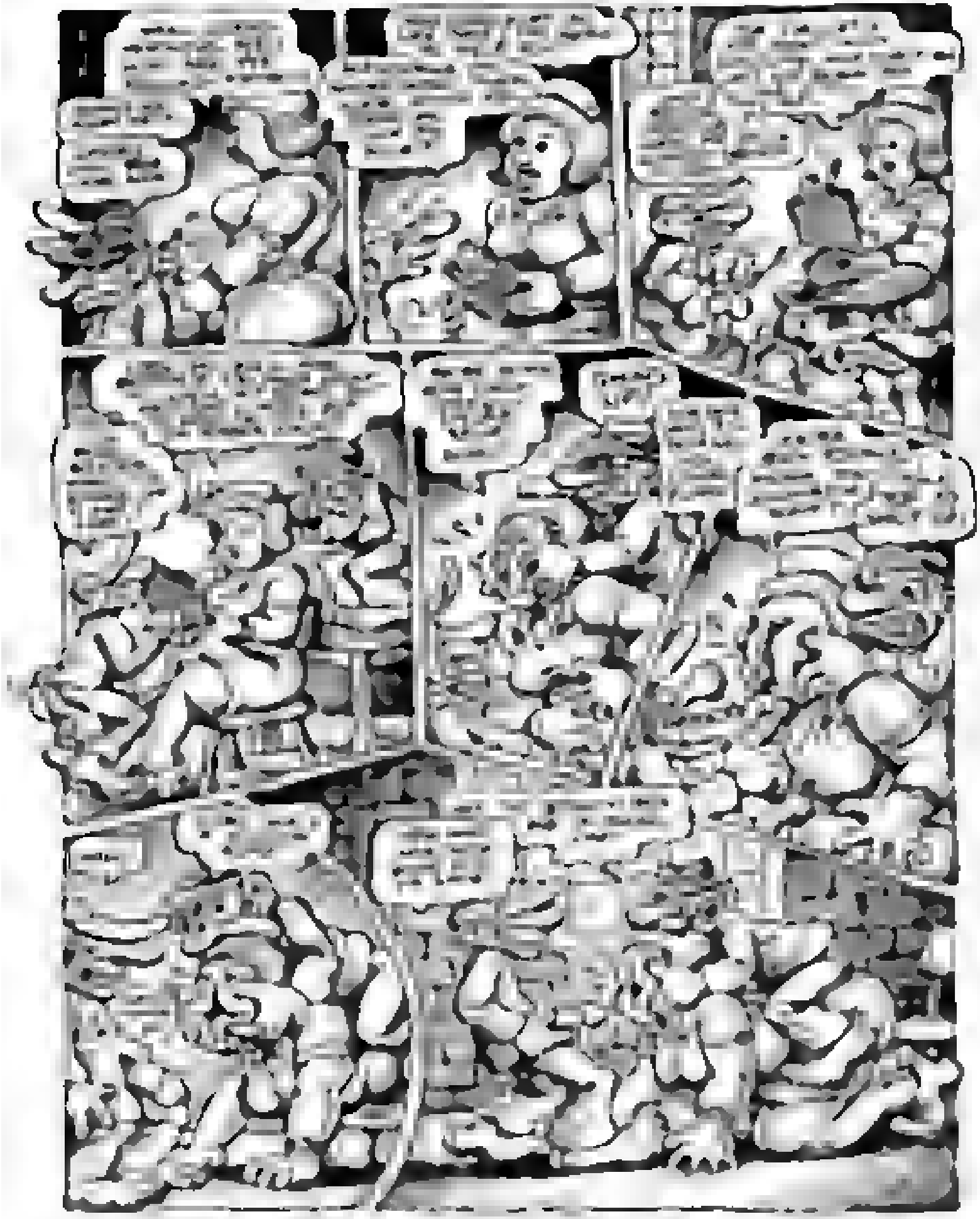


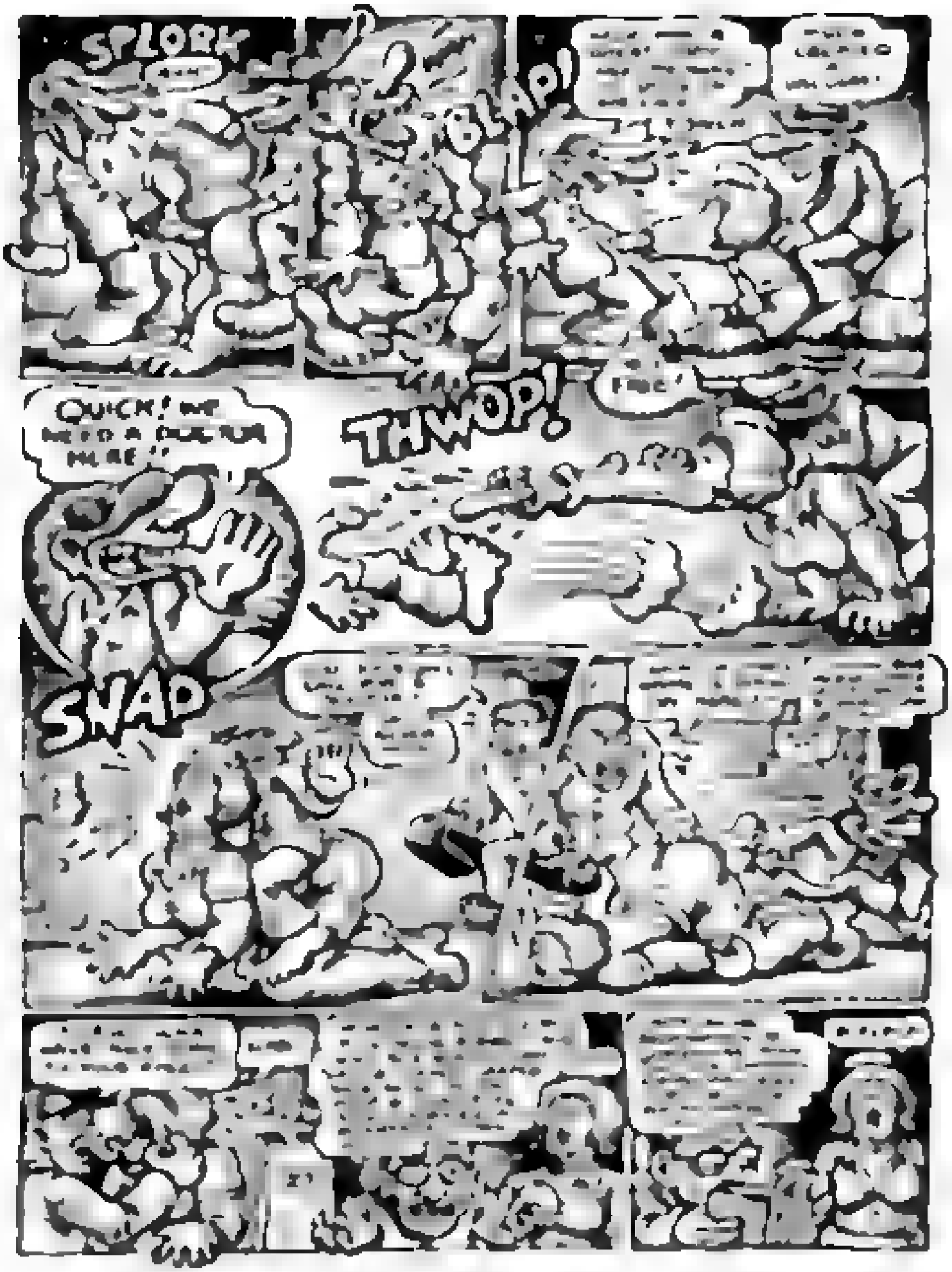

BE A FEMALE LIBERA-
TIONIST, BUT I DON'T
LIKE YOU EITHER!!

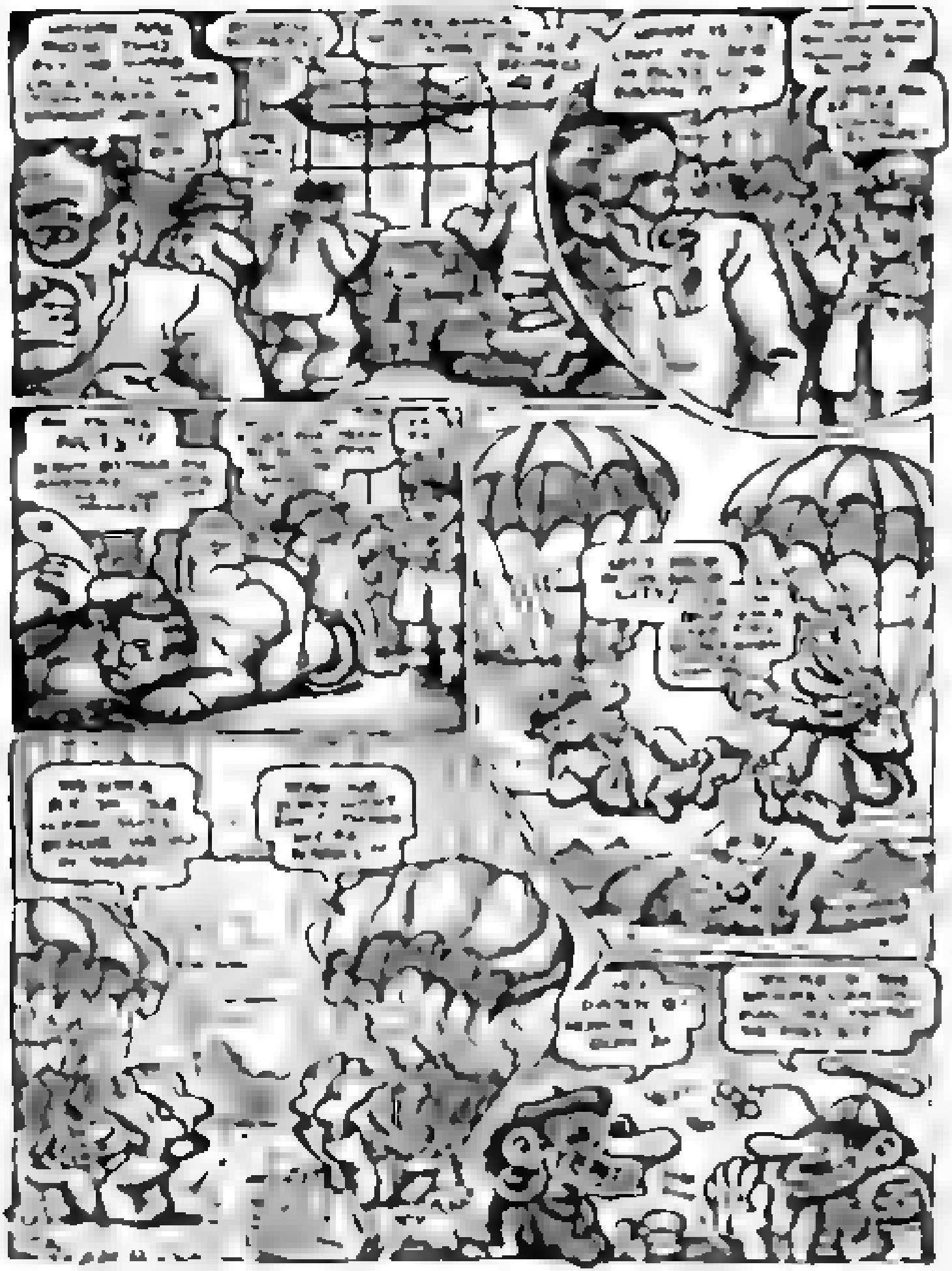


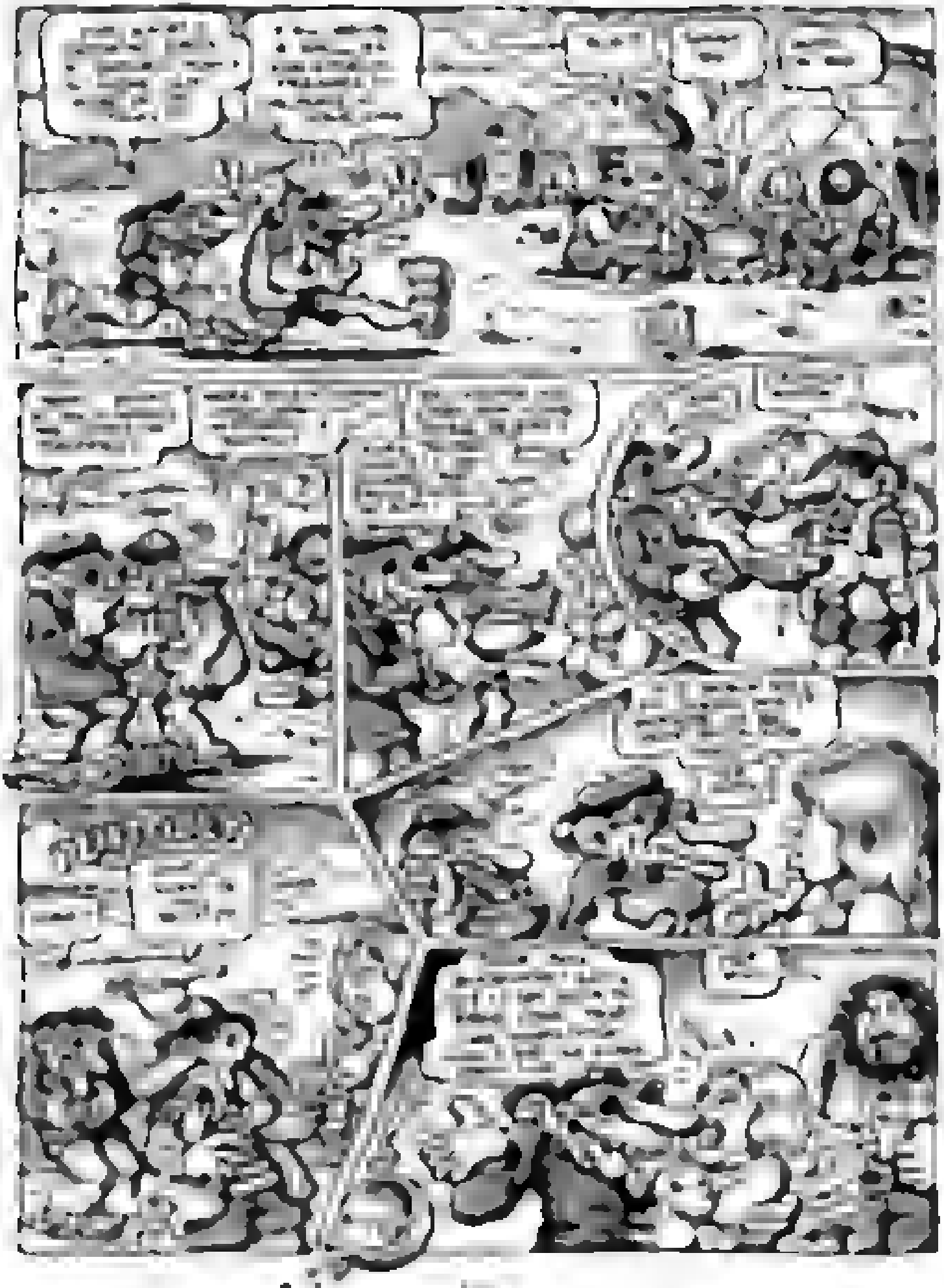

JANET YOU CRAZY BITCH !!

The Simp and the Gimp
GIVE ME THAT!
RIGHT, IN GHERKINS!

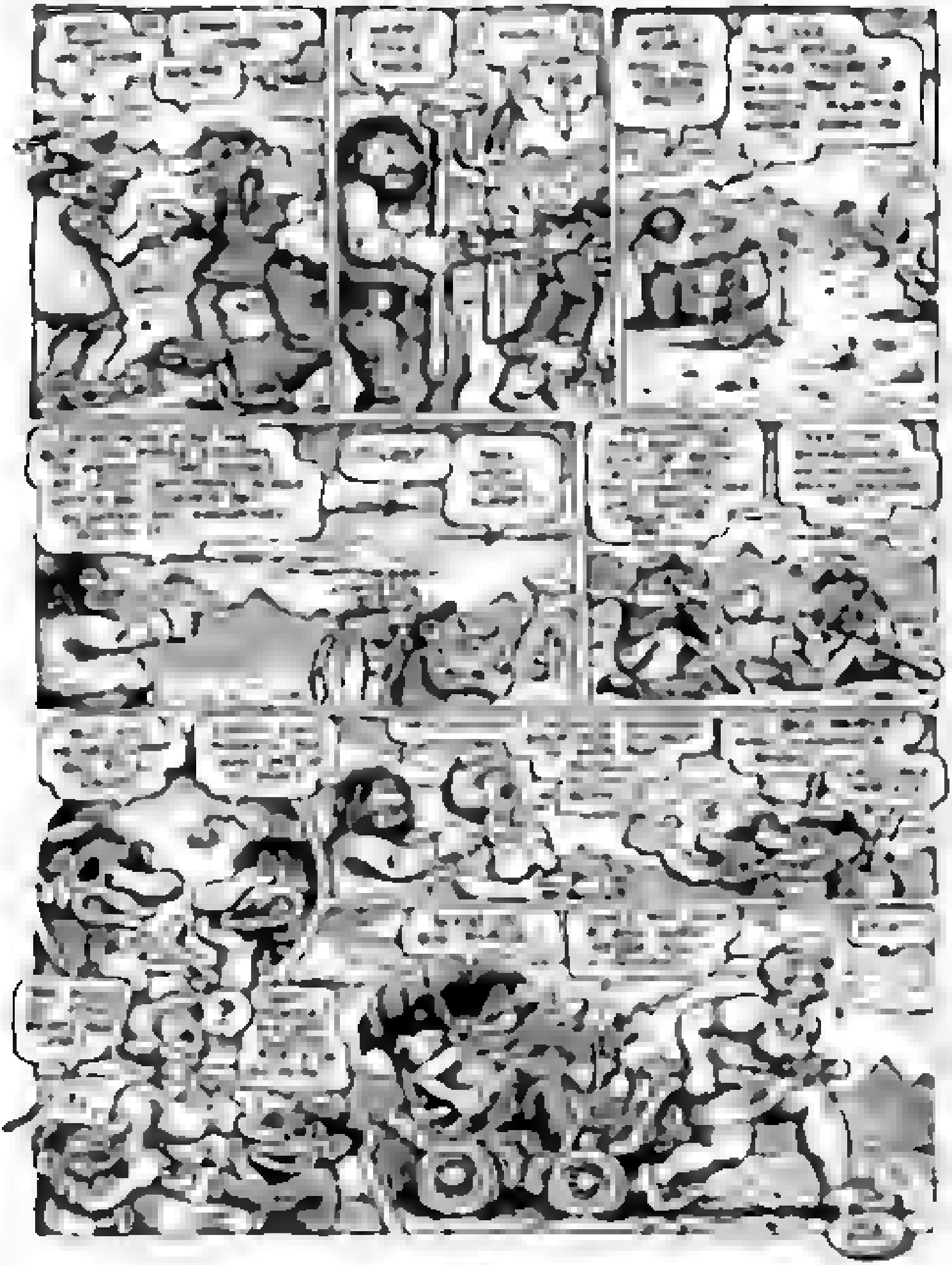



SPLORK
SLAP!
QUICK! WE NEED A DOCTOR HERE!!
THWOP!
SNAP





WANTED



BO-BO BOLINSKI
THE BARROOM BUM
I DON'T GIVE OUT MY NAME!
PRO LIBRARIO! WHO CARES! OUT! YOUR BASTARDS! THOSE GUYS WERE REAL SONS A BITCHES BELIEVE YOU ME!
THEY GOT THIS GOOD OLD BROWN SOME GOOD CHEAP IT SMELLS! BUT SUPPOSED TO BE A BELLINGER BASTARD
A BELLINGER? OLD FOR 40 YEARS?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
PLOP

Potatoes Browning
CARE

A MOTOR CITY SPECIAL
JIMMY THE JEEP
STEP ON IT, JIMMY BOY! SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO!
MY MOTOR IS RED HOT!
LOOK AT HIM GO!!
ZREEEOOM
BEEP BEEEEP
OUTA MY WAY! LOOK OUT!!
EEAAH!
SPLAT
STUPID FUCKING FLESHOPOIDS!! WHY CAN'T THEY STAY OUT OF 'TH' STREETS!
SPLUT! SPTOOEY!
AAAHH... IT FEELS GOOD TO GET ALL THAT (BLURGH) HUMAN BLOOD OFF ME!
5 MINUTE CAR WASH
UH OH!
THE JEEP DID IT!
IT'S GONSA MAGILLA, 'TH' FAMOUS HUMANITARIAN!
HE'S REALLY A MESS!
HIS DEATH IS A GREAT LOSS TO US ALL!
HA!
I'M SCARED! HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, LADY!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU— COUGH! SPLUT!
BYE BYE!
BLAT
I DUNNO HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN TAKE THE HUMAN RACE!
I KNOW WHATCHA MEAN, BOBBY BUS!! I'M FED UP WITH THE STOOPID IDIOTS! WHAT THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF DUM ANIMALS!!
HONK
DOM DA DOM DOM!

SHUMAN the HUMAN'S NIGHT OF TERROR

...TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND ALL'S WELL.... OR IS IT ???

—continued from front flap

no shame. I guess we got some kind of exhibitionistic kick out of it. Kathy wore the shortest, most provocative outfits in public in the early 'seventies. It was a sign of the times, of course. Her underpants were always peeking out from under her short skirts, cut-offs, etc. I was out of control, too, mauling her in public places all the time. At the supermarket I would climb on her protruding rump and go for a ride while she pushed the cart around. She'd whine, 'Robert, people are staring.' I remember her telling a shocked group of her women friends, in detail, the sick things I 'forced' her to do in our sex play. They glared at me as I cowered in a corner, secretly gloating. . . .and so was she, the little hypocrite!

". . . Me and Kathy, we drove each other nuts. After awhile, I'd go running back to my cabin in Potter Valley, three hours North of San Francisco, and hole up there. She kept me coming and going. After a couple of weeks I'd develop a sick obsessive craving for her, like a deprived junkie. My reasoning powers were scrambled into mush. Like a mindless zombie I would return to her for another go 'round. When I saw her I'd be overcome with such violent animal lust I'd be clawing at her. . . pulling at her clothes. Oh, what she did to me. . . it's criminal! Guess I've calmed down a little since then . . . have a slightly better control over my libido . . . maybe it's just a matter of getting older. . ."

—from the introduction by R. Crumb

R. Crumb and friend, San Francisco, early 1970s.

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 6: On The Crest of a Wave **continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series will include the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his sketchbooks, underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.**

"August 30th, 1969. . .It's my 26th birthday. . .There I am knocking on the door of a little summer cabin in upstate New York, heart pounding with anticipation. The door opens... 'Happy birthday, Bob!' Her voice is husky, her breathing heavy. She stands in the doorway giving me a good look. My eyes are popping out through my glasses. She's the perfect bad girl of my Catholic-boy dreams: her voluptuous body gloriously displayed in a shiny, tight, black low-cut mini-dress, a wide black leather belt around her waist, dark, seamed tights, high face-up black boots, black 'choker' collar around her pale white neck, the whole image finished off with a vintage nazi swastika emblem dangling in the cleavage of her heaving chest... my birthday present. ...

"Gosh, I just had to laugh and shake my head... ."

R. CRUMB
from his introduction to this volume

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